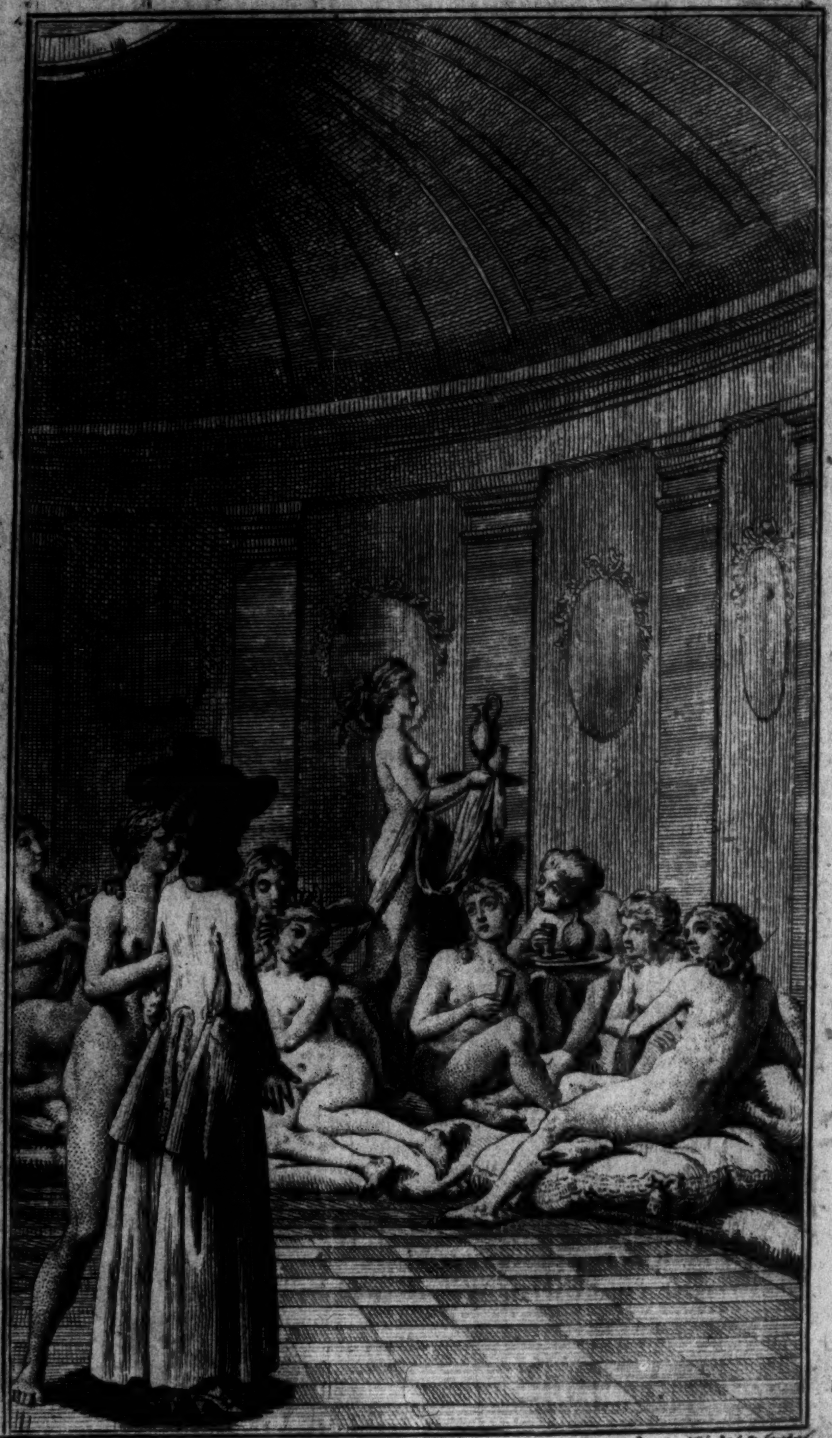

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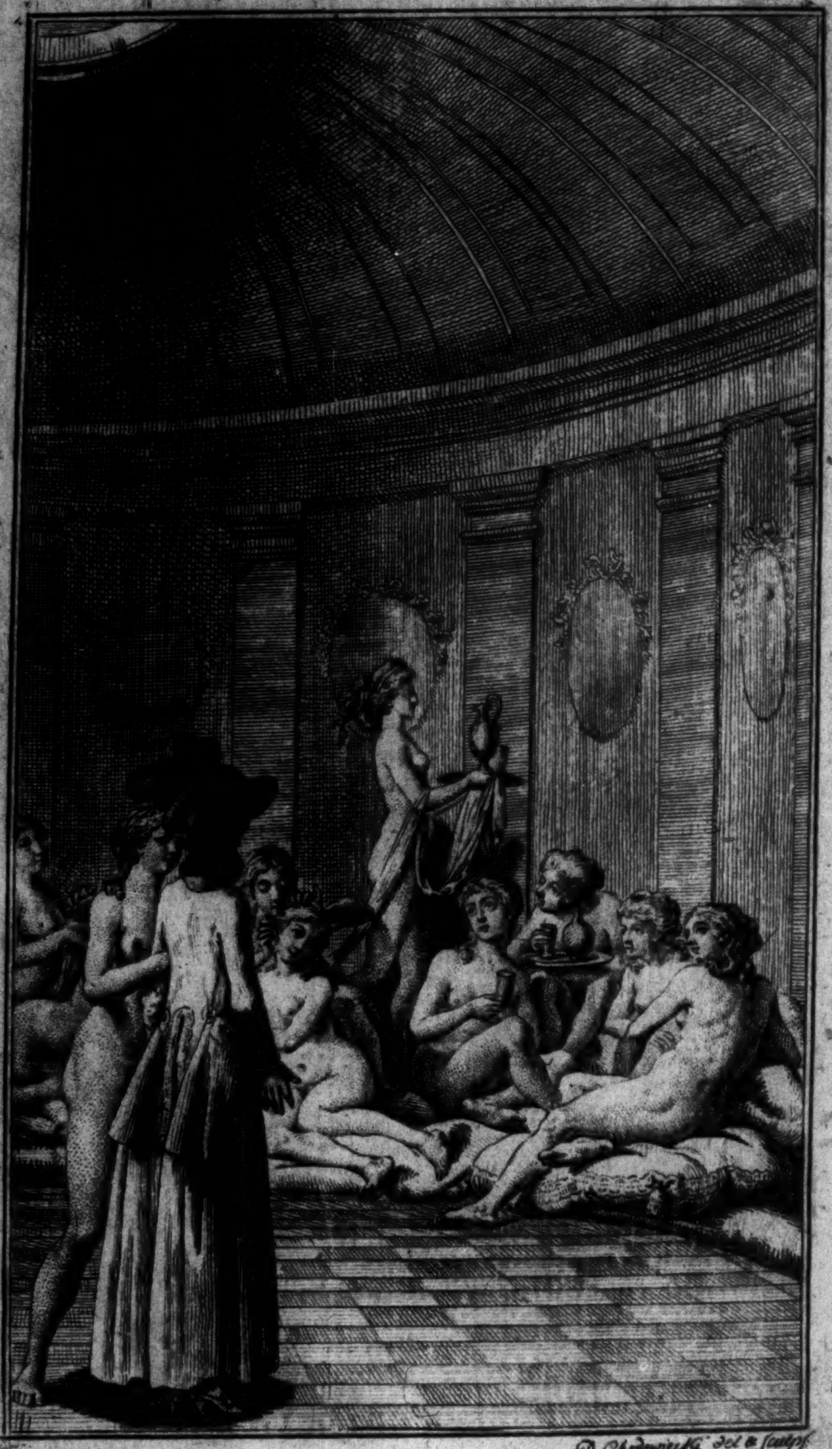

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LETTERS

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M—y W—y M—e:

Written during her TRAVELS in
EUROPE, ASIA AND AFRICA,
TO
Perſons of Diſtinction, Men of Letters, etc.
in different PARTS of EUROPE.

WHICH CONTAIN,

Among other CURIOUS Relations,

ACCOUNTS of the POLICY and MANNERS
of the TURKS.

Drawn from Sources that have been inacceſſible
to other Travellers.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

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PREFACE,

BY A LADY.

I WAS going, like common editors, to advertiſe the reader, of the beauties and excellencies of the work laid before him; To tell him, that the illuſtrious author had opportunities, that other travellers, whatever their quality or curioſity may have been, cannot obtain; and a genius capable of making the beſt improvement of every opportunity. But if the reader, after peruſing one letter only, has not diſcernment to diſtinguiſh that natural elegance, that delicacy of ſentiment and obſervation, that eaſy gracefulneſs, and lovely ſimplicity, (which is the perfection of writing) and in which theſe

Letters exceed all that has appeared in this kind, or almoſt any other, let him lay the book down, and leave it to thoſe who have.

The noble author had the goodneſs to lent me her MS. to ſatisfy my curioſity in ſome inquiries I had made concerning her travels; and when I had it in my hands, how was it poſſible to part with it? I once had the vanity to hope I might acquaint the public, that it owed this invaluable treaſure to my importunities. But, alas! the moſt ingenious author has condemned it to obſcurity during her life; and conviction, as well as deference, obliges me to yield to her reaſons. However, if theſe Letters appear hereafter, when I am in my grave, let this attend them, in teſtimony to poſterity, that among her contemporaries, one woman, at leaſt, was juſt to her merit.

THERE is not any thing ſo excellent, but ſome will carp at it; and the rather, becauſe of its excellency. But to ſuch hypercritics I ſhall not ſay *********
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I CONFESS, I am malicious enough to deſire, that the world ſhould ſee, to how much better purpoſe the LADIES travel than their LORDS; and that, whilſt it is ſurfeited with Male travels, all in the ſame tone, and ſtuffed with the ſame trifles; a lady has the ſkill to ſtrike out a new path, and to embelliſh a worn-out ſubject with variety of freſh and elegant entertainment. For, beſides the vivacity and ſpirit which enliven every part, and that inimitable beauty which ſpreads through the whole; beſides the purity of the ſtyle, for which it may juſtly be accounted the ſtandard of the Engliſh tongue;

the reader will find a more true and accurate account of the cuſtoms and manners of the ſeveral nations with whom this lady converſed, than he can in any other author. But, as her ladyſhip's penetration diſcovers the inmoſt follies of the heart, ſo the candour of her temper paſſed over them with an air of pity, rather than reproach; treating with the politeneſs of a court, and the gentleneſs of a lady, what the ſeverity of her judgement could not but condemn.

In ſhort, let her own ſex, at leaſt, do her juſtice, lay aſide diabolical Envy, and its brother Malice *), with all their accursed company, ſly whiſpering, cruel backbiting, ſpiteful detraction, and the reſt of that hideous crew, which, I hope, are very falſely ſaid to attend the Tea-Table, being more apt to think they frequent thoſe public places, where virtuous women never come. Let the men malign one another, if they think fit, and ſtrive to pull down merit, when they cannot equal it. Let us be better natured, than to give way to any unkind or diſreſpectful thought of ſo bright an ornament of our ſex, merely becauſe ſhe has better ſenſe; for I doubt not but our hearts will tell us, that this is the real and unpardonable offence, whatever may be pretended. Let us be better Chriſtians, than to look upon her with an evil eye, only becauſe the giver of all good gifts has entruſted and adorned her with the moſt excellent talents. Rather let us freely own the ſuperiority of this ſublime genius, as I do, in the ſincerity of my ſoul, pleaſed that a woman triumphs, and proud to follow in her train. Let us offer her the palm which is ſo juſtly her due; and if we pretend to any laurels, lay them willingly at her feet.

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*) This fair and elegant prefacer has reſolved, that Malice ſhould be of the maſculine gender: I believe it is both maſculine and feminine, and I heartily wiſh it were neuter.

December 18. 1714.

M. A.

Charm'd into love of what obſcures my fame,
If I had wit, I'd celebrate her name,
And all the beauties of her mind proclaim.
Till Malice, deafen'd with the mighty ſound,
Its ill-concerted calumnies confound;
Let fall the maſk, and with pale Envy meet,
To aſk, and find, their pardon at her feet.

You ſee, Madam, how I lay every thing at your feet. As the tavtology ſhews the poverty of my genius, it likeways ſhews the extent of your empire over my imagination.

May 31. 1725.

LET-

LETTER I.

To the Counteſs of ——

Rotterdam, Aug. 3. O. S. 1716.

I FLATTER myſelf, dear ſiſter, that I ſhall give you ſome pleaſure in letting you know that I have ſafely paſsed the ſea, though we had the ill fortune of a ſtorm. We were perſuaded by the captain of the yacht to ſet out in a calm, and he pretended there was nothing ſo eaſy as to tide it over; but, after two days ſlowly moving, the wind blew ſo hard, that none of the ſailors could keep their feet, and we were all Sunday night toſſed very handſomely. I never ſaw a man more frighted than the captain. For my part, I have been ſo lucky, neither to ſuffer from fear nor ſea-ſickneſs: though, I confeſs, I was ſo impatient to ſee myſelf once more upon dry land, that I would not ſtay till the yacht could get to Rotterdam, but went in the long-boat to Helvoetſluys, where we had voitures to carry us to the Briel. I was charmed with the neatneſs of that little town; but my arrival at Rotterdam, preſented me a new ſcene of pleaſure. All the ſtreets are paved with broad ſtones, and before many of the meaneſt artificers' doors are placed ſeats of various coloured marbles, ſo neatly kept, that, I aſſure you, I walked almoſt all over the town yeſterday, incognito, in my ſlippers, without receiving one ſpot of dirt; and you may ſee the Dutch maids waſhing the pavement of the ſtreet, with more application than ours do our bed-chambers. The town ſeems ſo full of people, with ſuch buſy faces, all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not ſome celebrated fair; but I ſee it is every day the ſame. 'Tis certain no town can be more advantageouſly ſituated for commerce. Here are ſeven large canals, on which the merchants ſhips come up to the very doors of their houſes. The ſhops and warehouſes are of a ſurpriſing neatneſs and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandiſe, and ſo much cheaper than what we ſee in England, that I have much ado to perſuade myſelf I am ſtill ſo near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be ſeen. One is not ſhocked with thoſe loathſome cripples, ſo common in London, nor teazed with the importunity of idle ſellows and wenches, that chuſe to be naſty and lazy. The common ſervants, and little ſhop-women, here, are more nicely clean, than moſt of our ladies; and the great variety of neat dreſſes (every woman dreſſing her head after her own faſhion) is an additional pleaſure in ſeeing the town. You ſee, hitherto, I make no complaints, dear ſiſter; and, if I continue to like travelling, as well as I do at preſent, I ſhall not repent my project. It will go a great way in making me ſatisfied with it, if it affords me an opportunity of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland, that you may expect a diſintereſted offer. I can write enough in the ſtile of Rotterdam, to tell you plainly, in one word, that I expect returns of all the London news. You ſee I have already learnt to make a good bargain, and that it is not for nothing I will ſo much as tell you, I am your affectionate ſiſter,

LETTER II.

To Mrs. S——

Hague, Aug. 5. O. S. 1716.

I MAKE haſte to tell you, dear Madam, that, after all the dreadful fatigues you threatened me with, I am hitherto very well pleaſed with my journey. We take care to make ſuch ſhort ſtages every day, that I rather fancy myſelf upon parties of pleaſure, than upon the road; and ſure nothing can be more agreeable than travelling in Holland. The whole country appears a large garden; the roads are well paved, ſhaded on each ſide with rows of trees, and bordered with large canals, full of boats, paſſing and repaſſing. Every twenty paces gives you the proſpect of ſome villa, and every four hours that of a large town, ſo ſurpriſingly neat, I am ſure you would be charmed with them. The place I am now at, is certainly one of the fineſt villages in the world. Here are ſeveral ſquares finely built, and (what I think a particular beauty) the whole ſet with thick large trees. The Voor-hout is, at the ſame time, the Hide-Park and Mall of the people of quality; for they take the air in it both on foot and in coaches. There are ſhops for wafers, cool liquors, &c. — I have been to ſee ſeveral of the moſt celebrated gardens, but I will not teaze you with their deſcriptions. I dare ſwear you think my letter already long enough. But I muſt not conclude without begging your pardon, for not obeying your commands, in ſending the lace you ordered me. Upon my word, I can yet find none, that is not dearer than you may buy it at London. If you want any India goods, here are great variety of pennyworths; and I ſhall follow your orders with great pleaſure and exactneſs; being,

Dear Madam, &c. &c.

LETTER III.

To. Mrs. S. C.

Nimeguen, Aug. 13. O. S. 1716.

I AM extremely ſorry, my dear S. that your fears of diſobliging your relations, and their fears for your health and ſafety, have hindered me from enjoying the happineſs of your company, and you the pleaſure of a diverting journey. I receive ſome degree of mortification from every agreeable novelty, or pleaſing proſpect by the reflection of your having ſo unluckily miſſed the delight which I know it would have given you. If you were with me in this town, you would be ready to expect to receive viſits from your Nottingham friends. No two places were ever more reſembling; one has but to give the Maeſe the name of the Trent, and there is no diſtinguiſhing the proſpect. The houſes, like thoſe of Nottingham, are built one above another, and are intermixed in the ſame manner with trees and gardens. The tower they call Julius Caeſar's, has the ſame ſituation with Nottingham caſtle; and I cannot help fancying, I ſee from it the Trentfield, Adboulton, places ſo well known to us. 'Tis true, the fortifications make a conſiderable difference. All the learned in the art of war, beſtow great commendations on them; for my part, that know nothing of the matter, I ſhall content myſelf with telling you, 'tis a very pretty walk on the ramparts, on which there is a tower, very deſervedly called the Belvidera, where people go to drink coffee, tea, &c. and enjoy one of the fineſt proſpects in the world. The public walks have no great beauty, but the thick ſhade of the trees, which is ſolemnly delightful. But I muſt not forget to take notice of the bridge, which appeared very ſurpriſing to me. It is large enough to hold hundreds of men, with horſes and carriages. They give the value of an Engliſh two-pence to get upon it, and then away they go, bridge and all, to the other ſide of the river, with ſo ſlow a motion, one is hardly ſenſible of any at all. I was yeſterday at the French church, and ſtared very much at their manner of ſervice. The parſon clapped on a broad-brimmed hat in the firſt place, which gave him entirely the air of what d'ye call him, in Bartholomew fair, which he kept up by extraordinary antic geſtures, and preaching much ſuch ſtuff, as the other talked to the puppets. However, the congregation ſeemed to receive it with great devotion; and I was informed by ſome of his flock, that he is a perſon of particular fame amongſt them. I believe, by this time, you are as much tired with my account of him, as I was with his ſermon; but I am ſure your brother will excuſe a digreſſion in favour of the church of England. You know, ſpeaking diſreſpectfully of the Calviniſts, is the ſame thing as ſpeaking honourably of the church. Adieu, my dear S. always remember me; and be aſſured I can never forget you, &c. &c.

LETTER IV.

To the Lady ——

Cologn, Aug. 16. O. S. 1716.

IF my lady —— could have any notions of the fatigues that I have ſuffered theſe two laſt days, I am ſure ſhe would own it a great proof of regard, that I now ſit down to write to her. We hired horſes from Nimeguen hither, not having the conveniency of the poſt, and found but very indifferent accommodations at Reinberg, our firſt ſtage; but it was nothing to what I ſuffered yeſterday. We were in hopes to reach Cologn; our horſes tired at Stamel, three hours from it, where I was forced to paſs the night in my clothes, in a room, not at all better than a hovel; for though I have my bed with me, I had no mind to undreſs, where the wind came from a thouſand places. We left this wretched lodging at day-break, and about ſix, this morning, came ſafe here, where I got immediately into bed. I ſlept ſo well for three hours, that I found myſelf perfectly recovered, and have had ſpirits enough to go and ſee all that is curious in the town, that is to ſay, the churches, for here is nothing elſe worth ſeeing. This is a very large town, but the moſt part of it is old built. The Jeſuits church, which is the neateſt, was ſhewed me, in a very complaiſant manner, by a handſome young Jeſuit; who, not knowing who I was, took a liberty in his compliments and railleries, which very much diverted me. Having never before ſeen any thing of that nature, I could not enough admire the magnificence of the altars, the rich images of the ſaints (all maſſy ſilver) and the enchaſſures of the relicks; though I could not help murmuring, in my heart, at the profuſion of pearls, diamons, and rubies, beſtowed on the adornment of rotten teeth, and dirty rags. I own that I had wickedneſs enough to covet St. Urſula's pearl necklace; though perhaps this was no wickedneſs at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbour; but I went yet farther, and wiſhed the wench herſelf converted into dreſſing plate. I ſhould alſo gladly ſee converted into ſilver, a great St. Chriſtopher, which I imagine would look very well in a ciſtern. Theſe were my pious reflections: though I was very well ſatisfied to ſee, piled up to the honour of our nation, the ſkulls of the eleven thouſand virgins. I have ſeen ſome hundreds of relicks here of no leſs conſequence; but I will not imitate the common ſtile of travellers ſo far, as to give you a liſt of them, being perſuaded, that you have no manner of curioſity for the titles given to jaw-bones and bits of worm-eaten wood. Adieu, I am juſt going to ſupper, where I ſhall drink your health in an admirable ſort of Lorrain wine, which I am ſure is the ſame you call Burgundy in London, &c. &c.

LET-

LETTER V.

To the Counteſs of B——

Nuremberg, Aug. 22. O. S. 1716.

AFTER five days travelling poſt, I could not ſit down to write on any other occaſion, than to tell my dear Lady, that I have not forgot her obliging command, of ſending her ſome account of my travels. I have already paſsed a large part of Germany, have ſeen all that is remarkable in Cologn, Frankfort, Wurtſburg, and this place. 'Tis impoſſible not to obſerve the difference between the free towns, and thoſe under the government of abſolute princes, as all the little ſovereigns of Germany are. In the firſt, there appears an air of commerce and plenty. The ſtreets are well built, and full of people, neatly and plainly dreſſed. The ſhops are loaded with merchandiſe, and the commonalty are clean and cheerful. In the other, you ſee a ſort of ſhabby finery, a number of dirty people of quality tawdered out; narrow naſty ſtreets out of repair, wretchedly thin of inhabitants, and above half of the common ſort aſking alms. I cannot help fancying one under the figure of a clean Dutch citizen's wife, and the other like a poor town lady of pleaſure, painted and ribboned out in her head-dreſs, with tarniſhed ſilverlaced ſhoes, a ragged under-petticoat, a miſerable mixture of vice and poverty. — They have ſumptuary laws in this town, which diſtinguiſh their rank by their dreſs, prevent the exceſs which ruins ſo many other cities, and has a more agreeable effect to the eye of a ſtranger, than our faſhions. I need not be aſhamed to own, that I wiſh theſe laws were in force in other parts of the world. When one conſiders impartially, the merit of a rich ſuit of clothes in moſt places, the reſpect and the ſmiles of favour it procures, not to ſpeak of the envy and the ſighs it occaſions (which is very often the principal charm to the wearer) one is forced to confeſs, that there is need of an uncommon underſtanding to reſiſt the temptation of pleaſing friends and mortifying rivals; and that it is natural to young people to fall into a folly, which betrays them to that want of money, which is the ſource of a thouſand baſeneſſes. What numbers of men have begun the world with generous inclinations, that have afterwards been the inſtruments of bringing miſery on a whole people, being led by vain expence into debts that they could clear no other way, but by the forfeit of their honour, and which they never could have contracted, if the reſpect the multitude pays to habits, was fixed by law only to a particular colour or cut of plain cloth! Theſe reflections draw after them others that are too melancholy. I will make haſte to put them out of your head by the farce of relicks, with which I have been entertained in all Romiſh churches.

The Lutherans are not quite free from theſe follies. I have ſeen here, in the principal church, a large piece of the croſs ſet in jewels, and the point of the ſpear, which they told me, very gravely, was the ſame that pierced the ſide of our Saviour. But I was particularly diverted in a little Roman Catholic church which is permitted here, where the profeſſors of that religion are not very rich, and conſequently cannot adorn their images in ſo rich a manner as their neighbours. For, not to be quite deſtitute of all finery, they have dreſſed up an image of our Saviour over the altar, in a fair full-bottomed wig very well powdered. I imagine I ſee your ladyſhip ſtare at this article, of which you very much doubt the veracity; but, upon my word, I have not yet made uſe of the privilege of a traveller; and my whole account is written with the ſame plain ſincerity of heart, with which I aſſure you that I am, dear Madam, your, &c. &c.

LETTER VI.

To Mrs. P——

Ratiſbon, Aug. 30. O. S. 1713.

I HAD the pleaſure of receiving yours, but the day before I left London. I give you a thouſand thanks for your good wiſhes, and have ſuch an opinion of their efficacy, that, I am perſuaded, I owe in part, to them, the good luck of having proceeded ſo far on my long journey without any ill accident. For I don't reckon it any, to have been ſtopped a few days in this town by a cold, ſince it has not only given me an opportunity of ſeeing all that is curious in it, but of making ſome acquaintance with the ladies, who have all been to ſee me with great civility, particularly Madame ——, the wife of our king's envoy from Hanover. She has carried me to all the aſſemblies, and I have been magnificently entertained at her houſe, which is one of the fineſt here. You know, that all the nobility of this place, are envoys from different ſtates. Here are a great number of them, and they might paſs their time agreeably enough, if they were leſs delicate on the point of ceremony. But inſtead of joining in the deſign of making the town as pleaſant to one another as they can, and improving their little ſocieties, they amuſe themſelves no other way, than with perpetual quarrels, which they take care to eternize, by leaving them to their ſucceſſors; and an envoy to Ratiſbon receives, regularly, half a dozen quarrels, among the perquiſites of his employment. You may be ſure the ladies are not wanting, on their ſide, in cheriſhing and improving theſe important picques, which divide the town almoſt into as many parties, as there are families. They chuſe rather to ſuffer the mortification of ſitting almoſt alone on their aſſembly nights, than to recede one jot from their pretenſions. I have not been here above a week, and yet I have heard from almoſt every one of them the whole hiſtory of their wrongs, and dreadful complaints of the injuſtice of their neighbours, in hopes to draw me to their party. But I think it very prudent to remain neuter, though if I was to ſtay amongſt them, there would be no poſſibility of continuing ſo, their quarrels running ſo high, that they will not be civil to thoſe that viſit their adverſaries. The foundation of theſe everlaſting diſputes, turns entirely upon rank, place, and the title of Excellency, which they all pretend to, and, what is very hard, will give it to no body. For my part, I could not forbear adviſing them, (for the public good) to give the title of Excellency to every body, wich would include the receiving it from every body; but the very mention of ſuch a diſhonourable peace, was received with as much indignation, as Mrs. Blackaire did the motion of a reference. And indeed, I began to think myſelf ill-natured, to offer to take from them, in a town where there are ſo few diverſions, ſo entertaining an amuſement. I know that my peaceable diſpoſition already gives me a very ill figure, and that 'tis publicly whiſpered as a piece of impertinent pride in me, that I have hitherto been ſaucily civil to every body, as if I thought no body good enough to quarrel with. I ſhould be obliged to change my behaviour, if I did not intend to purſue my journey in a few days. I have been to ſee the churches here, and had the permiſſion of touching the relicks, which was never ſuffered in places where I was not known. I had, by this privilege, the opportunity of making an obſervation, which I doubt not might have been made in all the other churches, that the emeralds and rubies which they ſhow round their relicks and images, are moſt of them falſe; though they tell you, that many of the Croſſes and Madonas, ſet round with theſe ſtones, have been the gifts of emperors and other great princes. I don't doubt indeed, but they were at firſt jewels of value; but the good fathers have found it convenient to apply them to other uſes, and the people are juſt as well ſatisfied with bits of glaſs. Amongſt theſe reliks they ſhewed me a prodigious claw ſet in gold, which they called the claw of a griffin, and I could not forbear aſking the reverend prieſt that ſhewed it, Whether the griffin is a ſaint? The queſtion almoſt put him beſide his gravity; but he anſwered, They only kept it as a curioſity. I was very much ſcandalized at a large ſilver image of the Trinity, where the Father is repreſented under the figure of a decrepit old man, with a beard down to his knees, and triple crown on his head, holding in his arms the Son, fixed on the croſs, and the Holy Ghoſt, in the ſhape of a dove, hovering over him. Madam —— is come this minute to call me to the aſſembly, and forces me to tell you, very abruptly, that I am ever your, &c. &c.

LETTER VII.

To the Counteſs of ——

Vienna, Sept. 8. O. S.

I AM now, my dear ſiſter, ſafely arrived at Vienna, and, I thank God, have not at all ſuffered in my health, nor (what is dearer to me) in that of my child, by all our fatigues. We travelled by water from Ratiſbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of thoſe little veſſels, that they, very properly, call wooden houſes, having in them all the conveniencies of a palace, ſtoves in the chambers, kitchens, &c. They are rowed by twelve men each, and move with ſuch incredible ſwiftneſs, that in the ſame day you have the pleaſure of a vaſt variety of proſpects, and, within the ſpace of a few hours, you have the pleaſure of ſeeing a populous city adorned with magnificent palaces, and the moſt romantic ſolitudes, which appear diſtant from the commerce of mankind, the banks of the Danube being charmingly diverſified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities, and ruins of ancient caſtles. I ſaw the great towns of Paſſau and Lintz, famous for the retreat of the imperial court, when Vienna was beſieged. This town, which has the honour of being the emperor's reſidence, did not at all anſwer my expectation, nor ideas of it, being much leſs than I expected to find it; the ſtreets are very cloſe, and ſo narrow, one cannot obſerve the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them very well deſerve obſervation, being truly magnificent. They are built of fine white ſtone, and are exceſſively high. For as the town is too little for the number of the people that deſire to live in it, the builders ſeem to have projected to repair that misfortune, by clapping one town on the top of another, moſt of the houſes being of five, and ſome of them ſix ſtories. You may eaſily imagine, that the ſtreets being ſo narrow, the rooms are extremely dark, and, what is an inconveniency much more intolerable, in my opinion, there is no houſe has ſo few as five or ſix families in it. The apartments of the greateſt ladies, and even of the miniſters of ſtate, are divided, but by a partition, from that of a taylor or ſhoemaker, and I know no body that has above two floors in any houſe, one for their own uſe, and one higher for their ſervants. Thoſe that have houſes of their own, let out the reſt of them to whoever will take them, and thus the great ſtairs, (which are all of ſtone) are as common and as dirty as the ſtreet. 'Tis true, when you have once travelled through them, nothing can be more ſurpriſingly magnificent than the apartments. They are commonly a ſuite of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture, ſuch as is ſeldom ſeen in the palaces of ſovereign princes in other countries. Their apartments are adorned with hangings of the fineſt tapeſtry of Bruſſels, prodigious large looking-glaſſes in ſilver frames, fine japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies, and window curtains of the richeſt Genoa damaſk or velvet, almoſt covered with gold lace or embroidery. All this is made gay by pictures, and vaſt jars of japan china, and large luſtres of rock chryſtal. I have already had the honour of being invited to dinner by ſeveral of the firſt people of quality; and I muſt do them the juſtice to ſay, the good taſte and magnificence of their tables, very well anſwered to that of their furniture. I have been more than once entertained with fifty diſhes of meat all ſerved in ſilver, and well dreſſed; the deſert proportionable, ſerved in the fineſt china. But the variety and richneſs of their wines, is what appears the moſt ſurpriſing. The conſtant way is, to lay a liſt of their names upon the plates of the gueſts, along with the napkins; and I have counted ſeveral times to the number of eigtheen different ſorts, all exquiſite in their kinds. I was yeſterday at Count Schoonbourn, the vice-chancellor's garden; where I was invited to dinner. I muſt own, I never ſaw a place ſo perfectly delightful as the Fauxbourg of Vienna. It is very large, and almoſt wholly compoſed of delicious palaces. If the emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the Fauxbourgs might be joined to it, he would have one of the largeſt and beſt built cities in Europe. Count Schoonbourn's villa is one of the moſt magnificent; the furniture all rich brocades, fo well-fancied and fitted up, nothing can look more gay and ſplendid; not to ſpeak of a gallery, full of rarities of coral, mother of pearl, and, throughout the whole houſe, a profuſion of gilding, carving, fine paintings, the moſt beautiful porcelain, ſtatues of alabaſter and ivory, and vaſt orange and lemon trees in gilt pots. The dinner was perfectly fine and well ordered, and made ſtill more agreeable by the good humour of the count. I have not yet been at court, being forced to ſtay for my gown, without which there is no waiting on the empreſs; though I am not without great impatience to ſee a beauty that has been the admiration of ſo many different nations. When I have had that honour, I will not fail to let you know my real thoughts, always taking a particular pleaſure in communicating them to my dear ſiſter.

LETTER VIII.

To Mr. P——

Vienna, Sept. 14. O. S.

PERHAPS you'll laugh at me for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you expreſs for me. 'Tis certain that I may, if I pleaſe, take the fine things you ſay to me for wit and raillery, and, it may be, it would be taking them right. But I never, in my life, was half ſo well diſpoſed to take you in earneſt, as I am at preſent; and that diſtance, which makes the continuation of your friendſhip improbable, has very much encreaſed my faith in it. I find that I have (as well as the reſt of my ſex) whatever face I ſet on't, a ſtrong diſpoſition to believe in miracles. Don't fancy, however, that I am infected by the air of theſe popiſh countries; I have, indeed, ſo far wandered from the diſcipline of the church of England, as to have been laſt Sunday at the opera, which was performed in the garden of the Favorita; and I was ſo much pleaſed with it, I have not yet repented my ſeeing it. Nothing of that kind ever was more magnificent; and I can eaſily believe what I am told, that the decorations and habits coſt the emperor thirty thouſand pounds Sterling. The ſtage was built over a very large canal, and, at the beginning of the ſecond act, divided into two parts, diſcovering the water, on which there immediately came, from different parts, two fleets of little gilded veſſels, that gave the repreſentation of a naval fight. It is not eaſy to imagine the beauty of this ſcene, which I took particular notice of. But all the reſt were perfectly fine in their kind. The ſtory of the opera is the enchantment of Alcina, which gives opportunities for great variety of machines and changes of the ſcenes, which are performed with a ſurpriſing ſwiftneſs. The theatre is ſo large, that it is hard to carry the eye to the end of it, and the habits in the utmoſt magnificence, to the number of one hundred and eight. No houſe could hold ſuch large decorations: but the ladies all ſitting in the open air, expoſes them to great inconveniencies; for there is but one canopy for the imperial family; and the firſt night it was repreſented, a ſhower of rain happening, the opera was broke off, and the company crowded away in ſuch a confuſion, that I was almoſt ſqueezed to death. —— But if their operas are thus delightful, their comedies are in as high a degree ridiculous. They have but one play-houſe, where I had the curioſity to go to a German comedy, and was very glad it happened to be the ſtory of Amphitrion. As that ſubject has been already handled by a Latin, French, and Engliſh poet, I was curiousto ſee what an Auſtrian author would make of it. I underſtand enough of that language to comprehend the greateſt part of it; and beſides, I took with me a lady, that had the goodneſs to explain to me every word. The way is, to take a box, which holds four, for yourſelf and company. The fixed price is a gold ducat. I thought the houſe very low and dark; but I confeſs, the comedy admirably recompenſed that defect. I never laughed ſo much in my life. It began with Jupiter's falling in love out of a peephole in the clouds, and ended with the birth of Hercules. But what was moſt pleaſant, was the uſe Jupiter made of his metamorphoſis; for you no ſooner ſaw him under the figure of Amphitrion, but, inſtead of flying to Alcmena, with the raptures Mr. Dryden puts into his mouth, he ſends for Amphitrion's taylor, and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a Jew of a diamont ring, and beſpeaks a great ſupper in his name; and the greateſt part of the comedy turns upon poor Amphitrion's being tormented by theſe people for their debts. Mercury uſes Soſia in the ſame manner. But I could not eaſily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with, not only indecent expreſſions, but ſuch groſs words, as I don't think our mob would ſuffer from a mountebank. Beſides, the two Soſias very fairly let down their breeches in the direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the firſt rank, that ſeemed very well pleaſed with their entertainment, and aſſured me, this was a celebrated piece. I ſhall conclude my letter with this remarkable relation, very well worthy the ſerious conſideration of Mr. Collier. I won't trouble you with farewell compliments, which I think generally as impertinent, as courteſies at leaving the room, when the viſit had been too long already.

LETTER IX.

To the Counteſs of ——

Vienna, Sept. 14. O. S.

THOUGH I have ſo lately troubled you, my dear ſiſter, with a long letter, yet I will keep my promiſe in giving you an account of my firſt going to court. In order to that ceremony, I was ſqueezed up in a gown, and adorned with a gorget and the other implements thereunto belonging; a dreſs very inconvenient, but which certainly ſhows the neck and ſhape to great advantage. I cannot forbear giving you ſome deſcription of the faſhions here, which are more monſtrous, and contrary to all common ſenſe and reaſon, than 'tis poſſible for you to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gauſe on their heads, about a yard high, conſiſting of three or four ſtories, fortified with numberleſs yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this ſtructure is a thing they call a Bourle, which is exactly of the ſame ſhape and kind, but about four times as big as thoſe rolls our prudent milk-maids make uſe of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of falſe, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub. Their hair is prodigiouſly powdered to conceal the mixture, and ſet out with three or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully large, that ſtick out two or three inches from their hair) made of diamonds, pearls, red, green, and yellow ſtones, that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright, as to dance upon May-day with the garland. Their whalebone petticoats outdo ours by ſeveral yards circumference, and cover ſome acres of ground. You may eaſily ſuppoſe how this extraordinary dreſs ſets off and improves the natural uglineſs, with which God Almighty has been pleaſed to endow them, generally ſpeaking. Even the lovely empreſs herſelf is obliged to comply, in ſome degree, with theſe abſurd faſhions, which they would not quit for all the world. I had a private audience (according to ceremony) of half an hour, and then all the other ladies were permitted to come and make their court. I was perfectly charmed with the empreſs; I cannot however tell you that her features are regular; her eyes are not large, but have a lively look full of ſweetneſs, her complexion the fineſt I ever ſaw; her noſe and forehead well made, but her mouth has ten thouſand charms, that touch the ſoul. When ſhe ſmiles, 'tis with a beauty and ſweetneſs, that forces adoration. She has a vaſt quantity of fine fair hair; but then her perſon! — one muſt ſpeak of it poetically to do it rigid juſtice; all that the poets have ſaid of the mien of Juno, the air of Venus, come not up to the truth. The Graces move with her; the famous ſtatue of Medicis was not formed with more delicate proportions; nothing can be added to the beauty of her neck and hands. Till I ſaw them, I did not believe there were any in nature ſo perfect, and I was almoſt ſorry that my rank here did not permit me to kiſs them; but they are kiſſed ſufficiently, for every body that waits on her, pays that homage at their entrance, and when they take leave. When the ladies were come in, ſhe ſat down to Quinze. I could not play at a game I had never ſeen before, and ſhe ordered me a ſeat at her right hand, and had the goodneſs to talk to me very much, with that grace ſo natural to her. I expected every moment, when the men were to come in to pay their court; but this drawing-room is very different from that of England; no man enters it but the grand-maſter, who comes in to advertiſe the empreſs of the approach of the emperor. His imperial majeſty did me the honour of ſpeaking to me in a very obliging manner; but he never ſpeaks to any of the other ladies; and the whole paſſes with a gravity and air of ceremony that has ſomething very formal in it. The empreſs Amelia, dowager of the late emperor Joſeph, came this evening to wait on the reigning empreſs, followed by the two archducheſſes her daughters, who are very agreeable young princeſſes. Their imperial majeſties roſe and went to meet her at the door of the room, after which ſhe was ſeated in an armed chair, next the empreſs, and in the ſame manner at ſupper, and there the men had the permiſſion of paying their court. The archducheſſes ſat on chairs with backs without arms. The table was entirely ſerved, and all the diſhes ſet on by the empreſs's maids of honour, which are twelve young ladies of the firſt quality. They have no ſalary, but their chamber at court, where they live in a ſort of confinement, not being ſuffered to go to the aſſemblies or public places in town, except in compliment to the wedding of a ſiſter maid, whom the empreſs always preſents with her picture ſet in diamonds. The three firſt of them, are called Ladies of the Key, and wear gold keys by their ſides; but what I find moſt pleaſant, is the cuſtom, which obliges them, as long as they live, after they have left the empreſs's ſervice, to make her ſome preſent every year on the day of her feaſt. Her majeſty is ſerved by no married women but the grande maitreſſe, who is generally a widow of the firſt quality, always very old, and is at the ſame time groom of the ſtole, and mother of the maids. The dreſſers are not, at all, in the figure they pretend to in England, being looked upon no otherwiſe than as downright chambermaids. I had an audience next day of the empreſs mother, a princeſs of great virtue and goodneſs, but who picques herſelf too much on a violent devotion. She is perpetually performing extraordinary acts of penance, without having ever done any thing to deſerve them. She has the ſame number of maids of honour, whom ſhe ſuffers to go in colours; but ſhe herſelf never quits her mourning; and ſure nothing can be more diſmal than the mourning here, even for a brother. There is not the leaſt bit of linen to be ſeen; all black crape inſtead of it. The neck, ears, and ſide of the face are covered with a plaited piece of the ſame ſtuff, and the face that peeps out in the midſt of it, looks as if it were pilloried. The widows wear over and above, a crape forehead cloth, and in this ſolemn weed, go to all the public places of diverſion without ſcruple. The next day I was to wait on the empreſs Amelia, who is now at her palace of retirement, half a mile from the town. I had there the pleaſure of ſeeing a diverſion wholly new to me, but which is the common amuſement of this court. The empreſs herſelf was ſeated on a little throne at the end of the fine alley in the garden, and on each ſide of her were ranged two parties of her ladies of quality, headed by two young archducheſſes, all dreſſed in their hair, full of jewels, with fine light guns in their hands; and at proper diſtances were placed three oval pictures, which were the marks to be ſhot at. The firſt was that of a Cupid, filling a bumper of Burgundy, and the motto, 'Tis eaſy to be valiant here. The ſecond a Fortune holding a garland in her hand, the motto, For her whom Fortune favours. The third was a Sword with a laurel wreath on the point, the motto, Here is no ſhame to be vanquiſhed. — Near the empreſs was a gilded trophy wreathed with flowers, and made of little crooks, on which were hung rich Turkiſh handkerchiefs, tippets, ribbons, laces, &c. for the ſmall prizes. The empreſs gave the firſt with her own hand, which was a fine ruby ring ſet round with diamonds, in a gold ſnuff-box.

There was for the ſecond, a little Cupid ſet with brilliants, and beſides theſe a ſet of fine china for the tea-table, enchaſed in gold, japan trunks, fans, and many gallantries of the ſame nature. All the men of quality at Vienna were ſpectators; but the ladies only had permiſſion to ſhoot, and the archducheſs Amelia carried off the firſt prize. I was very well pleaſed with having ſeen this entertainment, and I do not know but it might make as good a figure as the prize-ſhooting in the Aeneid, if I could write as well as Virgil. This is the favourite pleaſure of the emperor, and there is rarely a week without ſome feaſt of this kind, which makes the young ladies ſkilful enough to defend a fort. They laughed very much to ſee me afraid to handle a gun. My dear ſiſter, you will eaſily pardon an abrupt concluſion. I believe, by this time, you are ready to think I ſhall never conclude at all.

LETTER X.

To the Lady R——

Vienna, Sept. 20. O. S.

I Am extremely rejoiced, but not at all ſurprized, at the long, delightful letter, you have had the goodneſs to ſend me. I know that you can think of an abſent friend even in the midſt of a court, and you love to oblige, where you can have no view of a return; and I expect from you that you ſhould love me, and think of me, when you don't ſee me. I have compaſſion for the mortifications that you tell me befel our little old friend, and I pity her much more, ſince I know, that they are only owing to the barbarous cuſtoms of our country. Upon my word, if ſhe were here, ſhe would have no other fault but that of being ſomething too young for the faſhion, and ſhe has nothing to do but to tranſplant herſelf hither about ſeven years hence, to be again a young and blooming beauty. I can aſſure you, that wrinkles, or a ſmall ſtoop in the ſhoulders, nay even grey hairs, are no objection to the making new conqueſts. I know you cannot eaſily figure to yourſelf, a young fellow of five and twenty, ogling my lady S—ff—k with paſſion, or preſſing to hand the counteſs of O—d from an opera. But ſuch are the ſights I ſee every day, and I don't perceive any body ſurprized at them but myſelf. A woman, till five and thirty, is only looked upon as a raw girl, and can poſſibly make no noiſe in the world, till about forty. I don't know what your ladyſhip may think of this matter; but 'tis a conſiderable comfort to me, to know there is upon earth ſuch a paradiſe for old women; and I am content to be inſignificant at preſent, in the deſign of returning when I am fit to appear no where elſe. I cannot help lamenting, on this occaſion, the pitiful caſe of too many Engliſh ladies, long ſince retired to prudery and ratafia, who, if their ſtars had luckily conducted them hither, would ſhine in the firſt rank of beauties. Beſides, that perplexing word reputation, has quite another meaning here than what you give it at London; and getting a lover is ſo far from loſing, that 'tis properly getting reputation; ladies being much more reſpected in regard to the rank of their lovers, than that of their huſbands.

But what you'll think very odd, the two ſects that divide our whole nation of petticoats, are utterly unknown in this place. Here are neither coquettes nor prudes. No woman dares appear coquette enough to encourage two lovers at a time. And I have not ſeen any ſuch prudes, as to pretend fidelity to their huſbands, who are certainly the beſt natured ſet of people in the world, and look upon their wives' gallants as favourably, as men do upon their deputies, that take the troubleſome part of their buſineſs off their hands. They have not however the leſs to do on that account; for they are generally deputies in another place themſelves; in one word, 'tis the eſtabliſhed cuſtom for every lady to have two huſbands, one that bears the name, and another that performs the duties. And the engagements are ſo well known, that it would be a downright affront, and publicly reſented, if you invited a woman of quality to dinner, without, at the ſame time, inviting her two attendants of lover and huſband, between whom ſhe ſits in ſtate with great gravity. The ſub-marriages generally laſt twenty years together, and the lady often commands the poor lover's eſtate, even to the utter ruin of his family. Theſe connexions, indeed, are as ſeldom begun by any real paſſion, as other matches; for a man makes but an ill figure that is not in ſome commerce of this nature; and a woman looks out for a lover as ſoon as ſhe's married, as part of her equipage, without which ſhe could not be genteel; and the firſt article of the treaty is eſtabliſhing the penſion, which remains to the lady, in caſe the gallant ſhould prove inconſtant. This chargeable point of honour, I look upon as the real foundation of ſo many wonderful inſtances of conſtancy. I really know ſome women of the firſt quality, whoſe penſions are as well known as their annual rents, and yet no body eſteems them the leſs; on the contrary, their diſcretion would be called in queſtion, if they ſhould be ſuſpected to be miſtreſſes for nothing. A great part of their emulation conſiſts in trying who ſhall get moſt; and having no intrigue at all, is ſo far a diſgrace, that, I'll aſſure you, a lady who is very much my friend here, told me but yeſterday, how much I was obliged to her for juſtifying my conduct in a converſation relating to me, where it was publicly aſſerted, that I could not poſſibly have common ſenſe, ſince I had been in town above a fortnight, and had made no ſteps towards commencing an amour. My friend pleaded for me, that my ſtay was uncertain, and ſhe believed that was the cauſe of my ſeeming ſtupidity; and this was all ſhe could find to ſay in my juſtification. But one of the pleaſanteſt adventures I ever met with in my life, was laſt night, and it will give you a juſt idea in what a delicate manner the belles paſſions are managed in this country. I was at the aſſembly of the counteſs of ——, and the young count of —— leading me down ſtairs, aſked me how long I was to ſtay at Vienna? I made anſwer, that my ſtay depended on the emperor, and it was not in my power to determine it. Well, Madam, ſaid he, whether your time here is to be longer or ſhorter, I think you ought to paſs it agreeably, and to that end you muſt engage in a little affair of the heart. —— My heart, (anſwered I gravely enough) does not engage very eaſily, and I have no deſign of parting with it. I ſee, Madam, ſaid he ſighing, by the ill nature of that anſwer, I am not to hope for it, which is a great mortification to me that am charmed with you. But, however, I am ſtill devoted to your ſervice, and ſince I am not worthy of entertaining you myſelf, do me the honour of letting me know, whom you like beſt amongſt us, and I'll engage to manage the affair entirely to your ſatisfaction. You may judge in what manner I ſhould have received this compliment in my own country; but I was well enough acquainted with the way of this, to know that he really intended me an obligation, and I thanked him with a very grave courteſy, for his zeal to ſerve me, and only aſſured him, I had no occaſion to make uſe of it. Thus you ſee, my dear, that gallantry and good-breeding are as different, in different climates, as morality and religion. Who have the righteſt notions of both, we ſhall never know till the day of judgement; for which great day of eclairciſſement, I own there is very little impatience in your, &c. &c.

LETTER XI.

To Mrs. J——

Vienna, Sept. 26. O. S.

I WAS never more agreeably ſurpriſed than by your obliging letter. 'Tis a peculiar mark of my eſteem, that I tell you ſo; and I can aſſure yon, that if I loved you one grain leſs than I do, I ſhould be very ſorry to ſee it ſo diverting as it is. The mortal averſion I have to writing, makes me tremble at the thoughts of a new correſpondent; and I believe I diſobliged no leſs than a dozen of my London acquaintance by refuſing to hear from them, though I did verily think they intended to ſend me very entertaining letters. But I had rather loſe the pleaſure of reading ſeveral witty things, than be forced to write many ſtupid ones. Yet, in ſpite of theſe conſiderations, I am charmed with the proof of your friendſhip, and beg a continuation of the ſame goodneſs, though I fear the dulneſs of this will make you immediately repent of it. It is not from Auſtria that one can write with vivacity, and I am already infected with the phlegm of the country. Even their amours and their quarrels are carried on with a ſurpriſing temper, and they are never lively but upon points of ceremony. There, I own, they ſhew all their paſſions; and 'tis not long ſince two coaches, meeting in a narrow ſtreet at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjuſt the ceremonial of which ſhould go back, ſat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both ſo fully determined to die upon the ſpot rather than yield, in a point of that importance, that the ſtreet would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the emperor had not ſent his guards to part them; and even then they refuſed to ſtir, till the expedient could be found out of taking them both out in chairs, exactly in the ſame moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with ſome difficulty that the paſs was decided between the two coachmen, no leſs tenacious of their rank than the ladies. This paſſion is ſo omnipotent in the breaſts of the women, that even their huſbands never die but they are ready to break their hearts, becauſe that fatal hour puts an end to their rank, no widows having any place at Vienna.

The men are not much leſs touched with this point of honour, and they do not only ſcorn to marry, but even to make love to any woman of a family not as illuſtrious as their own; and the pedigree is much more conſidered by them, than either the complexion or features of their miſtreſſes. Happy are the ſhe's that can number amongſt their anceſtors, counts of the empire; they have neither occaſion for beauty, money, nor good conduct, to get them huſbands. 'Tis true, as to money, 'tis ſeldom any advantage to the man they marry; the laws of Auſtria confine the woman's portion to two thouſand florins (about two hundred pounds Engliſh) and whatever they have beſide, remains in their own poſſeſſion and diſpoſal. Thus, here are many ladies much richer than their huſbands, who are however obliged to allow them pin-money agreeable to their quality; and I attribute to this conſiderable branch of prerogative, the liberty that they take upon other occaſions. I am ſure, you, that know my lazineſs, and extreme indifference on this ſubject, will pity me, entangled amongſt all theſe ceremonies, which are a wonderful burden to me, though I am the envy of the whole town, having, by their own cuſtoms, the paſs before them all. They indeed ſo revenge, upon the poor envoys, this great reſpect ſhewn to ambaſſadors, that, with all my indifference, I ſhould be very uneaſy to ſuffer it. Upon days of ceremony, they have no entrance at court, and on other days muſt content themſelves with walking after every ſoul, and being the very laſt taken notice of. But I muſt write a volume to let you know all the ceremonies, and I have already ſaid too much on ſo dull a ſubject, which however employs the whole care of the people here. I need not, after this, tell you how agreeably time ſlides away with me; you know, as well as I do, the taſte of,

Your's, &c. &c.

LETTER XII.

To the Lady X——.

Vienna, Oct. 1. O. S.

YOU deſire me, Madam, to ſend you ſome accounts of the cuſtoms here, and at the ſame time a deſcription of Vienna. I am always willing to obey your commands; but you muſt, upon this occaſion, take the will for the deed. If I ſhould undertake to tell you all the particulars in which the manners here differ from ours, I muſt write a whole quire of the dulleſt ſtuff, that ever was read, or printed without being read. Their dreſs agrees with the French or Engliſh in no one article, but wearing petticoats. They have many faſhions peculiar to themſelves; they think it indecent for a widow ever to wear green or roſe colour, but all the other gayeſt colours are at her own diſcretion. The aſſemblies here are the only regular diverſion, the operas being always at court, and commonly on ſome particular occaſion. Madam Rabutin has the aſſembly conſtantly every night at her houſe; and the other ladies, whenever they have a mind to diſplay the magnificence of their apartments, or oblige a friend by complimenting them on the day of their ſaint, they declare, that on ſuch a day the aſſembly ſhall be at their houſe in honour of the feaſt of the count or counteſs —— ſuch a one. Theſe days are called days of Gala, and all the friends or relations of the lady, whoſe ſaint it is, are obliged to appear in their beſt clothes, and all their jewels. The miſtreſs of the houſe takes no particular notice of any body, nor returns any body's viſit; and, whoever pleaſes, may go, without the formality of being preſented. The company are entertained with ice in ſeveral forms, winter and ſummer; afterwards they divide into ſeveral parties of ombre, piquet, or converſation, all games of hazard being forbid.

I SAW t'other day the Gala for Count Altheim, the emperor's favourite, and never in my life ſaw ſo many fine clothes ill-fancied. They embroider the richeſt gold ſtuffs; and provided they can make their clothes expenſive enough, that is all the taſte they ſhew in them. On other days, the general dreſs is a ſcarf, and what you pleaſe under it.

BUT now I am ſpeaking of Vienna, I am ſure you expect I ſhould ſay ſomething of the convents; they are of all ſorts and ſizes, but I am beſt pleaſed with that of St. Lawrence, where the eaſe and neatneſs they ſeem to live with, appears to be much more edifying than thoſe ſtricter orders, where perpetual penance and naſtineſs muſt breed diſcontent and wretchedneſs. The Nuns are all of quality. I think there are to the number of fifty. They have each of them a little cell perfectly clean, the walls of which are covered with pictures more or leſs fine, according to their quality. A long white ſtone gallery runs by all of them, furniſhed with the pictures of exemplary ſiſters; the chapel is extremely neat and richly adorned. But I could not forbear laughing at their ſhewing me a wooden head of our Saviour, which, they aſſured me, ſpoke during the ſiege of Vienna; and, as a proof of it, bid me mark his mouth, which had been open ever ſince. Nothing can be more becoming than the dreſs of theſe Nuns. It is a white robe, the ſleeves of which are turned up with fine white callico, and their head-dreſs the ſame, excepting a ſmall veil of black crape that falls behind. They have a lower ſort of ſerving Nuns, that wait on them as their chamber-maids. They receive all viſits of women, and play at ombre in their chambers, with permiſſion of their abbeſs, which is very eaſy to be obtained. I never ſaw an old woman ſo good-natured; ſhe is near fourſcore, and yet ſhews very little ſign of decay, being ſtill lively and cheerful. She careſſed me as if I had been

her

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her daughter, giving me ſome pretty things of her own work, and ſweatmeats in abundance. The grate is not of the moſt (rigid;) it is not very hard to put a head through, and I don't doubt but a man, a little more ſlender than ordinary, might ſqueeze in his whole perſon. The young count of Salamis came to the grate, while I was there, and the abbeſs gave him her hand to kiſs. But I was ſurpriſed to find here, the only beautiful young woman I have ſeen at Vienna, and not only beautiful but genteel, witty, and agreeable, of a great family, and who had been the admiration of the town. I could not forbear ſhewing my ſurpriſe at ſeeing a Nun like her. She made me a thouſand obliging compliments, and deſired me to come often. It will be an infinite pleaſure to me, ſaid ſhe, ſighing, but I avoid, with the greateſt care, ſeeing any of my former acquaintance, and whenever they come to our convent, I lock myſelf in my cell. I obſerved tears come into her eyes, which touched me extremely, and I began to talk to her in that ſtrain of tender pity ſhe inſpired me with; but ſhe would not own to me, that ſhe is not perfectly happy. I have ſince, endeavoured to learn the real cauſe of her retirement, without being able to get any other account, but that every body was ſurpriſed at it, and no body gueſſed the reaſon. I have been ſeveral times to ſee her; but it gives me too much melancholy to ſee ſo agreeable a young creature buried alive. I am not ſurpriſed that Nuns have ſo often inſpired violent paſſions; the pity one naturally feels for them, when they ſeem worthy of another deſtiny, making an eaſy way for yet more tender ſentiments. I never in my life had ſo little charity for the Roman Catholick religion, as ſince I ſee the miſery it occaſions; ſo many poor unhappy women! and then the groſs ſuperſtition of the common people, who are ſome or other of them, day and night, offering bits of candle to the wooden figures, that are ſet up almoſt in every ſtreet. The proceſſions I ſee very often, are a pageantry, as offenſive, and apparently contradictory to common ſenſe, as the pagods of China. God knows whether it be the womanly ſpirit of contradiction that works in me; but there never before was ſuch zeal againſt popery in the heart of,

Dear Madam, &c. &c.

LETTER XIII.

To Mr ——.

Vienna, Oct. 10. O. S. 1716.

I DESERVE not all the reproaches you make me. If I have been ſome time without anſwering your letter, it is not, that I don't know how many thanks are due to you for it; or that I am ſtupid enough to prefer any amuſements to the pleaſure of hearing from you; but after the profeſſions of eſteem you have ſo obligingly made me, I cannot help delaying, as long as I can, ſhewing you that you are miſtaken. If you are ſincere, when you ſay you expect to be extremely entertained by my letters, I ought to be mortified at the diſappointment that I am ſure you will receive, when you hear from me; though I have done my beſt endeavours to find out ſomething worth writing to you. I have ſeen every thing that was to be ſeen with a very diligent curioſity. Here are ſome fine villas, particularly the late prince of Lichtenſtein's; but the ſtatues are all modern, and the pictures not of the firſt hands. 'Tis true, the emperor has ſome of great value. I was yeſterday to ſee the repoſitory, which they call his Treaſure, where they ſeem to have been more diligent in amaſſing a great quantity of things, than in the choice of them. I ſpent above five hours there, and yet there were very few things that ſtopped me long to conſider them. But the number is prodigious, being a very long gallery filled on both ſides, and five large rooms. There is a vaſt quantity of paintings, amongſt which are many fine miniatures; but the moſt valuable pictures, are a few of Corregio, thoſe of Titian being at the Favorita.

The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me ſo rich as I expected to ſee it. They ſhewed me here a cup, about the ſize of a tea-diſh, of one entire emerald, which they had ſo particular a reſpect for, that only the emperor has the liberty of touching it. There is a large cabinet full of curioſities of clock-work, only one of which I thought worth obſerving, that was a crawfiſh, with all the motions ſo natural, that it was hard to diſtinguiſh it from the life.

The next cabinet was a large collection of agates, ſome of them extremely beautiful, and of an uncommon ſize, and ſeveral vaſes of Lapis Lazuli. I was ſurpriſed to ſee the cabinet of medals ſo poorly furniſhed; I did not remark one of any value, and they are kept in a moſt ridiculous diſorder. As to the antiques, very few of them deſerve that name. Upon my ſaying they were modern, I could not forbear laughing at the anſwer of the profound antiquary that ſhewed them, that they were ancient enough; for, to his knowledge, they had been there theſe forty years. But the next cabinet diverted me yet better, being nothing elſe but a parcel of wax babies, and toys in ivory, very well worthy to be preſented children of five years old. Two of the rooms were wholly filled with theſe trifles of all kinds, ſet in jewels, amongſt which I was deſired to obſerve a crucifix, that they aſſured me had ſpoke very wiſely to the emperor Leopold. I won't trouble you with a catalogue of the reſt of the lumber; but I muſt not forget to mention a ſmall piece of loadſtone that held up an anchor of ſteel too heavy for me to lift. This is what I thought moſt curious in the whole treaſure. There are ſome few heads of ancient ſtatues; but ſeveral of them are defaced by modern additions. I foreſee that you will be very little ſatisfied with this letter, and I dare hardly aſk you to be good-natured enough to charge the dulneſs of it on the barrenneſs of the ſubject, and to overlook the ſtupidity of,

Your, &c. &c.

LETTER XIV.

To the Counteſs of ——

Prague, Nov. 17. O. S. 1716.

I HOPE my dear ſiſter wants no new proofs of my ſincere affection for her: but I am ſure, if you do, I could not give you a ſtronger than writing at this time, after three days, or, more properly ſpeaking, three nights and days, hard poſt-travelling. —— The kingdom of Bohemia is the moſt deſert of any I have ſeen in Germany.

many. The villages are ſo poor, and the poſthouſes ſo miſerable, that clean ſtraw and fair water are bleſſings not always to be hoped for. Tho' I carried my own bed with me, I could not ſometimes find a place to ſet it up in; and I rather choſe to travel all night, as cold as it is, wrapped up in my furs, than go into the common ſtoves, which are filled with a mixture of all ſorts of ill ſcents.

THIS town was once the royal ſeat of the Bohemian king, aud is ſtill the capital of the kingdom. There are yet ſome remains of its former ſplendour, being one of the largeſt towns in Germany, but, for the moſt part, old built, and thinly inhabited, which makes the houſes very cheap. Thoſe people of quality, who cannot eaſily bear the expence of Vienna, chuſe to reſide here, where they have aſſemblies, muſic, and all other diverſions, (thoſe of a court excepted) at very moderate rates, all things being here in great abundance, eſpecially the beſt wild-fowl I ever taſted. I have already been viſited by ſome of the moſt conſiderable ladies, whoſe relations I know at Vienna. They are dreſſed after the faſhions there, after the manner that the people at Exeter imitate thoſe of London; that is, their imitation is more exceſſive than the original. 'Tis not eaſy to deſcribe what extraordinary figures they make. The perſon is ſo much loſt between head-dreſs and petticoat, that they have as much occaſion to write upon their backs, „This is a woman,“ for the information of travellers, as ever ſign-poſt painter had to write, „This is a Bear.“ I will not forget to write to you again from Dreſden and Leipzig, being much more ſolicitous to content your curioſity, than to indulge my own repoſe.

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

To the Counteſs of ——

Leipzig, Nov. 21. O. S. 1716.

I BELIEVE, dear ſiſter, you will eaſily forgive my not writing to you from Dreſden, as I promiſed, when I tell you, that

I never went out of my chaiſe from Prague to this place. You may imagine how heartily I was tired with twenty-four hours poſt-travelling, without ſleep or refreſhment, for I can never ſleep in a coach, however fatigued. We paſſed, by moon-ſhine, the frightful precipices that divide Bohemia from Saxony; at the bottom of which runs the river Elbe; but I cannot ſay, that I had reaſon to fear drowning in it, being perfectly convinced, that, in caſe of a tumble, it was utterly impoſſible to come alive to the bottom. In many places, the road is ſo narrow, that I could not diſcern an inch of ſpace between the wheels and the precipice. Yet I was ſo good a wife; as not to wake Mr. W——y, who was faſt aſleep by my ſide, to make him ſhare in my fears, ſince the danger was unavoidable, till I perceived, by the bright light of the moon, our poſtilions nodding on horſeback, while the horſes were on a full gallop. Then indeed I thought it very convenient to call out to deſire them to look where they were going. My calling waked Mr. W——y, and he was much more ſurpriſed than myſelf at the ſituation we were in, and aſſured me, that he paſſed the Alps five times in different places, without ever having gone a road ſo dangerous. I have been told ſince, that 'tis common to find the bodies of travellers in the Elbe; but, thank God, that was not our deſtiny; and we came ſafe to Dreſden, ſo much tired with fear and fatigue, it was not poſſible for me to compoſe myſelf to write. After paſſing theſe dreadful rocks, Dreſden appeared to me a wonderfully agreeable ſituation, in a fine large plain on the banks of the Elbe. I was very glad to ſtay there a day to reſt myſelf. The town is the neateſt I have ſeen in Germany; moſt of the houſes are new built; the elector's palace is very handſome, and his repoſitory full of curioſities of different kinds, with a collection of medals very much eſteemed. Sir —, our king's envoy, came to ſee me here, and Madam de L—, whom I knew in London, when her huſband was miniſter to the king of Poland there. She offered me all things in her power to entertain me, and brought ſome ladies with her; whom ſhe preſented to me. The Saxon ladies reſemble the Auſtrian no more, than the Chineſe do thoſe of London; they are very genteely dreſſed, after the Engliſh and French modes, and have generally pretty faces, but they are the moſt determined minaudieres in the whole world. They would think it a mortal ſin againſt good-breeding, if they either ſpoke or moved in a natural manner. They all affect a little ſoft liſp, and a pretty pitty-pat ſtep; which female frailties ought, however, to be forgiven them, in favour of their civility and good nature to ſtrangers, which I have a great deal of reaſon to praiſe.

The counteſs of Cozelle is kept priſoner in a melancholy caſtle, ſome leagues from hence; and I cannot forbear telling you what I have heard of her, becauſe it ſeems to me very extraordinary, though I foreſee I ſhall ſwell my letter to the ſize of a pacquet. —— She was miſtreſs to the king of Poland, (elector of Saxony) with ſo abſolute a dominion over him, that never any lady had ſo much power in that court. They tell a pleaſant ſtory of his majeſty's firſt declaration of love, which he made in a viſit to her, bringing in one hand a bag of a hundred thouſand crowns, and in the other a horſe-ſhoe, which he ſnapped aſunder before her face, leaving her to draw the conſequences of ſuch remarkable proofs of ſtrength and liberality. I know not which charmed her moſt; but ſhe conſented to leave her huſband, and to give herſelf up to him entirely, being divorced publicly, in ſuch a manner, as, by their laws, permits either party to marry again. God knows whether it was at this time, or in ſome other fond fit, but 'tis certain, the king had the weakneſs to make her a formal contract of marriage; which, though it could ſignify nothing during the life of the queen, pleaſed her ſo well, that ſhe could not be contented, without telling it to all the people ſhe ſaw, and giving herſelf the airs of a queen. Men endure every thing while they are in love, but when the exceſs of paſſion was cooled by long poſſeſſion, his majeſty began to reflect on the ill conſequences of leaving ſuch a paper in her hands, and deſired to have it reſtored to him. But ſhe rather choſe to endure all the moſt violent effects of his anger, than give it up; and though ſhe is one of the richeſt and moſt avaricious ladies of her country, ſhe has refuſed the offer of the continuation of a large penſion, and the ſecurity of a vaſt ſum of money ſhe has amaſſed, and has, at laſt, provoked the king to confine her perſon to a caſtle, where ſhe endures all the terrors of a ſtrait impriſonment, and remains ſtill inflexible, either to threats or promiſes. Her violent paſſions have brought her indeed into fits, which 'tis ſuppoſed will ſoon put an end to her life. I cannot forbear having ſome compaſſion for a woman, that ſuffers for a point of honour, however miſtaken, eſpecially in a country where points of honour are not over-ſcrupulouſly obſerved among ladies.

I COULD have wiſhed Mr. W—y's buſineſs had permitted him a longer ſtay at Dreſden.

PERHAPS I am partial to a town where they profeſs the proteſtant religion; but every thing ſeemed to me with quite another air of politeneſs than I have found in other places. Leipzig, where I am at preſent, is a town very conſiderable for its trade, and I make this opportunity of buying pages liveries, gold ſtuffs for myſelf, &c. all things of that kind being at leaſt double the price at Vienna, partly becauſe of the exceſſive cuſtoms, and partly through want of genius and induſtry in the people, who make no one ſort of thing there, ſo that the ladies are obliged to ſend, even for their ſhoes, out of Saxony. The fair here is one of the moſt conſiderable in Germany, and the reſort of all the people of quality, as well as of the merchants. This is alſo a fortified town, but I avoid ever mentioning fortifications, being ſenſible that I know not how to ſpeak of them. I am the more eaſy under my ignorance, when I reflect that I am ſure you'll willingly forgive the omiſſion; for if I made you the moſt exact deſcription of all the ravelins and baſtions I ſee in my travels, I dare ſwear you would aſk me, What is a ravelin? and, What is a baſtion?

Adieu, my dear ſiſter.

LETTER XVI.

To the Counteſs of ——

Brunſwick, Nov. 23. O. S.

I AM juſt come to Brunſwick, a very old town, but which has the advantage of being the capital of the duke of Wolfenbuttle's buttle's dominions, a family (not to ſpeak of its ancient honours) illuſtrious, by having its younger branch on the throne of England, and having given two empreſſes to Germany. I have not forgot to drink your health here in mum, which I think very well deſerves its reputation of being the beſt in the world. This letter is the third I have writ to you during my journey, and I declare to you, that if you don't ſend me immediately a full and true account of all the changes and chances amongſt our London acquaintance, I will not write you any deſcription of Hannover, where I hope to be to-night, though I know you have more curioſity to hear of that place than any other.

LETTER XVII.

To the Counteſs of B——

Hannover, Nov. 25. O. S.

I RECEIVED your ladyſhip's letter, but the day before I left Vienna, though, by the date, I ought to have had it much ſooner; but nothing was ever worſe regulated than the poſt in moſt parts of Germany. I can aſſure you, the pacquet at Prague was behind my chaiſe, and in that manner conveyed to Dreſden, ſo that the ſecrets of half the country were at my mercy, if I had had any curioſity for them. I would not longer delay my thanks for yours, though the number of my acquaintances here, and my duty of attending at court, leave me hardly any time to diſpoſe of. I am extremely pleaſed that I can tell you, without flattery or partiality, that our young prince *), has all the accompliſhments that is poſſible to have at his age, with an air of ſprightlineſs and underſtanding, and ſomething ſo very engaging and eaſy in his behaviour, that he needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming. I had the honour of a long converſation with him laſt night, before the king came in. His governor retired on purpoſe, as he told me afterwards, that I might make ſome judgement of his genius, by hearing him ſpeak without conſtraint; and I was ſurpriſed at the quickneſs and politeneſs that appeared

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*) The father of his preſent Majeſty.

in every thing he ſaid; joined to a perſon perfectly agreeable, and the fine fair hair of the princeſs.

This town is neither large nor handſome; but the palace is capable of holding a much greater court than that of St. James's. The king has had the goodneſs to appoint us a lodging in one part of it, without which we ſhould have been very ill accommodated; for the vaſt number of Engliſh, crowds the town ſo much, 'tis very good luck to get one ſorry room in a miſerable tavern. I dined to-day with the Portugueſe ambaſſador, who thinks himſelf very happy to have two wretched parlours in an inn. I have now made the tour of Germany, and cannot help obſerving a conſiderable difference between travelling here and in England. One ſees none of thoſe fine ſeats of noblemen, ſo common amongſt us, nor any thing like a country gentleman's houſe, though they have many ſituations perfectly fine. But the whole people are divided into abſolute ſovereignties, where all the riches and magnificence are at court, or into communities of merchants, ſuch as Nurenberg and Frankfort, where they live always in town for the convenience of trade. The king's company of French comedians play here every night. They are very well dreſſed, and ſome of them not ill-actors. His majeſty dines and ſups conſtantly in public. The court is very numerous, and his affability and goodneſs make it one of the moſt agreeable places in the world.

Dear Madam,

Your, &c. &c.

LETTER XVIII.

To the Lady R——

Hanover, Oct. 1. O. S.

I AM very glad, my dear lady R——, that you have been ſo well pleaſed, as you tell me, at the report of my returning to England; though, like other pleaſures, I can aſſure you it has no real foundation. I hope you know me enough to take my word againſt any report concerning me.

'Tis true, as to diſtance of place, I am much nearer to London than I was ſome weeks ago; but as to the thoughts of a return, I never was farther off in my life. I own, I could with great joy indulge the pleaſing hopes of ſeeing you, and the very few others that ſhare my eſteem; but while Mr. W——is determined to proceed in his deſign; I am determined to follow him. I am running on upon my own affairs, that is to ſay, I am going to write very dully, as moſt people do, when they write of themſelves. I will make haſte to change the diſagreeable ſubject, by telling you, that I am now got into the region of beauty. All the women have (literally) roſy cheeks, ſnowy foreheads and boſoms, jet eye-brows, and ſcarlet lips, to which they generally add coal-black hair. Thoſe perfections never leave them, till the hour of their deaths, and have a very fine effect by candle light; but I could wiſh they were handſome with a little more variety. They reſemble one another as much as Mrs. Salmon's court of Great Britain, and are in as much danger of melting away, by too near approaching the fire, which they for that reaſon carefully avoid, though 'tis now ſuch exceſſive cold weather, that I believe they ſuffer extremely by that piece of ſelf-denial. The ſnow is already very deep, and the people begin to ſlide about in their traineaus. This is a favourite diverſion all over Germany. They are little machines fixed upon a ſledge, that hold a lady and a gentleman, and are drawn by one horſe. The gentleman has the honour of driving, and they move with a prodigious ſwiftneſs. The lady, the horſe, and the traineau, are all as fine as they can be made; and when there are many of them together, 'tis a very agreeable ſhow. At Vienna, where all pieces of magnificence are carried to exceſs, there are ſometimes machines of this kind, that coſt five or ſix hundred pounds Engliſh. The duke of Wolfenbuttle is now at this court; you know, he is nearly related to our king, and uncle to the reigning empreſs, who is, I believe, the moſt beautiful princeſs upon earth. She is now with child, which is all the conſolation of the imperial court, for the loſs of the archduke. I took my leave of her the day before I left Vienna, and ſhe began to ſpeak to me with ſo much grief and tenderneſs, of the death of that young prince, I had much ado to withhold my tears. You know that I am not at all partial to people for their titles; but I own, that I love that charming princeſs, (if I may uſe ſo familiar an expreſſion) and if I had not, I ſhould have been very much moved at the tragical end of an only ſon, born, after being ſo long deſired, and at length killed by want of good management, weaning him in the beginning of the winter. Adieu, dear lady R—; continue to write to me, and believe none of your goodneſs is loſt upou

Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

To the Counteſs of ——

Blankenburg, Oct. 1. O. S.

I RECEIVED your's, dear ſiſter, the very day I left Hanover. You may eaſily imagine I was then in too great a hurry to anſwer it; but you ſee I take the firſt opportunity of doing myſelf that pleaſure. I came the 15th, very late at night, after a terrible journey, in the worſt roads and weather that ever poor traveller ſuffered. I have taken this little fatigue merely to oblige the reigning empreſs, and carry a meſſage from her imperial majeſty to the ducheſs of Blankenburg, her mother, who is a princeſs of great addreſs and good-breeding, and may be ſtill called a fine woman. It was ſo late when I came to this town, I did not think it proper to diſturb the duke and ducheſs with the news of my arrival; ſo I took up my quarters in a miſerable inn: but as ſoon as I had ſent my compliments to their highneſſes, they immediately ſent me their own coach and ſix horſes, which had however enough to do to draw us up the very high hill on which the caſtle is ſituated. The ducheſs is extremely obliging to me, and this little court is not without its diverſions. The duke tallys at baſſet every night; and the ducheſs tells me, ſhe is ſo well pleaſed with my company, that it makes her play leſs than ſhe uſed to do. I ſhould find it very difficult to ſteal time to write, if ſhe was not now at church, where I cannot wait on her, not underſtanding the language enough to pay my devotions in it. You will not forgive me, if

I do not ſay ſomething of Hanover, I cannot tell you that the town is either large or magnificent. The opera houſe, which was built by the late elector, is much finer than that of Vienna. I was very ſorry that the ill weather did not permit me to ſee Hernhauſen in all its beauty, but in ſpite of the ſnow, I thought the gardens very fine. I was particularly ſurpriſed at the vaſt number of orange trees, much larger than any I have ever ſeen in England, though this climate is certainly colder. But I had more reaſon to wonder that night at the king's table, to ſee a preſent from a gentleman of this country, of two large baſkets full of ripe oranges and lemons of different ſorts, many of which were quite new to me; and what I thought worth all the reſt, two ripe ananaſſes, which, to my taſte, are a fruit perfectly delicious. You know they are naturally the growth of Brazil, and I could not imagine how they came here, but by enchantment. Upon inquiry, I learnt that they have brought their ſtoves to ſuch perfection, they lengthen their ſummer as long as they pleaſe, giving to every plant the degree of heat it would receive from the ſun in its native ſoil. The effect is very near the ſame; I am ſurpriſed we do not practiſe in England ſo uſeful an invention. This reflection leads me to conſider our obſtinacy in ſhaking with cold, five months in the year, rather than make uſe of ſtoves, which are certainly one of the greateſt conveniencies of life. Beſides, they are ſo far from ſpoiling the form of a room, that they add very much to the magnificence of it, when they are painted and gilt, as they are at Vienna, or at Dreſden, where they are often in the ſhapes of china jars, ſtatues, or fine cabinets, ſo naturally repreſented, that they are not to be diſtinguiſhed. If ever I return, in defiance to the faſhion, you ſhall certainly ſee one in the chamber of

Dear ſiſter, your, &c.

I WILL write often, ſince you deſire it; but I muſt beg you to be a little more particular in your's; you fancy me at forty miles diſtance, and forget, that, after ſo long an abſence, I can't underſtand hints.

LETTER XX.

To the Lady——

Vienna, Ian. 1. O. S. 1717.

I HAVE juſt received here at Vienna, your ladyſhip's compliments on my return to England, ſent me from Hanover. You ſee, Madam, all things that are aſſerted with confidence, are not abſolutely true; and that you have no ſort of reaſon to complain of me for making my deſigned return a myſtery to you, when you ſay, all the world are informed of it. You may tell all the world in my name, that they are never ſo well informed of my affairs as I am myſelf; that I am very poſitive I am at this time at Vienna, where the carnival is begun, and all ſorts of diverſions are carried to the greateſt height, except that of maſquing, which is never permitted during a war with the Turks. The balls are in public places, where the men pay a gold ducat at entrance, but the ladies nothing. I am told, that theſe houſes get ſometimes a thouſand ducats in a night. They are very magnificently furniſhed, and the muſic good, if they had not that deteſtable cuſtom of mixing hunting horns with it, that almoſt deafen the company. But that noiſe is ſo agreeable here, they never make a concert without them. The ball always concludes with Engliſh country dances, to the number of thirty or forty couple, and ſo ill danced, that there is very little pleaſure in them. They know but half a dozen, and they have danced them over and over theſe fifty years: I would fain have taught them ſome new ones, but I found it would be ſome months labour to make them comprehend them. Laſt night there was an Italian comedy acted at court. The ſcenes were pretty, but the comedy itſelf ſuch intolerable low farce, without either wit or humour, that I was ſurpriſed how all the court could ſit there attentively for four hours together. No women are ſuffered to act on the ſtage, and the men dreſſed like them, were ſuch awkward figures, they very much added to the ridicule of the ſpectacle. What completed the diverſion, was the exceſſive cold, which was ſo great, I thought I ſhould have died there. It is now the very extremity of the winter here;

the Danube is entirely frozen, and the weather not to be ſupported without ſtoves and furs; but, however, the air ſo clear, almoſt every body is well, and colds not half ſo common as in England. I am perſuaded there cannot be a purer air, nor more wholeſome, than that of Vienna. The plenty and excellence of all ſorts of proviſions are greater here than in any place I ever was before, and 'tis not very expenſive to keep a ſplendid table. 'Tis really a pleaſure to paſs through the markets, and ſee the abundance of what we ſhould think rarities, of fowls and veniſon, that are daily brought in from Hungary and Bohemia. They want nothing but ſhell-fiſh; and are ſo fond of oyſters, that they have them ſent from Venice, and eat them very greedily, ſtink or not ſtink. Thus I obey your commands, Madam, in giving you an account of Vienna, though I know you will not be ſatisfied with it. You chide me for my lazineſs, in not telling you a thouſand agreeable and ſurpriſing things, that you ſay you are ſure I have ſeen and heard. Upon my word, Madam; 'tis my regard to truth, and not lazineſs, that I do not entertain you with as many prodigies as other travellers uſe to divert their readers with. I might eaſily pick up wonders in every town I paſs through, or tell you a long ſeries of popiſh miracles; but I cannot fancy that there is any thing new in letting you know, that prieſts will lie, and the mob believe, all the world over. Then as for news, that you are ſo inquiſitive about, how can it be entertaining to you, that don't know the people, that the prince of —— has forſaken the counteſs of ——? or that the prince ſuch a one, has an intrigue with the counteſs ſuch a one? Would you have me write novels like the counteſs of D'——? and is it not better to tell you a plain truth,

That I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

To the Counteſs of ——

Vienna, Jan. 16. O. S. 1717.

I AM now, dear ſiſter, to take leave of you for a long time, and of Vienna for ever; deſigning to-morrow, to begin my journey through Hungary, in ſpite of the exceſſive cold, and deep ſnows, which are enough to damp a greater courage than I am miſtreſs of. But my principle of paſſive obedience, carries me through every thing. I have had my audience of leave of the empreſs. His imperial majeſty was pleaſed to be preſent, when I waited on the reigning empreſs; and, after a very obliging converſation, both their imperial majeſties invited me to take Vienna in my road back; but I have no thoughts of enduring, over again, ſo great a fatigue. I delivered a letter from the Ducheſs of Blankenburg. I ſtayed but a few days at that court, though her highneſs preſſed me very much to ſtay; and when I left her, engaged me to write to her. I wrote you a long letter from thence, which I hope you have received, though you don't mention it; but I believe I forgot to tell you one curioſity in all the German courts, which I cannot forbear taking notice of: All the princes keep favourite dwarfs. The emperor and empreſs have two of theſe little monſters, as ugly as devils, eſpecially the female; but they are all bedaubed with diamonds, and ſtand at her majeſty's elbow, in all public places. The duke of Wolfenbuttle has one, and theducheſs of Blankenburg is not without hers, but indeed the moſt proportionable I ever ſaw. I am told the king of Denmark has ſo far improved upon this faſhion, that his dwarf is his chief miniſter. I can aſſign no reaſon for their fondneſs for theſe pieces of deformity, but the opinion all the abſolute princes have, that it is below them to converſe with the reſt of mankind; and not to be quite alone, they are forced to ſeek their companions among the refuſe of human nature, theſe creatures being the only part of their court priviledged to talk freely to them. I am at preſent confined to my chamber by a ſore throat; and am really glad of the excuſe, to avoid ſeeing people, that I love well enough, to be very much mortified when I think I am going to part with them for ever. 'Tis true, the Auſtrians are not commonly the moſt polite people in the world, nor the moſt agreeable. But Vienna is inhabited by all nations, and I had formed to myſelf a little ſociety of ſuch as were perfectly to my own taſte. And though the number was not very great, I could never pick up, in any other place, ſuch a number of reaſonable, agreeable people. We were almoſt always together, and you know I have ever been of opinion, that a choſen converſation, compoſed of a few that one eſteems, is the greateſt happineſs of life. Here are ſome Spaniards of both ſexes, that have all the vivacity and generoſity of ſentiments anciently aſcribed to their nation; and could I believe that the whole kingdom were like them, I would wiſh nothing more than to end my days there. The ladies of my acquaintance have ſo much goodneſs for me, they cry whenever they ſee me, ſince I have determined to undertake this journey. And, indeed, I am not very eaſy when I reflect on what I am going to ſuffer. Almoſt every body I ſee frights me with ſome new difficulty. Prince Eugene has been ſo good as to ſay all the things he could to perſuade me to ſtay till the Danube is thawed, that I may have the conveniency of going by water; aſſuring me, that the houſes in Hungary are ſuch, as are no defence againſt the weather, and that I ſhall be obliged to travel three or four days between Buda and Eſſek, without finding any houſe at all, through deſert plains covered with ſnow; where the cold is ſo violent, many have been killed by it. I own theſe terrors have made a very deep impreſſion on my mind, becauſe I believe he tells me things truly as they are, and no body can be better informed of them.

Now I have named that great man, I am ſure you expect I ſhould ſay ſomething particular of him, having the advantage of ſeeing him very often; but I am as unwilling to ſpeak of him at Vienna, as I ſhould be to talk of Hercules in the court of Omphale, if I had ſeen him there. I don't know what comfort other people find in conſidering the weakneſs of great men, (becauſe, perhaps, it brings them nearer to their level) but 'tis always a mortification to me, to obſerve that there is no perfection in humanity. The young prince of Portugal is the admiration of the whole court; he is handſome and polite, with a great vivacity. All the officers tell wonders of his gallantry the laſt campaign. He is lodged at court with all the honours due to his rank. — Adieu, dear ſiſter: this is the laſt account you will have from me of Vienna. If I ſurvive my journey, you ſhall hear from me again. I can ſay, with great truth, in the words of Moneſes, I have long learnt to hold myſelf as nothing; but when I think of the fatigue my poor infant muſt ſuffer, I have all a mother's fondneſs in my eyes, and all her tender paſſions in my heart.

P. S. I have written a letter to my lady ——, that I believe ſhe won't like; and, upon cooler reflection, I think I had done better to have let it alone; but I was downright peeviſh at all her queſtions, and her ridiculous imagination, that I have certainly ſeen abundance of wonders which I keep to myſelf out of mere malice. She is very angry that I won't lie like other travellers. I verily believe ſhe expects I ſhould tell her of the Anthropophagi, men whoſe heads grow below their ſhoulders; however, pray ſay ſomething to pacify her.

LETTER XXII.

To Mr. Pope.

Vienna, Jan. 16. O. S.

I HAVE not time to anſwer your letter, being in the hurry of preparing for my journey; but, I think, I ought to bid adieu to my friends with the ſame ſolemnity, as if I was going to mount a breach, at leaſt, if I am to believe the information of the people here, who denounce all ſorts of terrors to me; and, indeed, the weather is at preſent ſuch, as very few ever ſet out in. I am threatened, at the ſame time, with being frozen to death, buried in the ſnow, and taken by the Tartars, who ravage that part of Hungary I am to paſs. 'Tis true, we ſhall have a conſiderable eſcorte, ſo that poſſibly I may be diverted with a new ſcene, by finding myſelf in the midſt of a battle. How my adventures will conclude, I leave entirely to Providence; if comically, you ſhall hear of them. — Pray be ſo good as to tell Mr —— I have received his letter. Make him my adieus;

if I live, I will anſwer it. The ſame compliment to my lady R——.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Counteſs of ——

Peterwaradin, Jan. 30. O. S.

AT length, dear ſiſter, I am ſafely arrived, with all my family, in good health, at Peterwaradin; having ſuffered ſo little from the rigour of the ſeaſon, againſt which we were well provided by furs, and found ſuch tolerable accommodation every where, by the care of ſending before, that I can hardly forbear laughing, when I recollect all the frightful ideas that were given me of this journey. Theſe, I ſee, were wholly owing to the tenderneſs of my Vienna friends, and their deſire of keeping me with them for this winter. Perhaps it will not be diſagreeable to you, to give a ſhort journal of my journey, being through a country entirely unknown to you, and very little paſſed, even by the Hungarians themſelves, who generally chuſe to take the conveniency of going down the Danube. We have had the bleſſing of being favoured with finer weather than is common at this time of the year; though the ſnow was ſo deep, we were obliged to have our own coaches fixed upon traineaus, which move ſo ſwift and ſo eaſily, 'tis by far the moſt agreeable manner of travelling poſt. We came to Raab, the ſecond day from Vienna, on the ſeventeenth inſtant, where Mr. W—— ſending word of our arrival to the governor, the beſt houſe in the town was provided for us, the garriſon put under arms, a guard ordered at our door, and all other honours paid to us. The governor, and all other officers immediately waited on Mr. W——, to know if there was any thing to be done for his ſervice. The biſhop of Temeſwar came to viſit us, with great civility, earneſtly preſſing us to dine with him next day; which we refuſing, as being reſolved to purſue our journey, he ſent us ſeveral baſkets of winter fruit, and a great variety of Hungarian wines, with a young hind juſt killed. This is a prelate of great power in this country, of the ancient family of Nadaſti, ſo conſiderable for many ages, in this kingdom. He is a very polite, agreeable, cheerful old man, wearing the Hungarian habit, with a venerable white beard down to his girdle. — Raab is a ſtrong town, well garriſoned and fortified, and was a long time the frontier town between the Turkiſh and German empires. It has its name from the River Rab, on which it is ſituated, juſt on its meeting with the Danube, in an open champaign country. It was firſt taken by the Turks, under the command of baſſa Sinan, in the reign of ſultan Amurath III. in the year fifteen hundred and ninety four. The governor being ſuppoſed to have betrayed it, was afterwards beheaded by the emperor's command. The counts of Schwarzenburg and Palfi retook it by ſurpriſe, 1598; ſince which time it has remained in the hands of the Germans, though the Turks once more attempted to gain it by ſtratagem in 1642. The cathedral is large and well built, which is all I ſaw remarkable in the town. Leaving Comora on the other ſide the river, we went the eighteenth to Noſmuhl, a ſmall village, where, however, we made ſhift to find tolerable accommodation. We continued two days travelling between this place and Buda, through the fineſt plains in the world, as even as if they were paved, and extremely fruitful; but for the moſt part deſert and uncultivated, laid waſte by the long wars between the Turk and the Emperor; and the more cruel civil war, occaſioned by the barbarous perſecution of the proteſtant religion by the emperor Leopold. That prince has left behind him the character of an extraordinary piety, and was naturally of a mild merciful temper; but, putting his conſcience into the hands of a Jeſuit, he was more cruel and treacherous to his poor Hungarian ſubjects, than ever the Turk has been to the Chriſtians; breaking, without ſcruple, his coronation oath, and his faith, ſolemnly given in many public treaties. Indeed, nothing can be more melancholy than in travelling through Hungary, to reflect on the former flouriſhing ſtate of that kingdom, and to ſee ſuch a noble ſpot of earth almoſt uninhabited. Such are alſo the preſent circumſtances of Buda, where we arrived very early the twenty-ſecond, once the royal ſeat of the Hungarian kings, whoſe palace there was reckoned one of the moſt beautiful buildings of the age, now wholly deſtroyed, no part of the town having been repaired ſince the laſt ſiege, but the fortifications and the caſtle, which is the preſent reſidence of the governor general Ragule, an officer of great merit. He came immediately to ſee us, and carried us in his coach to his houſe, where I was received by his lady, with all poſſible civility, and magnificently entertained. This city is ſituated upon a little hill on the ſouth ſide of the Danube. The caſtle is much higher than the town, and from it the proſpect is very noble. Without the walls ly a vaſt number of little houſes, or rather huts, that they call the Raſcian town, being altogether inhabited by that people. The governor aſſured me, it would furniſh twelve thouſand fighting men. Theſe towns look very odd; their houſes ſtand in rows, many thouſands of them ſo cloſe together, that they appear, at a little diſtance, like old-faſhioned thatched tents. They conſiſt, every one of them, of one hovel above, and another under ground; theſe are their ſummer and winter apartments. Buda was firſt taken by Solyman the Magnificent, in 1526, and loſt the following year to Ferdinand I. king of Bohemia. Solyman regained it by the treachery of the garriſon, and voluntarily gave it into the hands of king John of Hungary; after whoſe death, his ſon being an infant, Ferdinand laid ſiege to it, and the queen mother was forced to call Solyman to her aid. He indeed raiſed the ſiege; but left a Turkiſh garriſon in the town, and commanded her to remove her court from thence, which ſhe was forced to ſubmit to, in 1541. It reſiſted afterwards the ſieges laid to it by the marquis of Brandenburg, in the year 1542; count Schwarzenburg, in 1598; General Roſworm, in 1602; and the duke of Lorrain, commander of the emperor's forces, in 1684, to whom it yielded, in 1686, after an obſtinate defence, Apti Baſſa, the governor, being killed, fighting in the breach with a Roman bravery. The loſs of this town was ſo important, and ſo much reſented by the Turks, that it occaſioned the depoſing of their emperor Mahomet IV. the year following.

We did not proceed on our journey till the twenty-third, when we paſſed through Adam and Todowar, both conſiderable towns, when in the hands of the Turks, but now quite ruined. The remains however, of ſome Turkiſh towns, ſhew ſomething of what they have been. This part of the country is very much overgrown with wood, and little frequented. 'Tis incredible what vaſt numbers of wild-fowl we ſaw, which often live here to a good old age, — and undiſturb'd by guns, in quiet ſleep. —— We came the five and twentieth, to Mohatch, and were ſhewed the field near it, where Lewis, the young king of Hungary, loſt his army and his life, being drowned in a ditch, trying to fly from Balybeus, general of Solyman the Magnificent. This battle opened the firſt paſſage for the Turks into the heart of Hungary. — I don't name to you the little villages, of which I can ſay nothing remarkable; but I'll aſſure you, I have always found a warm ſtove, and great plenty, particularly of wild boar, veniſon, and all kinds of gibier. The few people that inhabit Hungary, live eaſily enough; they have no money, but the woods and plains afford them proviſion in great abundance; they were ordered to give us all things neceſſary, even what horſes we pleaſed to demand, gratis; but Mr. W—y would not oppreſs the poor country people, by making uſe of this order, and always paid them to the full worth of what we had. They were ſo ſurpriſed at this unexpected generoſity, which they are very little uſed to, that they always preſſed upon us, at parting, a dozen of fat pheaſants, or ſomething of that ſort, for a preſent. Their dreſs is very primitive, being only a plain ſheep's ſkin, and a cap and boots of the ſame ſtuff. You may eaſily imagine this laſts them many winters, and thus they have very little occaſion for money. The twenty-ſixth, we paſſed over the frozen Danube, with all our equipage and carriages. We met on the other ſide general Veterani, who invited us, with great civility, to paſs the night at a little caſtle of his, a few miles off, aſſuring us we ſhould have a very hard day's journey to reach Eſſek. This we found but too true, the woods being very dangerous, and ſcarce paſſable, from the vaſt quantity of wolves that hoard in them. We came, however, ſafe, though late, to Eſſek, where we ſtayed a day, to diſpatch a courier with letters to the baſſa of Belgrade; and I took that opportunity of ſeeing the town, which is not very large, but fair built, and well fortified. This was a town of great trade, very rich and populous, when in the hands of the Turks. It is ſituated on the Drave, which runs into the Danube. The bridge was eſteemed one of the moſt extraordinary in the world, being eight thouſand paces long, and all built of oak. It was burnt, and the city laid in aſhes by count Leſly, 1685, but was again repaired and fortified by the Turks, who, however, abandoned it in 1687. General Dunnewalt then took poſſeſſion of it for the emperor, in whoſe hands it has remained ever ſince, and is eſteemed one of the bulwarks of Hungary. The twenty-eight, we went to Bocorwar, a very large Raſcian town, all built after the manner I have deſcribed to you. We were met there by colonel ——, who would not ſuffer us to go any where but to his quarters, where I found his wife, a very agreeable Hungarian lady, and his niece and daughter, two pretty young women, crowded into three or four Raſcian houſes, caſt into one, and made as neat and convenient as thoſe places are capable of being made. The Hungarian ladies are much handſomer than thoſe of Auſtria. All the Vienna beauties are of that country; they are generally very fair and well-ſhaped, and their dreſs, I think, is extremely becoming. This lady was in a gown of ſcarlet velvet, lined and faced with ſables, made exact to her ſhape, and the ſkirt falling to her feet. The ſleeves are ſtrait to their arms, and the ſtays buttoned before, with two rows of little buttons of gold, pearl, or diamonds. On their heads they wear a taſſel of gold, that hangs low on one ſide, lined with ſable, or ſome other fine fur. — They gave us a handſome dinner, and I thought the converſation very polite and agreeable. They would accompany us part of our way. The twenty-ninth, we arrived here, where we were met by the commanding officer, at the head of all the officers of the garriſon. We are lodged in the beſt apartment of the governor's houſe, and entertained in a very ſplendid manner by the emperor's order. We wait here till all points are adjuſted, concerning our reception on the Turkiſh frontiers. Mr. W——'s courier, which he ſent from Eſſek, returned this morning, with the baſſa's anſwer in a purſe of ſcarlet ſatin, which the interpreter here has tranſlated. 'Tis to promiſe him to be honourably received. I deſired him to appoint where he would be met by the Turkiſh convoy. — He has diſpatched the courier back, naming

Betſko, a village in the midway between Peterwaradin and Belgrade. We ſhall ſtay here till we receive his anſwer. —— Thus, dear ſiſter, I have given you a very particular, and (I am afraid you'll think) a tedious account of this part of my travels. It was not an affectation of ſhewing my reading, that has made me tell you ſome little ſcraps of the hiſtory of the towns I have paſſed through; I have always avoided any thing of that kind, when I ſpoke of places that I believe you knew the ſtory of as well as myſelf. But Hungary being a part of the world, which I believe quite new to you, I thought you might read with ſome pleaſure, an account of it, which I have been very ſolicitous to get from the beſt hands. However, if you don't like it, 'tis in your power to forbear reading it. I am, dear ſiſter, &c.

I AM promiſed to have this letter carefully ſent to Vienna.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

To Mr. Pope.

Belgrade, Febr. 12. O. S.

I DID verily intend to write you a long letter from Peterwaradin, where I expected to ſtay three or four days; but the baſſa here was in ſuch haſte to ſee us, that he diſpatched the courier back, which Mr. W——had ſent to know the time he would ſend the convoy to meet us, without ſuffering him to pull off his boots. My letters were not thought important enough to ſtop our journey; and we left Peterwaradin the next day, being waited on by the chief officers of the garriſon, and a conſiderable convoy of Germans and Raſcians. The emperor has ſeveral regiments of theſe people; but, to ſay the truth, they are rather plunderers than ſoldiers; having no pay, and being obliged to furniſh their own arms and horſes; they rather look like vagabond gypſies, or ſtout beggars, than regular troops. I cannot forbear ſpeaking a word of this race of creatures, who are very numerous all over Hungary. They have a patriarch of their own at Grand Cairo, and are really of the Greek church; but their extreme ignorance gives their prieſts occaſion to impoſe ſeveral new notions upon them. Theſe fellows letting their hair and beard grow inviolate, make exactly the figure of the Indian bramins. They are heirs-general to all the money of the laity; for which, in return, they give them formal paſſports ſigned and ſealed for heaven; and the wives and children only inherit the houſe and cattle. In moſt other points they follow the Greek church. —— This little digreſſion has interrupted my telling you we paſſed over the fields of Carlowitz, where the laſt great victory was obtained by prince Eugine over the Turks. The marks of that glorious bloody day are yet recent, the field being yet ſtrewed with the ſkulls and carcaſes of unburied men, horſes, and camels. I could not look, without horror, on ſuch numbers of mangled human bodies, nor without reflecting on the injuſtice of war, that makes murder not only neceſſary but meritorious. Nothing ſeems to be a plainer proof of the irrationality of mankind, whatever fine claims we pretend to reaſon, than the rage with which we conteſt for a ſmall ſpot of ground, when ſuch vaſt parts of fruitful earth lie quite uninhabited. 'Tis true, cuſtom has now made it unavoidable; but can there be a greater demonſtration of want of reaſon, than a cuſtom being firmly eſtabliſhed, ſo plainly contrary to the intereſt of man in general? I am a good deal inclined to believe Mr. Hobbs, that the ſtate of nature is a ſtate of war; but thence I conclude human nature, not rational, if the word reaſon means common ſenſe, as I ſuppoſe it does. I have a great many admirable arguments to ſupport this reflection; I won't however trouble you with them, but return, in a plain ſtyle, to the hiſtory of my travels.

We were met at Betſko, a village in the midway between Belgrade and Peterwaradin, by an aga of the janizaries, with a body of Turks, exceeding the Germans, by one hundred men, tho' the baſſa had engaged to ſend exactly the ſame number. You may judge by this of their fears. I am really perſuaded, that they hardly thought the odds of one hundred men ſet them even with the Germans; however, I was very uneaſy till they were parted, fearing ſome quarrel might ariſe, notwithſtanding the parole given. We came late to Belgrade, the deep ſnows making the aſcent to it very difficult. It ſeems a ſtrong city; fortified on the eaſt ſide by the Danube; and on the ſouth, by the river Save, and was formerly the barrier of Hungary. It was firſt taken by Solyman the Magnificent, and ſince, by the emperor's forces, led by the elector of Bavaria. The emperor held it only two years, it being retaken by the grand vizier. It is now fortified with the utmoſt care and ſkill the Turks are capable of, and ſtrengthened by a very numerous garriſon of their braveſt janizaries; commanded by a baſſa ſeraſkier, i. e. general, though this laſt expreſſion is not very juſt; for, to ſay truth, the ſeraſkier is commanded by the janizaries. Theſe troops have an abſolute authority here, and their conduct carries much more the aſpect of rebellion, than the appearance of ſubordination. You may judge of this by the following ſtory, which, at the ſame time, will give you an idea of the admirable intelligence of the governor of Peterwaradin, though ſo few hours diſtant. We were told by him at Peterwaradin, that the garriſon and inhabitants of Belgrade were ſo weary of the war, they had killed their baſſa about two months ago, in a mutiny, becauſe he had ſuffered himſelf to be prevailed upon, by a bribe of five purſes (five hundred pounds ſterling) to give permiſſion to the Tartars to ravage the German frontiers. We were very well pleaſed to hear of ſuch favourable diſpoſitions in the people; but when we came hither, we found the governor had been ill informed, and the real truth of the ſtory to be this. The late baſſa fell under the diſpleaſure of his ſoldiers, for no other reaſon, but reſtraining their incurſions on the Germans. They took it into their heads, from that mildneſs, that he had intelligence with the enemy, and ſent ſuch information to the grand ſignior at Adrianople; but, redreſs not coming quick enough from thence, they aſſembled themſelves in a tumultuous manner, and by force dragged their baſſa before the cadi and mufti, and there demanded juſtice in a mutinous way; one crying out, Why he protected the infidels? Another, Why he ſqueezed them of their money? The baſſa eaſily gueſſing their purpoſe, calmly replied to them, that they aſked him too many queſtions, and that he had but one life, which muſt anſwer for all. They then immediately fell upon him with their ſcimitars (without waiting the ſentence of their heads of the law) and in a few moments cut him in pieces. The preſent baſſa has not dared to puniſh the murder; on the contrary, he affected to applaud the actors of it, as brave fellows, that knew to do themſelves juſtice. He takes all pretences of throwing money among the garriſon, and ſuffers them to make little excurſions into Hungary, where they burn ſome poor Raſcian houſes.

You may imagine, I cannot be very eaſy in a town which is really under the government of an inſolent ſoldiery. — We expected to be immediately diſmiſſed, after a night's lodging here; but the baſſa detains us till he receives orders from Adrianople, which may, poſſibly, be a month a-coming. In the mean time, we are lodged in one of the beſt houſes, belonging to a very conſiderable man amongſt them, and have a whole chamber of janizaries to guard us. My only diverſion is the converſation of our hoſt, Achmet Beg, a title ſomething like that of count in Germany. His father was a great baſſa, and he has been educated in the moſt polite eaſtern learning, being perfectly ſkilled in the Arabic and Perſian languages, and an extraordinary ſcribe, which they call effendi. This accompliſhment makes way to the greateſt preferments; but he has had the good ſenſe, to prefer an eaſy, quiet, ſecure life, to all the dangerous honours of the Porte. He ſups with us every night, and drinks wine very freely. You cannot imagine how much he is delighted with the liberty of converſing with me. He has explained to me many pieces of Arabian poetry, which, I obſerve, are in numbers not unlike ours, generally of an alternate verſe, and of a very muſical ſound. Their expreſſions of love are very paſſionate and lively. I am ſo much pleaſed with them, I really believe I ſhould learn to read Arabic, if I was to ſtay here a few months. He has a very good library of their books of all kinds; and, as he tells me, ſpends the greateſt part of his life there. I paſs for a great ſcholar with him, by relating to him ſome of the Perſian tales, which I find are genuine. At firſt he believed I underſtood Perſian. I have frequent diſputes with him, concerning the difference of our cuſtoms, particularly the confinement of women. He aſſures me, there is nothing at all in it; only, ſays he, we have the advantage, that when our wives cheat us, nobody knows it. He has wit, and is more polite than many Chriſtian men of quality. I am very much entertained with him. —— He has had the curioſity to make one of our ſervants ſet him an alphabet of our letters, and can already write a good Roman hand. But theſe amuſements do not hinder my wiſhing heartily to be out of this place; tho' the weather is colder than I believe it ever was, any where, but in Greenland. —— We have a very large ſtove conſtantly kept hot, and yet the windows of the room are frozen on the inſide. — God knows when I may have an opportunity of ſending this letter: but I have written it, for the diſcharge of my own conſcience; and you cannot now reproach me, that one of yours makes ten of mine. Adieu.

L E T T E R XXV.

To her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales *).

Adrianople, April 1. O. S.

I HAVE now, Madam, finiſhed a journey that has not been undertaken by any Chriſtian ſince the time of the Greek emperors: and I ſhall not regret all the fatigues I have ſuffered in it, if it gives me an opportunity of amuſing your R. H. by an account of places utterly unknown amongſt us; the emperor's ambaſſadors, and thoſe few Engliſh that have come hither, always going on the Danube to Nicopolis. But the river was now frozen, and Mr. W——d was ſo zealous for the ſervice of his Majeſty, that he would not defer his journey to wait for the conveniency of that paſſage. We croſſed the deſerts of Servia, almoſt quite over-grown with wood, though a country naturally fertile. The inhabitants are induſtrious; but the oppreſſion of the peaſants is ſo great, they are forced to aban-

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*) The late Queen Caroline.

abandon their houſes, and neglect their tillage, all they have being a prey to the janizaries, whenever they pleaſe to ſeize upon it. We had a guard of five hundred of them, and I was almoſt in tears every day, to ſee their inſolencies in the poor villages through which we paſſed. — After ſeven days travelling through thick woods, we came to Niſſa, once the capital of Servia, ſituated in a fine plain on the river Niſſava, in a very good air, and ſo fruitful a ſoil, that the great plenty is hardly credible. I was certainly aſſured, that the quantity of wine laſt vintage was ſo prodigious, that they were forced to dig holes in the earth to put it in, not having veſſels enough in the town to hold it. The happineſs of this plenty is ſcarce perceived by the oppreſſed people. I ſaw here a new occaſion for my compaſſion. The wretches that had provided twenty waggons for our baggage from Belgrade hither for a certain hire, being all ſent back without payment, ſome of their horſes lamed, and others killed, without any ſatisfaction made for them. The poor fellows came round the houſe weeping and tearing their hair and beards in a moſt pitiful manner, without getting any thing but drubs from the inſolent ſoldiers. I cannot expreſs to your R. H. how much I was moved at this ſcene. I would have paid them the money out of my own pocket, with all my heart; but it would only have been giving ſo much to the aga, who would have taken it from them without any remorſe. After four days journey from this place over the mountains, we came to Sophia, ſituated in a large beautiful plain on the river Iſca, and ſurrounded with diſtant mountains. 'Tis hardly poſſible to ſee a more agreeable landſcape. The city itſelf is very large and extremely populous. Here are hot baths, very famous for their medicinal virtues. — Four days journey from hence we arrived at Philippopolis, after having paſſed the ridges between the mountains of Haemus and Rhodope, which are always covered with ſnow. This town is ſituated on a riſing ground near the river Hebrus, and is almoſt wholly inhabited by Greeks; here are ſtill ſome ancient Chriſtian churches. They have a biſhop; and ſeveral of the richeſt Greeks live here; but they are forced to conceal their wealth with great care, the appearance of poverty (which includes part of its inconveniencies) being all their ſecurity againſt feeling it in earneſt. The country from hence to Adrianople, is the fineſt in the world. Vines grow wild on all the hills; and the perpetual ſpring they enjoy makes every thing gay and flouriſhing. But this climate, happy as it ſeems, can never be preferred to England, with all its froſts and ſnows, while we are bleſſed with an eaſy government, under a king, who makes his own happineſs conſiſt in the liberty of his people, and chuſes rather to be looked upon as their father than their maſter. — This theme would carry me very far; and I am ſenſible I have already tired out your R. H.'s patience. But my letter is in your hands, and you may make it as ſhort as you pleaſe, by throwing it into the fire, when weary of reading it.

I am, Madam,

With the greateſt reſpect, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Lady——

Adrianople, April 1. O. S.

I AM now got into a new world, where every thing I ſee, appears to me a change of ſcene; and I write to your ladyſhip with ſome content of mind, hoping, at leaſt, that you will find the charm of novelty in my letters, and no longer reproach me, that I tell you nothing extraordinary. I won't trouble you with a relation of our tedious journey; but I muſt not omit, what I ſaw remarkable at Sophia, one of the moſt beautiful towns in the Turkiſh empire, and famous for its hot baths, that are reſorted to both for diverſion and health. I ſtopped here one day, on purpoſe to ſee them; and, deſigning to go incognito I hired a Turkiſh coach. Theſe voitures are not at all like ours, but much more convenient for the country, the heat being ſo great, that glaſſes would be very troubleſome. They are made a good deal in the manner of the Dutch ſtage-coaches, having wooden lattices painted and gilded; the inſide being alſo painted with baſkets and noſegays of flowers, intermixed commonly with little poetical mottos. They are covered all over with ſcarlet cloth, lined with ſilk, and very often richly embroidered and fringed. This covering entirely hides the perſons in them; but may be thrown back at pleaſure, and thus permits the ladies to peep through the lattices. They hold four people very conveniently, ſeated on cuſhions, but not raiſed.

In one of thoſe covered waggons, I went to the bagnio about ten o'clock. It was already full of women. It is built of ſtone; in the ſhape of a dome, with no windows but in the roof, which gives light enough. There were five of theſe domes joined together, the outmoſt being leſs than the reſt, and ſerving only as a hall, where the portreſs ſtood at the door. Ladies of quality generally give this woman a crown or ten ſhillings; and I did not forget that ceremony. The next room is a very large one, paved with marble, and all round it are two raiſed ſofas of marble, one above another. There were four fountains of cold water in this room, falling firſt into marble baſons, and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpoſe, which carried the ſtreams into the next room, ſomething leſs than this, with the ſame ſort of marble ſofas, but ſo hot with ſteams of ſulphur proceeding from the baths joining to it, 'twas impoſſible to ſtay there with one's cloaths on. The two other domes were the hot baths, one of which had cocks of cold water turning into it, to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers pleaſed to have.

I WAS in my travelling habit, which is a riding dreſs, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them. Yet there was not one of them that ſhewed the leaſt ſurpriſe or impertinent curioſity, but received me with all the obliging civility poſſible. I know no European court, where the ladies would have behaved themſelves in ſo polite a manner to ſuch a ſtranger. I believe, upon the whole, there were two hundred women, and yet none of thoſe diſdainful ſmiles, and ſatirical whiſpers, that never fail in our aſſemblies, when any body appears that is not dreſſed exactly in the faſhion.

ſhion. They repeated over and over to me; „UZELLE, PEK UZELLE,” which is nothing but, Charming, very charming. —— The firſt ſofas were covered with cuſhions and rich carpets, on which ſat the ladies, and on the ſecond, their ſlaves behind them, but without any diſtinction of rank by their dreſs, all being in the ſtate of nature, that is, in plain Engliſh, ſtark naked, without any beauty or defect concealed. Yet there was not the leaſt wanton ſmile or immodeſt geſture amongſt them. They walked and moved with the ſame majeſtic grace, which Milton deſcribes our general mother with. There were many amongſt them, as exactly proportioned as ever any goddeſs was drawn, by the pencil of a Guido or Titian, — and moſt of their ſkins ſhiningly white, only adorned by their beautiful hair divided into many treſſes, hanging on their ſhoulders, braided either with pearl or ribbon, perfectly repreſenting the figures of the Graces.

I WAS here convinced of the truth of a reflection I have often made, That if it were the faſhion to go naked, the face would be hardly obſerved. I perceived that the ladies of the moſt delicate ſkins and fineſt ſhapes, had the greateſt ſhare of my admiration, though their faces were ſometimes leſs beautiful than thoſe of their companions. To tell you the truth, I had wickedneſs enough, to wiſh ſecretly that Mr. Gervais could have been there inviſible. I fancy it would have very much improved his art, to ſee ſo many fine women naked, in different poſtures, ſome in converſation, ſome working, others drinking coffee or ſherbet, and many negligently lying on their cuſhions, while their ſlaves (generally pretty girls of ſeventeen, or eighteen) were employed in braiding their hair in ſeveral pretty fancies. In ſhort, 'tis the womens coffee-houſe, where all the news of the town is told, ſcandal invented, &c. —— They generally take this diverſion once a week, and ſtay there at leaſt four or five hours, without getting cold by immediate coming out of the hot bath into the cold room, which was very ſurpriſing to me. The lady, that ſeemed the moſt conſiderable among them, entreated me to ſit by her, and would fain have undreſſed me for the bath. I excuſed myſelf with ſome difficulty. They being however all ſo earneſt in perſuading me, I was at laſt forced to open my ſhirt, and ſhew them my ſtays; which ſatisfied them very well; for, I ſaw, they believed I was locked up in that machine, and that it was not in my own power to open it, which contrivance they attributed to my huſband. — I was charmed with their civility and beauty, and ſhould have been very glad to paſs more time with them; but Mr. W—— reſolving to purſue his journey next morning early, I was in haſte to ſee the ruins of Juſtinian's church, which did not afford me ſo agreeable a proſpect as I had left, being little more than a heap of ſtones.

Adieu, Madam, I am ſure I have now entertained you with an account of ſuch a ſight, as you never ſaw in your life, and what no book of travels could inform you of, as 'tis no leſs than death for a man to be found in one of theſe places.

LET.

LETTER XXVII.

To the Abbot ——

Adrianople, April 1. O. S.

YOU ſee that I am very exact in keeping the promiſe you engaged me to make. I know not, however, whether your curioſity will be ſatisfied with the accounts I ſhall give you, though I can aſſure you, the deſire I have to oblige you to the utmoſt of my power, has made me very diligent in my enquiries and obſervations. 'Tis certain we have but very imperfect accounts of the manners and religion of theſe people; this part of the world being ſeldom viſited, but by merchants, who mind little but their own affairs; or travellers, who make too ſhort a ſtay, to be able to report any thing exactly of their own knowledge. The Turks are too proud to converſe familiarly with merchants, who can only pick up ſome confuſed informations, which are generally falſe, and can give no better account of the ways here, than a French refugee, lodging in a garret in Greek-ſtreet, could write of the court of England. The journey we have made from Belgrade hither, cannot poſſibly be paſſed by any out of a public character. The deſert woods of Servia, are the common refuge of thieves, who rob fifty in a company, ſo that we had need of all our guards to ſecure us; and the villages are ſo poor, that only force could extort from them neceſſary proviſions. Indeed the janizaries had no mercy on their poverty, killing all the poultry and ſheep they could find, without aſking to whom they belonged; while the wretched owners durſt not put in their claim, for fear of being beaten. Lambs juſt fallen, geeſe and turkies big with egg, all maſſacred without diſtinction! I fancied I heard the complaints of Meliboeus for the hope of his flock. When the baſſas travel, 'tis yet worſe. Theſe oppreſſors are not content with eating all that is to be eaten belonging to the peaſants; after they have crammed themſelves and their numerous retinue, they have the impudence to exact what they call teeth-money, a contribution for the uſe of their teeth, worn with doing them the honour of devouring their meet. This is literally and exactly true, however extravagant it may ſeem; and ſuch is the natural corruption of a military government, their religion not allowing of this barbarity, any more than ours does.

I HAD the advantage of lodging three weeks at Belgrad, with a principal effendi, that is to ſay, a ſcholar. This ſet of men are equally capable of preferments in the law or the church, theſe two ſciences being caſt into one, and a lawyer and a prieſt being the ſame word in the Turkiſh language. They are the only men really conſiderable in the empire; all the profitable employments and church revenues are in their hands. The grand ſignior, tho' general heir to his people, never preſumes to touch their lands or money, which go, in an uninterrupted ſucceſſion, to their children. 'Tis true, they loſe this privilege, by accepting a place at court, or the title of baſſa; but there are few examples of ſuch fools among them. You may eaſily judge of the power of theſe men, who have engroſſed all the learning, and almoſt all the wealth of the empire. 'Tis they that are the real authors, though the ſoldiers are the actors of revolutions. They depoſed the late ſultan Muſtapha; and their power is ſo well known, that 'tis the emperor's intereſt to flatter them.

This is a long digreſſion. I was going to tell you, that an intimate daily converſation with the effendi Achmet-beg, gave me an opportunity of knowing their religion and morals in a more particular manner than perhaps any Chriſtian ever did. I explained to him the difference between the religion of England and Rome; and he was pleaſed to hear, there were Chriſtians that did not worſhip images, or adore the virgin Mary. The ridicule of transſubſtantiation appeared very ſtrong to him. —— Upon comparing our creeds together, I am convinced, that if our friend Dr —— had free liberty of preaching here, it would be very eaſy to perſuade the generality to Chriſtianity, whoſe notions are very little different from his. Mr. Whiſton would make a very good apoſtle here. I don't doubt but his zeal will be much fired, if you communicate this account to him; but tell him, he muſt firſt have the gift of tongues, before he can poſſibly be of any uſe. —— Mahometiſm is divided into as many ſects as

Chriſtianity, and the firſt inſtitution as much neglected and obſcured by interpretations. I cannot here forbear reflecting on the natural inclination of mankind, to make myſteries and novelties. —— The Zeidi, Kudi, Jabari, &c. put me in mind of the Catholics, Lutherans, and Calviniſts, and are equally zealous againſt one another. But the moſt prevailing opinion, if you ſearch into the ſecret of the effendis, is, plain deiſm. This is indeed kept from the people, who are amuſed with a thouſand different notions, according to the different intereſt of their preachers. —— There are very few amongſt them (Achmet-beg denied there were any) ſo abſurd, as to ſet up for wit, by declaring, they believe no God at all. And Sir Paul Rycaut is miſtaken (as he commonly is) in calling the ſect muterin, (i. e. the ſecret with us) atheiſts, they being deiſts, whoſe impiety conſiſts in making a jeſt of their prophet. Achmet-beg did not own to me, that he was of this opinion; but made no ſcruple of deviating from ſome part of Mahomet's law, by drinking wine with the ſame freedom we did. When I aſked him how he came to allow himſelf that liberty? He made anſwer, that all the creatures of God are good, and deſigned for the uſe of man; however, that the prohibition of wine was a very wiſe maxim, and meant for the common people, being the ſource of all diſorders amongſt them; but, that the prophet never deſigned to confine thoſe that knew how to uſe it with moderation; nevertheleſs, he ſaid, that ſcandal ought to be avoided, and that he never drank it in public. This is the general way of thinking amongſt them, and very few forbear drinking wine, that are able to afford it. He aſſured me, that if I underſtood Arabic, I ſhould be very well pleaſed with reading the alcoran, which is ſo far from the nonſenſe we charge it with, that it is the pureſt morality, delivered in the very beſt language. I have ſince heard impartial Chriſtians ſpeak of it in the ſame manner; and I don't doubt but that all our tranſlations are from copies got from the Greek prieſts, who would not fail to falſify it with the extremity of malice. No body of men ever were more ignorant, or more corrupt; yet they differ ſo little from the Romiſh church, that, I confeſs, nothing gives me a greater abhorrence of the cruelty of your clergy, than the barbarous perſecution of them, whenever they have been their maſters, for no other reaſon than their not acknowledging the pope. The diſſenting in that one article, has got them the titles of heretics and ſchiſmatics; and, what is worſe, the ſame treatment. I found at Philippopolis, a ſect of Chriſtians that call themſelves Paulines. They ſhew an old church, where, they ſay, St. Paul preached; and he is their favourite ſaint, after the ſame manner that St. Peter is at Rome; neither do they forget to give him the ſame preference over the reſt of the apoſtles.

But of all the religions I have ſeen, that of the Arnounts ſeems to me the moſt particular; they are natives of Arnountlich, the ancient Macedonia, and ſtill retain the courage and hardineſs, though they have loſt the name of Macedonians, being the beſt militia in the Turkiſh empire, and the only check upon the janizaries. They are foot ſoldiers; we had a guard of them, relieved in every conſiderable town we paſſed; they are all cloathed and armed at their own expence, dreſſed in clean white coarſe cloth, carrying guns of a prodigious length, which they run with upon their ſhoulders, as if they did not feel the weight of them, the leader ſinging a ſort of rude tune, not unpleaſant, and the reſt making up the chorus. Theſe people living between Chriſtians and Mahometans, and not being ſkilled in controverſy, declare, that they are utterly unable to judge which religion is beſt; but, to be certain of not entirely rejecting the truth, they very prudently follow both. They go to the moſques on Fridays, and to the church on Sunday, ſaying for their excuſe, that at the day of judgement they are ſure of protection from the true prophet; but which that is, they are not able to determine in this world. I believe there is no other race of mankind, who have ſo modeſt an opinion of their own capacity.

THESE are the remarks I have made, on the diverſity of religions I have ſeen. I don't aſk your pardon for the liberty I have taken in ſpeaking of the Roman. I know you equally condemn the quakery of all churches, as much as you revere the ſacred truths, in which we both agree.

You will expect I ſhould ſay ſomething to you of the antiquities of this country; but there are few remains of ancient Greece. We paſſed near the piece of an arch, which is commonly called Trajan's Gate, from a ſuppoſition, that he made it to ſhut up the paſſage over the mountains, between Sophia and Philippopolis. But I rather believe it the remains of ſome triumphal arch, tho' I could not ſee any inſcription; for if that paſſage had been ſhut up, there are many others, that would ſerve for the march of an army; and, notwithſtanding the ſtory of Baldwin earl of Flanders, being overthrown in theſe ſtraits after he won Conſtantinople, I don't fancy the Germans would find themſelves ſtopped by them at this day. 'Tis true, the road is now made (with great induſtry) as commodious as poſſible, for the march of the Turkiſh army; there is not one ditch or puddle between this place and Belgrade, that has not a large ſtrong bridge of planks built over it; but the precipices are not ſo terrible as I had heard them repreſented. At theſe mountains we lay at the little village Kiſkoi, wholly inhabited by Chriſtians, as all the peaſants of Bulgaria are. Their houſes are nothing but little huts, raiſed of dirt baked in the ſun; and they leave them, and fly into the mountains, ſome months before the march of the Turkiſh army, who would elſe entirely ruin them, by driving away their whole flocks. This precaution ſecures them in a ſort of plenty; for ſuch vaſt tracts of land lying in common, they have the liberty of ſowing what they pleaſe, and are generally very induſtrious huſbandmen. I drank here ſeveral ſorts of delicious wine. The women dreſs themſelves in a great variety of coloured glaſs beads, and are not ugly, but of a tawny complexion. I have now told you all that is worth telling you, and perhaps more, relating to my journey. When I am at Conſtantinople, I'll try to pick up ſome curioſities, and then you ſhall hear again from

Your's, &c.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

LETTERS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M—y W——y M——e.

VOLUME II.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the Counteſs of B——

Adrianople, April 1. O. S. 1717.

AS I never can forget the ſmalleſt of your ladyſhip's commands, my firſt buſineſs here, has been to inquire after the ſtuffs you ordered me to look for, without being able to find what you would like. The difference of the dreſs here and at London is ſo great, the ſame ſort of things are not proper for caftans and manteaus. However, I will not give over my ſearch, but renew it again at Conſtantinople, though I have reaſon to believe there is nothing finer than what is to be found here, as this place is at preſent the reſidence of the court. The grand ſignior's eldeſt daughter was married ſome few days before I came hither; and, upon that occaſion, the Turkiſh ladies diſplay all their magnificence. The bride was conducted to her huſband's houſe in very great ſplendor. She is widow of the late vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin, though that ought rather to be called a contract than a marriage, ſince ſhe never has lived with him; however, the greateſt part of his wealth is hers. He had the permiſſion of viſiting her in the ſeraglio; and, being one of the handſomeſt men in the empire, had very much engaged her affections. —— When ſhe ſaw this ſecond huſband, who is at leaſt fifty, ſhe could not forbear burſting into tears. He is indeed a man of merit, and the declared favourite of the ſultan (which they call moſayp) but that is not enough to make him pleaſing in the eyes of a girl of thirteen.

The government here is entirely in the hands of the army, the grand ſignior, with all his abſolute power, is as much a ſlave as any of his ſubjects, and trembles at a janizary's frown. Here is, indeed, a much greater appearance of ſubjection than amongſt us; a miniſter of ſtate is not ſpoke to, but upon the knee; ſhould a reflection on his conduct be dropt in a coffee-houſe (for they have ſpies every where) the houſe would be raz'd to the ground, and perhaps the whole company put to the torture. No

huzzaing mobs, ſenſeleſs pamphlets,
and tavern diſputes about politics;

A conſequential ill that freedom draws;
A bad effect, — but from a noble cauſe.

None of our harmleſs calling names! but when a miniſter here diſpleaſes the people, in three hours time he is dragged even from his maſter's arms. They cut off his hands, head, and feet, and throw them before the palace gate, with all the reſpect in the world; while the ſultan (to whom they all profeſs an unlimited adoration) ſits trembling in his apartment, and dare neither defend nor revenge his favourite. This is the bleſſed condition of the moſt abſolute monarch upon earth, who owns no law but his will.

I CANNOT help wiſhing, in the loyalty of my heart, that the parliament would ſend hither a ſhip-load of your paſſive obedient men, that they might ſee arbitrary government in its cleareſt, and ſtrongeſt light, where 'tis hard to judge, whether the prince, people, or miniſters, are moſt miſerable. I could make many reflections on this ſubject; but I know, Madam, your own good ſenſe has already furniſhed you with better than I am capable of.

I WENT yeſterday along with the French ambaſſadreſs to ſee the grand ſignior in his paſſage to the moſque. He was preceded by a numerous guard of janizaries, with vaſt white feathers on their heads, as alſo by the ſpahis and boſtangees, (theſe are foot and horſe guards) and the royal gardeners, which are a very conſiderable body of men, dreſſed in different habits of fine lively colours, ſo that, at a diſtance, they appeared like a parterre of tulips. After them the aga of the janizaries, in a robe of purple velvet, lined with ſilver tiſſue, his horſe led by two ſlaves richly dreſſed. Next him the kyzlier-aga (your ladyſhip knows, this is the chief guardian of the ſeraglio ladies) in a deep yellow cloth (which ſuited very well to his black face) lined with ſables. Laſt came his ſublimity himſelf, arrayed in green, lined with the fur of a black Muſcovite fox, which is ſuppoſed worth a thouſand pounds ſterling, and mounted on a fine horſe, with furniture embroidered with jewels. Six more horſes richly capariſoned were led after him; and two of his principal courtiers bore, one his gold, and the other his ſilver coffee-pot, on a ſtaff; another carried a ſilver ſtool on his head for him to ſit on. —— It would be too tedious to tell your ladyſhip the various dreſſes and turbans by which their rank is diſtinguiſhed, but they were all extremely rich and gay, to the number of ſome thouſands; ſo that perhaps there cannot be ſeen a more beautiful proceſſion. The ſultan appeared to us a handſome man of about forty, with ſomething, however, ſevere in his countenance, and his eyes very full and black. He happened to ſtop under the window where we ſtood, and (I ſuppoſe being told who we were) looked upon us very attentively, ſo that we had full leiſure to conſider him. The French ambaſſadreſs agreed with me as to his good mien: I ſee that lady very often; ſhe is young, and her converſation would be a great relief to me, if I could perſuade her to live without thoſe forms and ceremonies that make life formal aud tireſome. But ſhe is ſo delighted with her guards, her four and twenty footmen, gentlemen uſhers, &c. that ſhe would rather die than make me a viſit without them; not to reckon a coachful of attending damſels ycleap'd maids of honour. What vexes me is, that as long as ſhe will viſit me with a troubleſome equipage, I am obliged to do the ſame: however, our mutual intereſt makes us much together. I went with her the other day all round the town, in an open gilt chariot, with our joint train of attendants, preceded by our guards, who might have ſummoned the people to ſee what they had never ſeen, nor ever perhaps would ſee again, two young Chriſtian ambaſſadreſſes at the ſame time. Your ladyſhip may eaſily imagine, we drew a vaſt crowd of ſpectators, but all ſilent as death. If any of them had taken the liberties of our mobs upon any ſtrange ſight, our janizaries had made no ſcruple of falling on them with their ſcimitars, without danger for ſo doing, being above law. Theſe people however (I mean the janizaries) have ſome good qualities; they are very zealous and faithful where they ſerve, and look upon it as their buſineſs to fight for you on all occaſions. Of this I had a very pleaſant inſtance in a village on this ſide Philippopolis, where we were met by our domeſtick guards. I happened to beſpeak pigeons for ſupper, upon which one of my janizaries went immediately to the cadi (the chief civil officer of the town) and ordered him to ſend in ſome dozens. The poor man anſwered, that he had already ſent about, but could get none. My janizary, in the height of his zeal for my ſervice, immediately locked him up priſoner in his room, telling him he deſerved death of his impudence, in offering to excuſe his not obeying my command; but, out of reſpect to me, he would not puniſh him but by my order. Accordingly, he came very gravely to me, to aſk what ſhould be done to him; adding, by way of compliment, that if I pleaſed he would bring me his head. — This may give you ſome idea of the unlimited power of theſe fellows, who are all ſworn brothers, and bound to revenge the injuries done to one another, whether at Cairo, Aleppo, or any part of the world. This inviolable league makes them ſo powerful, that the greateſt man at court never ſpeaks to them but in a flattering tone; and in Aſia, any man that is rich is forced to enrol himſelf a janizary, to ſecure his eſtate. — But I have already ſaid enough; and I dare ſwear, dear Madam, that by this time, 'tis a very comfortable reflection to you, that there is no poſſibility of your receiving ſuch a tedious letter but once in ſix months; 'tis that conſideration has given me the aſſurance of entertaining you ſo long, and will, I hope, plead the excuſe of, dear Madam,

Your's, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Counteſs of ——

Adrianople, April 1. O. S.

I WISH to God, dear ſiſter, that you were as regular in letting me know what paſſes on your ſide of the globe, as I am careful in endeavouring to amuſe you by the account of all I ſee here, that I think worth your notice. You content yourſelf with telling me over and over, that the town is very dull: it may, poſſibly, be dull to you, when every day does not preſent you with ſomething new; but for me that am in arrears, at leaſt two months news, all that ſeems very ſtale with you, would be very freſh and ſweet here. Pray let me into more particulars; and I will try to awaken your gratitude, by giving you a full and true relation of the novelties of this place, none of which would ſurpriſe you more than a ſight of my perſon, as I am now in my Turkiſh habit, though I believe you would be of my opinion, that 'tis admirably becoming. —— I intend to ſend you my picture; in the mean time accept of it here.

The firſt part of my dreſs is a pair of drawers, very full, that reach to my ſhoes; and conceal the legs more modeſtly than your petticoats. They are of a thin roſe-coloured damaſk, brocaded with ſilver flowers. My ſhoes are of white kid leather, embroidered with gold. Over this hangs my ſmock, of a fine white ſilk gauze, edged with embroidery. This ſmock has wide ſleeves, hanging half way down the arm, and is cloſed at the neck with a diamond button; but the ſhape and colour of the boſom is very well to be diſtinguiſhed through it. — The antery is a waiſtcoat, made cloſe to the ſhape, of white and gold damaſk with very long ſleeves falling back, and fringed with deep gold fringe, and ſhould have diamond or pearl buttons. My caftan, of the ſame ſtuff with my drawers, is a robe exactly fitted to my ſhape, and reaching to my feet, with very long ſtrait falling ſleeves. Over this is my girdle, of about four fingers broad, which, all that can afford it, have entirely of diamonds or other precious ſtones; thoſe who will not be at that expence, have it of exquiſite embroidery on ſatin; but it muſt be faſtened before with a claſp of diamonds. —— The curdee is a looſe robe they throw off, or put on, according to the weather, being of a rich brocade (mine is green and gold) either lined with ermine or ſables; the ſleeves reach very little below the ſhoulders. The head dreſs is compoſed of a cap, called talpock, which is, in winter, of fine velvet embroidered with pearls or diamonds, and in ſummer, of a light ſhining ſilver ſtuff. This is fixed on one ſide of the head, hanging a little way down with a gold taſſel, and bound on, either with a circle of diamonds (as I have ſeen ſeveral) or a rich embroidered handkerchief. On the other ſide of the head, the hair is laid flat; and here the ladies are at liberty to ſhew their fancies; ſome putting flowers, others a plume of heron's feathers, and, in ſhort, what they pleaſe; but the moſt general faſhion is a large bouquet of jewels, made like natural flowers; that is, the buds, of pearl; the roſes, of different coloured rubies; the jeſſamines, of diamonts; the jonquils, of topazes, &c. ſo well ſet and enamelled, 'tis hard to imagine any thing of that kind ſo beautiful. The hair hangs at its full length behind, divided into treſſes braided with pearl or ribbon, which is always in great quantity. I never ſaw in my life, ſo many fine heads of hair. In one lady's, I have counted a hundred and ten of the treſſes, all natural; but it muſt be owned, that every kind of beauty is more common here than with us. 'Tis ſurpriſing to ſee a young woman that is not very handſome. They have naturally the moſt beautiful complexion in the world, and generally large black eyes. I can aſſure you with great truth, that the court of England (though I believe it the faireſt in Chriſtendom) does not contain ſo many beauties as are under our protection here. They generally ſhape their eye-brows, and both Greeks and Turks have the cuſtom of putting round their eyes a black tincture, that, at a diſtance, or by candle-light, adds very much to the blackneſs of them. I fancy many of our ladies would be overjoyed to know this ſecret; but 'tis too viſible by day. They dye their nails a roſe colour; but, I own, I cannot enough accuſtom myſelf to this faſhion, to find any beauty in it.

As to their morality or good conduct, I can ſay, like Harlequin, that 'tis juſt as 'tis with you; and the Turkiſh ladies don't commit one ſin the leſs for not being Chriſtians. Now that I am a little acquainted with their ways, I cannot forbear admiring either the exemplary diſcretion, or extreme ſtupidity of all the writers that have given accounts of them. 'Tis very eaſy to ſee, they have in reality more liberty than we have. No woman, of what rank ſoever, is permitted to go into the ſtreets without two murlins, one that covers her face all but her eyes; and another, that hides the whole dreſs of her head, and hangs half way down her back. Their ſhapes are alſo wholly concealed, by a thing they call a ferigee, which no woman of any ſort appears without;

this has ſtrait ſleeves, that reach to their fingers-ends, and it laps all round them, not unlike a riding-hood. In winter, 'tis of cloth; and in ſummer, of plain ſtuff or ſilk. You may gueſs then, how effectually this diſguiſes them, ſo that there is no diſtinguiſhing the great lady from her ſlave. 'Tis impoſſible for the moſt jealous huſband to know his wife, when he meets her; and no man dare touch or follow a woman in the ſtreet.

THIS perpetual maſquerade gives them entire liberty of following their inclinations, without danger of diſcovery. The moſt uſual method of intrigue, is, to ſend an appointment to the lover to meet the lady at a Jew's ſhop, which are as notoriouſly convenient as our Indian-houſes; and yet, even thoſe who don't make uſe of them, do not ſcruple to go to buy pennyworths, and tumble over rich goods, which are chiefly to be found amongſt that ſort of people. The great ladies ſeldom let their gallants know who they are; and 'tis ſo difficult to find it out, that they can very ſeldom gueſs at her name, whom they have correſponded with for above half a year together. You may eaſily imagine the number of faithful wives very ſmall in a country where they have nothing to fear from a lover's indiſcretion, ſince we ſee ſo many have the courage to expoſe themſelves to that in this world, and all the threatened puniſhment of the next, which is never preached to the Turkiſh damſels. Neither have they much to apprehend from the reſentment of their huſbands; thoſe ladies that are rich, having all their money in their own hands. Upon the whole, I look upon the Turkiſh women, as the only free people in the empire: the very divan pays reſpect to them; and the grand ſignior himſelf, when a baſſa is executed, never violates the privileges of the haram, (or womens apartment) which remains unſearched and entire to the widow. They are queens of their ſlaves, whom the huſband has no permiſſion ſo much as to look upon, except it be an old woman or two that his lady chuſes. 'Tis true, their law permits them four wives; but there is no inſtance of a man of quality that makes uſe of this liberty, or of a woman of rank that would ſuffer it. When a huſband happens to be inconſtant, (as thoſe things will happen) he keeps his miſtreſs in a houſe apart; and viſits her as privately as he can, juſt as it is with you. Amongſt all the great men here, I only know the tefterdar, (i. e. treaſurer) that keeps a number of ſhe-ſlaves, for his own uſe, (that is, on his own ſide of the houſe; for a ſlave once given to ſerve a lady, is entirely at her diſpoſal) and he is ſpoke of as a libertine, or what we ſhould call a rake, and his wife won't ſee him, though ſhe continues to live in his houſe. Thus you ſee, dear ſiſter, the manners of mankind do not differ ſo widely, as our voyage-writers would make us believe. Perhaps, it would be more entertaining to add a few ſurpriſing cuſtoms of my own invention; but nothing ſeems to me ſo agreeable as truth, and I believe nothing ſo acceptable to you. I conclude therefore with repeating the great truth of my being,

Dear ſiſter, &c.

LETTER XXX.

To Mr. Pope.

Adrianople, April 1. O. S.

I DARE ſay you expect, at leaſt, ſomething very new in this letter, after I have gone a journey, not undertaken by any Chriſtian, for ſome hundred years. The moſt remarkable accident that happened to me, was my being very near overturned into the Hebrus; and, if I had much regard for the glories that one's name enjoys after death, I ſhould certainly be ſorry for having miſſed the romantic concluſion of ſwimming down the ſame river in which the muſical head of Orpheus repeated verſes ſo many ages ſince:

"Caput a cervice revulſum,
"Gurgite cum medio, portans Oeagrius Hebrus
"Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipſa, et frigida lingua,
"Ah! miſeram Eurydicen! anima fugiente vocabat,
"Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripae."

Who knows but ſome of your bright wits might have found it a ſubject affording many poetical turns, and have told the world, in an heroic elegy, that,

As equal were our ſouls, ſo equal
were our fates?

I deſpair of ever hearing ſo many fine things ſaid of me, as ſo extraordinary a death would have given occaſion for.

I AM at this preſent moment writing in a houſe ſituated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is full of tall cypreſs trees, upon the branches of which ſeveral couple of true turtles are ſaying ſoft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do boughs and vows come into my mind, at this minute? and muſt not you confeſs, to my praiſe, that 'tis more than an ordinary diſcretion, that can reſiſt the wicked ſuggeſtions of poetry, in a place where truth, for once, furniſhes all the ideas of paſtoral. The ſummer is already far advanced in this part of the world; and, for ſome miles round Adrianople, the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are ſet with rows of fruit-trees, under which all the moſt conſiderable Turks divert themſelves every evening, not with walking, that is not one of their pleaſures; but a ſet party of them chuſe out a green ſpot, where the ſhade is very thick, and there they ſpread a carpet, on which they ſit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by ſome ſlave with a fine voice, or that plays on ſome inſtrument. Every twenty paces you may ſee one of theſe little companies liſtening to the daſhing of the river; and this taſte is ſo univerſal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often ſeen them and their children ſitting on the banks of the river, and playing on a rural inſtrument, perfectly anſwering the deſcription of the ancient fiſtula, being compoſed of unequal reeds, with a ſimple, but agreeable ſoftneſs in the ſound.

Mr. Addison might here make the experiment he ſpeaks of in his travels; there not being one inſtrument of muſic among the Greek or Roman ſtatues, that is not to be found in the hands of the people of this country. The young lads generally divert themſelves with making garlands for their favourite lambs, which I have often ſeen painted and adorned with flowers, lying at their feet, while they ſung or played. It is not that they ever read romances, but theſe are the ancient amuſements here, and as natural to them as cudgel-playing and foot-ball to our Britiſh ſwains; the ſoftneſs and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exerciſes, which were never ſo much as heard of amongſt them, and naturally inſpiring a lazineſs and averſion from labour, which the great plenty indulges. Theſe gardeners are the only happy race of country people in Turkey. They furniſh all the city with fruits and herbs, and ſeem to live very eaſily. They are moſt of them Greeks, and have little houſes in the midſt of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty, not permitted in the town, I mean, to go unveiled. Theſe wenches are very neat and handſome, aud paſs their time at their looms, under the ſhade of the trees.

I NO longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongſt the peaſants of his country; who, before oppreſſion had reduced them to want, were, I ſuppoſe, all employed as the better ſort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his Idyliums had been filled with deſcriptions of threſhing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trode out by oxen; and butter (I ſpeak it with ſorrow) unheard of.

I READ over your Homer here, with an infinite pleaſure, and find ſeveral little paſſages explained, that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the cuſtoms, and much of the dreſs then in faſhion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here, of an age ſo diſtant, than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners, as has been generally practiſed by other nations, that imagine themſelves more polite. It wonld be too tedious to you, to point out all the paſſages that relate to preſent cuſtoms. But, I can aſſure you, that the princeſſes and great ladies paſs their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, ſurrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the ſame manner as we find Andromache and Helen deſcribed. The deſcription of the belt of Menelaus, exactly reſembles thoſe that are now worn by the great men, faſtened before with broad golden claſps, and embroidered round with rich work. The ſnowy veil that Helen throws over her face, is ſtill faſhionable; and I never ſee half a dozen of old baſhaws (as I do very often) with their reverend beards, ſitting baſking in the ſun, but I recollect good king Priam and his counſellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the ſame that Diana is ſung to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady ſtill leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her ſteps, and, if ſhe ſings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively; yet with ſomething in them wonderfully ſoft. The ſteps are varied according to the pleaſure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at leaſt in my opinion. I ſometimes make one in the train, but am not ſkilful enough to lead; theſe are the Grecian dances, the Turkiſh being very different.

I SHOULD have told you, in the firſt place, that the Eaſtern manners give a great light into many ſcripture-paſſages, that appear odd to us, their phraſes being commonly what we ſhould call ſcripture-language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is ſpoke at court, or amongſt the people of figure; who always mix ſo much Arabic and Perſian in their diſcourſe, that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make uſe of the expreſſions commonly uſed, in ſpeaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to ſpeak broad Yorkſhire, or Somerſetſhire, in the drawing room. Beſides this diſtinction, they have what they call the ſublime, that is, a ſtyle proper for poetry, and which is the exact ſcripture ſtyle. I believe you will be pleaſed to ſee a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to ſatisfy your curioſity, by ſending you a faithful copy of the verſes, that Ibrahim Baſſa, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princeſs, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to viſit without witneſſes, though ſhe is gone home to his houſe. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verſe, you may be ſure, that, on ſuch an occaſion, he would not want the aſſiſtance of the beſt poets in the empire. Thus the verſes may be looked upon as a ſample of their fineſt poetry, and I don't doubt you'll be of my mind, that it is moſt wonderfully reſembling The Song of Solomon, which was alſo addreſſed to a royal bride.

TURKISH VERSES addreſſed to the Sultana, eldeſt daughter of SULTAN ACHMET III.

STANZA I.

Ver.

1. THE nightingale now wanders
in the vines:
Her paſſion is to ſeek roſes.

2. I went down to admire the beauty
of the vines:
The ſweetneſs of your charms
has raviſhed my ſoul.

3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and diſdainful as thoſe
of a ſtag.

STANZA II.

1. The wiſhed poſſeſſion is delayed from day to day:
The cruel Sultan Achmet will not permit me
To ſee thoſe cheeks, more vermilion than roſes.

2. I dare not ſnatch one of your kiſſes:
The ſweetneſs of your charms has raviſh'd my ſoul.

3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and diſdainful as thoſe of a ſtag.

STANZA III.

1. The wretched Ibrahim ſighs in theſe verſes:
One dart from eyes has pierc'd thro' my heart.

2. Ah! when will the hour of poſſeſſion arrive?
Muſt I yet wait a long time?
The ſweetneſs of your charms has raviſhed my ſoul.

3. Ah! SULTANA! ſtag-eye'd—an angel
among'ſt angels!
I deſire,—and, my deſire remains
unſatisfied.—
Can you take delight to prey
upon my heart?

STANZA IV.

1. My cries pierce the heavens!
My eyes are without ſleep!
Turn to me, SULTANA—let me
gaze on thy beauty.

2. Adieu——I go down to the grave.
If you call me——I return.
My heart is—hot as ſulphur;——
ſigh, and it will flame.

3. Crown of my life! fair light of my
eyes! My SULTANA! my princeſs!
I rub my face againſt the earth;—
I am drown'd in ſcalding
tears—I rave!
Have you no compaſſion? Will
you not turn to look
upon me?

I have taken abundance of pains to get theſe verſes in a literal tranſlation; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might ſpare myſelf the trouble of aſſuring you, that they have received no poetical touches from their hands. In my opinion (allowing for the inevitable faults of a proſe tranſlation into a language ſo very different) there is a good deal of beauty in them. The epithet of ſtag-ey'd, though the ſound is not very agreeable in Engliſh, pleaſes me extremely; and I think it a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his miſtreſs's eyes. — Monſieur Boileau has very juſtly obſerved, that we are never to judge of the elevation of an expreſſion in an ancient author, by the ſound it carries with us; ſince it may be extremely fine with them, when, at the ſame time, it appears low or uncouth to us. You are ſo well acquainted with Homer, you cannot but have obſerved the ſame thing, and you muſt have the ſame indulgence for all Oriental poetry. The repetitions at the end of the two firſt ſtanzas are meant for a ſort of chorus, and are agreeable to the ancient manner of writing. The muſic of the verſes apparently changes in the third ſtanza, where the burden is altered; and I think he very artfully ſeems more paſſionate at the concluſion, as 'tis natural for people to warm themſelves by their own diſcourſe, eſpecially on a ſubject in which one is deeply concerned; 'tis certainly far more touching, than our modern cuſtom of concluding a ſong of paſſion with a turn which is inconſiſtent with it. The firſt verſe is a deſcription of the ſeaſon of the year; all the country now being full of nightingales, whoſe amours with roſes, is an Arabian fable, as well known here, as any part of Ovid amongſt us, and is much the ſame as if an Engliſh poem ſhould begin, by ſaying, —„Now Philomela ſings." Or what if I turned the whole into the ſtyle of Engliſh poetry, to ſee how it would look?

STANZA I.

„Now Philomel renews her tender ſtrain,
„Indulging all the night her pleaſing pain;

„I ſought the groves to hear the wanton ſing,

„There ſaw a face more beauteous than the ſpring.

„Your large ſtag-eyes, where thouſand glories play.
„As bright, as lively, but as wild as they.

STANZA II.

„In vain I'm promis'd ſuch a heav'nly prize,
„Ah! cruel Sultan! who delay'ſt my joys!
„While piercing charms transfix my am'rous heart,
„I dare not ſnatch one kiſs to eaſe the ſmart.

„Thoſe eyes! like &c.

STANZA III.

„Your wretched lover in theſe lines complains;
„From thoſe dear beauties riſe his killing pains.

„When will the hour of wiſh'd for bliſs arrive?
„Muſt I wait longer? — Can I wait and live?

„Ah! bright Sultana! maid divinely fair!
„Can you, unpitying, ſee the pains I bear?

STANZA IV.

„The heavens relenting, hear my piercing cries,
„I loathe the light, and ſleep forſakes my eyes;
„Turn thee, Sultana, ere thy lover dies:

„Sinking to earth, I ſigh the laſt adieu,
„Call me, my goddeſs, and my life renew.

„My queen! my angel! my fond heart's deſire!
„I rave—my boſom burns with heav'nly fire;
„Pity that paſſion, which thy charms inſpire.

I have taken the liberty, in the ſecond verſe, of following what I ſuppoſe the true ſenſe of the author, though not literally expreſſed. By his ſaying, He went down to admire the beauty of the vines, and her charms raviſhed his ſoul, I underſtand a poetical fiction, of having firſt ſeen her in a garden, where he was admiring the beauty of the ſpring. But I could not forbear retaining the compariſon of her eyes with thoſe of a ſtag, though perhaps the novelty of it may give it a burleſque ſound in our language. I cannot determine, upon the whole, how well I have ſucceeded in the tranſlation, neither do I think our Engliſh proper to expreſs ſuch violence of paſſion, which is very ſeldom felt amongſt us. We want alſo thoſe compound words which are very frequent and ſtrong in the Turkiſh language.

You ſee I am pretty far gone in Oriental learning; and, to ſay truth, I ſtudy very hard. I wiſh my ſtudies may give me an occaſion of entertaining your curioſity, which will be the utmoſt advantage hoped for from them, by,

Your's, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

To Mrs. S. C.

Adrianople, April 1. O. S.

IN my opinion, dear S. I ought rather to quarrel with you, for not anſwering my Nimeguen letter of Auguſt, till December, than to excuſe my not writing again till now. I am ſure there is on my ſide a very good excuſe for ſilence, having gone ſuch tireſome land-journies, though I don't find the concluſion of them ſo bad as you ſeem to imagine. I am very eaſy here, and not in the ſolitude you fancy me. The great number of Greeks, French, Engliſh, and Italians, that are under our protection; make their court to me from morning till night, and, I'll aſſure you, are, many of them, very fine ladies; for there is no poſſibility for a Chriſtian to live eaſily under this government, but by the protection of an ambaſſador —— and the richer they are, the greater is their danger.

THOSE dreadful ſtories you have heard of the plague, have very little foundation in truth. I own, I have much ado to reconcile myſelf to the ſound of a word, which has always given me ſuch terrible ideas; though I am convinced there is little more in it, than in a fever. As a proof of this, let me tell you that we paſſed through two or three towns moſt violently infected. In the very next houſe where we lay, (in one of thoſe places) two perſons died of it. Luckily for me I was ſo well deceived, that I knew nothing of the matter; and I was made believe, that our ſecond cook had only a great cold. However, we left our doctor to take care of him, and yeſterday they both arrived here in good health; and I am now let into the ſecret, that he has had the plague. There are many that eſcape it, neither is the air ever infected. I am perſuaded, that it would be as eaſy a matter to root it out here, as out of Italy and France; but it does ſo little miſchief, they are not very ſolicitous about it, and are content to ſuffer this diſtemper, inſtead of our variety, which they are utterly unacquainted with.

A propos of diſtempers; I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wiſh yourſelf here. The ſmall-pox, ſo fatal, and ſo general amongſt us, is here entirely harmleſs, by the invention of ingrafting, which is the term they give it. There is a ſet of old women, who make it their buſineſs to perform the operation, every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People ſend to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the ſmall-pox: they make parties for this purpoſe, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or ſixteen together) the old woman comes with a nut-ſhell full of the matter of the beſt ſort of ſmall-pox, and aſks what vein you pleaſe to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her, with a large needle, which gives you no more pain than a common ſcratch, and puts into the vein, as much matter as can ly upon the head of her needle, and after that, binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of ſhell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the ſuperſtition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breaſt, to mark the ſign of the croſs; but this has a very ill effect, all theſe wounds leaving little ſcars, and is not done by thoſe that are not ſuperſtitious, who chuſe to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the reſt of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to ſeize them, and they keep their beds two days, very ſeldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark, and in eight days time they are as well as before their illneſs. Where they are wounded, there remain running ſores during the diſtemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thouſands undergo this operation; and the French ambaſſador ſays pleaſantly, that they take the ſmall-pox here by way of diverſion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well ſatisfied of the ſafety of this experiment, ſince I intend to try it on my dear little ſon. I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this uſeful invention into faſhion in England, and I ſhould not fail to write to ſome of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to deſtroy ſuch a conſiderable branch of their revenue, for the good of mankind. But that diſtemper is too beneficial to them, not to expoſe to all their reſentment, the hardy wight that ſhould undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occaſion, admire the heroiſm in the heart of

Your friend, &c. &c.

LETTER XXXII.

To Mrs. T——.

Adrianople, April 1. O. S.

I CAN now tell, dear Mrs. T——, that I am ſafely arrived at the end of my very long journey. I will not tire you with the account of the many fatigues I have ſuffered. You would rather be informed of the ſtrange things that are to be ſeen here; aud a letter out of Turkey, that has nothing extraordinary in it, would be as great a diſappointment, as my viſitors will receive at London, if I return thither without any rarities to ſhew them. —— What ſhall I tell you of? —— You never ſaw camels in your life; and perhaps the deſcription of them will appear new to you; I can aſſure you, the firſt ſight of them was ſo to me; and though I have ſeen hundreds of pictures of thoſe animals, I never ſaw any that was reſembling enough, to give a true idea of them. I am going to make a bold obſervation, and poſſibly a falſe one, becauſe nobody has ever made it before me; but I do take them to be of the ſtag kind; their legs, bodies, and necks, are exactly ſhaped like them, and their colour very near the ſame. 'Tis true, they are much larger, being a great deal higher than a horſe, and ſo ſwift, that, after the defeat of Peterwaradin, they far outran the ſwifteſt horſes, and brought the firſt news of the loſs of the battle to Belgrade. They are never thoroughly tamed; the drivers take care to tie them one to another, with ſtrong ropes, fifty in a ſtring, led by an aſs, on which the driver rides. I have ſeen three hundred in one caravan. They carry the third part more than a horſe; but 'tis a particular art to load them, becauſe of the bunch on their backs. They ſeem to me very ugly creatures, their heads being ill-formed and diſproportioned to their bodies. They carry all the burdens; and the beaſts deſtined to the plough, are buffaloes, an animal you are alſo unacquainted with. They are larger and more clumſy than an ox; they have ſhort thick black horns cloſe to their heads, which grow turning backwards. They ſay this horn looks very beautiful when 'tis well poliſhed. They are all black, with very ſhort hair on their hides, and have extremely little white eyes, that make them look like devils. The country people dye their tails, and the hair of their forehead, red by way of ornament. Horſes are not put here to any laborious work, nor are they at all fit for it. They are beautiful and full of ſpirit, but generally little, and not ſtrong, as the breed of colder countries; very gentle, however, with all their vivacity, and alſo ſwift and ſure-footed. I have a little white favourite, that I would not part with on any terms; he prances under me with ſo much fire, you would think that I had a great deal of courage to dare mount him; yet I'll aſſure you, I never rid a horſe ſo much at my command in my life. My ſide-ſaddle is the firſt that was ever ſeen in this part of the world, and is gazed at with as much wonder, as the ſhip of Columbus in the firſt diſcovery of America. Here are ſome little birds, held in a ſort of religious reverence, and for that reaſon, multiply prodigiouſly: turtles, on the account of their innocence; and ſtorks, becauſe they are ſuppoſed to make every winter the pilgrimage to Mecca. To ſay truth, they are the happieſt ſubjects under the Turkiſh government, and are ſo ſenſible of their privileges, that they walk the ſtreets without fear, and generally build in the low parts of houſes. Happy are thoſe whoſe houſes are ſo diſtinguiſhed, as the vulgar Turks are perfectly perſuaded, that they will not be, that year, attacked either by fire or peſtilence. I have the happineſs of one of their ſacred neſts under my chamber-window.

Now I am talking of my chamber, I remember the deſcription of the houſes here will be as new to you, as any of the birds or beaſts. I ſuppoſe you have read, in moſt of our accounts of Turkey, that their houſes are the moſt miſerable pieces of building in the world. I can ſpeak very learnedly on that ſubject, having been in ſo many of them; and, I aſſure you, 'tis no ſuch thing. We are now lodged in a palace belonging to the grand ſignior. I really think the manner of building here very agreeable, and proper for the country. 'Tis true, they are not at all ſolicitous to beautify the outſides of their houſes, and they are generally built of wood; which, I own, is the cauſe of many inconveniencies; but this is not to be charged on the ill taſte of the people, but on the oppreſſion of the government. Every houſe, at the death of its maſter, is at the grand ſignior's diſpoſal; and therefore, no man cares to make a great expence, which he is not ſure his family will be the better for. All their deſign is to build a houſe commodious, and that will laſt their lives; and they are very indifferent if it falls down the year after. Every houſe, great and ſmall, is divided into two diſtinct parts, which only join together by a narrow paſſage. The firſt houſe has a large court before it, and open galleries all round it, which is to me a thing very agreeable. This gallery leads to all the chambers, which are commonly large, and with two rows of windows, the firſt being of painted glaſs; they ſeldom build above two ſtories, each of which has galleries. The ſtairs are broad, and not often above thirty ſteps. This is the houſe belonging to the lord, and the adjoining one is called the haram, that is, the ladies apartment, (for the name of ſeraglio is peculiar to the grand ſignior;) it has alſo a gallery running round it towards the garden, to which all the windows are turned, and the ſame number of chambers as the other, but more gay and ſplendid, both in painting and furniture. The ſecond row of windows is very low, with grates like thoſe of convents; the rooms are all ſpread with Perſian carpets, and raiſed at one end of them (my chambers are raiſed at both ends) about two feet. This is the ſofa, which is laid with a richer ſort of carpet, and all round it a ſort of couch, raiſed half a foot, covered with rich ſilk, according to the fancy or magnificence of the owner. Mine is of ſcarlet cloth, with a gold fringe. Round about this are placed, ſtanding againſt the wall, two rows of cuſhions, the firſt very large, and the next, little ones; and here the Turks diſplay their greateſt magnificence. They are generally brocade, or embroidery of gold wire upon white ſatin. —— Nothing can look more gay and ſplendid. Theſe ſeats are alſo ſo convenient and eaſy, that I believe I ſhall never endure chairs as long as I live. —— The rooms are low, which I think no fault, and the ceiling is always of wood, generally inlaid, or painted with flowers. They open in many places, with folding doors, and ſerve for cabinets, I think, more conveniently than ours. Between the windows are little arches to ſet pots of perfume, or baſkets of flowers. But what pleaſes me beſt, is the faſhion of having marble fountains in the lower part of the room, which throw up ſeveral ſpouts of water, giving, at the ſame time, an agreeable coolneſs, and a pleaſant daſhing ſound, falling from one baſin to another. Some of theſe are very magnificent. Each houſe has a bagnio, which conſiſts generally in two or three little rooms, leaded on the top, paved with marble, with baſins, cocks of water, and all conveniencies for either hot or cold baths.

You will perhaps be ſurpriſed at an account ſo different from what you have been entertained with by the common voyage-writers, who are very fond of ſpeaking of what they don't know. It muſt be under a very particular character, or on ſome extraordinary occaſion, that a Chriſtian is admitted into the houſe of a man of quality; and their harams are always forbidden ground. Thus they can only ſpeak of the outſide, which makes no great appearance; and the womens apartments are always built backward, removed from ſight, and have no other proſpect than the gardens, which are incloſed with very high walls. There are none of our parterres in them; but they are planted with high trees, which give an agreeable ſhade, and, to my fancy, a pleaſing view. In the midſt of the garden is the chioſk, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midſt of it. It is raiſed nine or ten ſteps, and incloſed with gilded lattices; round which, vines, jeſſamines, and honey-ſuckles, make a ſort of green wall. Large trees are planted round this place, which is the ſcene of their greateſt pleaſures, and where the ladies ſpend moſt of their hours, employed by their muſic or embroidery. —— In the public gardens, there are public chioſks, where people go, that are not ſo well accommodated at home, and drink their coffee, ſherbet, &c. —— Neither are they ignorant of a more durable manner of building: their moſques are all of free-ſtone, and the public hanns, or inns, extremely magnificent, many of them taking up a large ſquare, built round with ſhops under ſtone arches, where poor artificers are lodged gratis. They have always a moſque joining to them, and the body of the hann is a moſt noble hall, capable of holding three or four hundred perſons, the court extremely ſpacious, and cloiſters round it, that give it the air of our colleges. I own, I think it a more reaſonable piece of charity than the founding of convents. —— I think I have now told you a great deal for once. If you don't like my choice of ſubjects, tell me what you would have me write upon; there is no body more deſirous to entertain you, than, dear Mrs. T——,

Your's, &c. &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the Counteſs of ——

Adrianople, April 18. O. S.

I WROTE to you, dear ſiſter, and to all my other Engliſh correſpondents, by the laſt ſhip, and only heaven can tell, when I ſhall have another opportunity of ſending to you; but I cannot forbear to write again, though perhaps my letter may ly upon my hands this two months. To confeſs the truth, my head is ſo full of my entertainment yeſterday, that 'tis abſolutely neceſſary, for my own repoſe, to give it ſome vent. Without farther preface, I will then begin my ſtory.

I WAS invited to dine with the grand vizier's lady, and it was with a great deal of pleaſure I prepared myſelf for an entertainment, which was never before given to any Chriſtian. I thought I ſhould very little ſatisfy her curioſity, (which I did not doubt was a conſiderable motive to the invitation) by going in a dreſs ſhe was uſed to ſee, and therefore dreſſed myſelf in the court habit of Vienna, which is much more magnificent than ours. However, I choſe to go incognito, to avoid any diſputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkiſh coach, only attended by my woman, that held up my train, and the Greek lady, who was my interpreteſs. I was met at the court door by her black eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great reſpect, and conducted me through ſeveral rooms, where her ſhe-ſlaves, finely dreſſed, were ranged on each ſide. In the innermoſt, I found the lady ſitting on her ſofa, in a ſable veſt. She advanced to meet me, and preſented me half a dozen of her friends, with great civility. She ſeemed a very good woman, near fifty years old. I was ſurpriſed to obſerve ſo little magnificence in her houſe, the furniture being all very moderate; and, except the habits and number of her ſlaves, nothing about her appeared expenſive. She gueſſed at my thoughts, and told me ſhe was no longer of an age to ſpend either her time or money in ſuperfluities; that her whole expence was in charity, and her whole employment praying to God. There was no affectation in this ſpeech; both ſhe and her huſband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman; and, what is much more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithſtanding the example of all his predeceſſors. He is ſo ſcrupulous on this point, he would not accept Mr. W——'s preſent, till he had been aſſured over and over, that it was a ſettled perquiſite of his place, at the entrance of every ambaſſador. She entertained me with all kind of civility, till dinner came in, which was ſerved, one diſh at a time, to a vaſt number, all finely dreſſed after their manner, which I don't think ſo bad as you have perhaps heard it repreſented. I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the houſe of an effendi at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners, dreſſed by his own cooks. The firſt week they pleaſed me extremely; but, I own, I then began to grow weary of their table, and deſired our own cook might add a diſh or two after our manner. But I attribute this to cuſtom, and am very much inclined to believe, that an Indian, who had never taſted of either; would prefer their cookery to ours. Their ſauces are very high, all the roaſt very much done. They uſe a great deal of very rich ſpice. The ſoup is ſerved for the laſt diſh; and they have, at leaſt, as great a variety of ragouts as we have. I was very ſorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earneſt in ſerving me of every thing. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of reſpect; two ſlaves kneeling cenſed my hair, clothes, and handkerchief. After this ceremony, ſhe commanded her ſlaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands, and ſhe excuſed to me their want of ſkill, ſaying ſhe took no care to accompliſh them in that art.

I RETURNED her thanks, and, ſoon after, took my leave. I was conducted back in the ſame manner I entered, and would have gone ſtraight to my own houſe; but the Greek lady with me, earneſtly ſolicited me to viſit the kahya's lady, ſaying, he was the ſecond officer in the empire, and ought indeed to be looked upon as the firſt, the grand vizier having only the name, while he exerciſed the authority. I had found ſo little diverſion in the vizier's haram, that I had no mind to go into another. But her importunity prevailed with me, and I am extremely glad I was ſo complaiſant. All things here were with quite another air than at the grand vizier's; and the very houſe confeſſed the difference between an old devotee, and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery, between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almoſt hanging to their feet, all dreſſed in fine light damaſks, brocaded with ſilver. I was ſorry that decency did not permit me to ſtop to conſider them nearer. But that thought was loſt upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavillion, built round with gilded ſaſhes, which were moſt of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable ſhade, which hindered the ſun from being troubleſome. The jeſſamines and honey-ſuckles that twiſted round their trunks, ſhed a ſoft perfume, increaſed by a white marble fountain playing ſweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four baſins, with a pleaſing ſound. The roof was painted with all ſorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baſkets, that ſeemed tumbling down. On a ſofa, raiſed three ſteps, and covered with fine Perſian carpets, ſat the kahya's lady, leaning on cuſhions of white ſatin, embroidered; and at her feet ſat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dreſſed perfectly rich, and almoſt covered with jewels. But they were hardly ſeen near the fair Fatima, (for that is her name) ſo much her beauty effaced every thing I have ſeen, nay, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany. I muſt own, that I never ſaw any thing ſo gloriouſly beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She ſtood up to receive me, ſaluting me after their faſhion, putting her hand to her heart with a ſweetneſs full of majeſty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cuſhions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confeſs, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was ſo ſtruck with admiration, that I could not, for ſome time, ſpeak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That ſurpriſing harmony of features!

tures! that charming reſult of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unſullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her ſmile! —— But her eyes! — large and black, with all the ſoft languiſhment of the blue! every turn of her face diſcovering ſome new grace.

After my firſt ſurpriſe was over, I endeavoured, by nicely examining her face, to find out ſome imperfection, without any fruit of my ſearch, but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face exactly proportioned, and perfectly beautiful, would not be agreeable; nature having done for her, with more ſucceſs, what Appelles is ſaid to have eſſayed, by a collection of the moſt exact features, to form a perfect face. Add to all this, a behaviour ſo full of grace and ſweetneſs, ſuch eaſy motions, with an air ſo majeſtic, yet free from ſtiffneſs or affectation, that I am perſuaded, could ſhe be ſuddenly tranſported upon the moſt polite throne of Europe, no body would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To ſay all in a word, our moſt celebrated Engliſh beauties would vaniſh near her.

SHE was dreſſed in a caftan of gold brocade, flowered with ſilver, very well fitted to her ſhape, and ſhewing to admiration the beauty of her boſom, only ſhaded by the thin gauze of her ſhift. Her drawers were pale pink, her waiſtcoat green and ſilver, her ſlippers white ſatin finely embroidered: her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle ſet round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkiſh handkerchief of pink and ſilver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length, in various treſſes, and on one ſide of her head ſome bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuſe me of extravagance in this deſcription. I think I have read ſomewhere, that women always ſpeak in rapture, when they ſpeak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they ſhould not be allowed to do ſo. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of deſire or envy. The graveſt writers have ſpoken with great warmth, of ſome celebrated pictures and ſtatues. The workmanſhip of Heaven, certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praiſe. For my part, I am not aſhamed to own, I took more pleaſure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the fineſt piece of ſculpture could have given me. She told me, the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though ſhe appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the ſofa, to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furniſhed ſuch a ſcene of beauty. She made them a ſign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play ſome ſoft airs on inſtruments, between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, while the others danced by turns. This dance was very different from what I had ſeen before. Nothing could be more artful, or more proper to raiſe certain ideas. The tunes ſo ſoft! —— the motions ſo languiſhing! — accompanied with pauſes and dying eyes! half-falling back, and then recovering themſelves in ſo artful a manner, that I am very poſitive, the coldeſt and moſt rigid prude upon earth, could not have looked upon them without thinking of ſomething not to be ſpoken of. — I ſuppoſe you may have read that the Turks have no muſic, but what is ſhocking to the ears; but this account is from thoſe who never heard any but what is played in the ſtreets, and is juſt as reaſonable, as if a foreigner ſhould take his ideas of Engliſh muſic, from the bladder and ſtring, or the marrow-bones and cleavers. I can aſſure you that the muſic is extremely pathetic; 'tis true, I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady who ſings better than Mrs. Robinſon, and is very well ſkilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkiſh. 'Tis certain they have very fine natural voices; theſe were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair ſlaves came into the room, with ſilver cenſers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other ſcents. After this, they ſerved me coffee upon their knees, in the fineſt japan china, with ſoucoups of ſilver, gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me, all this while, in the moſt polite agreeable manner, calling me often uzelle ſultanam, or the beautiful ſultana; and deſiring my friendſhip with the beſt grace in the world, lamenting that ſhe could not entertain me in my own language.

When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine ſilver baſket of embroidered handkerchiefs; ſhe begged I would wear the richeſt for her ſake, and gave the others to my woman and interpreteſs. — I retired through the ſame ceremonies as before, and could not help thinking, I had been ſome time in Mahomet's paradiſe, ſo much was I charmed with what I had ſeen. I know not how the relation of it appears to you. I wiſh it may give you part of my pleaſure; for I would have my dear ſiſter ſhare in all the diverſions of

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the Abbot of ——

Adrianople, May 17. O. S.

I AM going to leave Adrianople, and I would not do it without giving you ſome account of all that is curious in it, which I have taken a great deal of pains to ſee. I will not trouble you with wiſe diſſertations, whether or no this is the ſame city, that was anciently called Oreſteſit or Oreſte, which you know better than I do. It is now called from the emperor Adrian, and was the firſt European ſeat of the Turkiſh empire, and has been the favourite reſidence of many ſultans. Mahomet the fourth, and Muſtapha, the brother of the reigning emperor, were ſo fond of it, that they wholly abandoned Conſtantinople; which humour ſo far exaſperated the janizaries, that it was a conſiderable motive to the rebellions that depoſed them. Yet this man ſeems to love to keep his court here. I can give you no reaſon for this partiality. 'Tis true, the ſituation is fine, and the country all round very beautiful; but the air is extremely bad, and the ſeraglio itſelf is not free from the ill effect of it. The town is ſaid to be eight miles in compaſs, I ſuppoſe they reckon in the gardens. There are ſome good houſes in it, I mean large ones; for the architecture of their palaces never makes any great ſhew. It is now very full of people; but they are moſt of them ſuch as follow the court, or camp; and when they are removed, I am told, 'tis no populous city. The river Maritza (anciently the Hebrus) on which it is ſituated, is dried up every ſummer, which contributes very much to make it unwholeſome. It is now a very pleaſant ſtream. There are two noble bridges built over it. I had the curioſity to go to ſee the exchange in my Turkiſh dreſs, which is diſguiſe ſufficient. Yet I own, I was not very eaſy when I ſaw it crowded with janizaries; but they dare not be rude to a woman, and made way for me with as much reſpect, as if I had been in my own figure. It is half a mile in length, the roof arched, and kept extremely neat. It holds three hundred and ſixty-five ſhops, furniſhed with all ſorts of rich goods, expoſed to ſale in the ſame manner as at the new exchange in London. But the pavement is kept much neater, and the ſhops are all ſo clean, they ſeem juſt new painted. —— Idle people of all ſorts walk here for their diverſion, or amuſe themſelves with drinking coffee, or ſherbet, which is cried about as oranges and ſweet-meats are in our playhouſes. I obſerved moſt of the rich tradesmen were Jews. That people are in incredible power in this country. They have many privileges above all the natural Turks themſelves, and have formed a very conſiderable commonwealth here, being judged by their own laws. They have drawn the whole trade of the empire into their hands, partly by the firm union amongſt themſelves, and partly by the idle temper and want of induſtry in the Turks. Every baſſa has his Jew, who is his homme d'affaires: he is let into all his ſecrets, and does all his buſineſs. No bargain is made, no bribe received, no merchandiſe diſpoſed of, but what paſſes through their hands. They are the phyſicians, the ſtewards, and the interpreters of all the great men. You may judge how advantageous this is to a people who never fail to make uſe of the ſmalleſt advantages. They have found the ſecret of making themſelves ſo neceſſary, that they are certain of the protection of the court, whatever miniſtry is in power. Even the Engliſh, French, and Italian merchants, who are ſenſible of their artifices, are, however, forced to truſt their affairs to their negotiation, nothing of trade being managed without them, and the meaneſt amongſt them being too important to be diſobliged, ſince the whole body take care of his intereſts, with as much vigour as they would thoſe of the moſt conſiderable of their members. They are many of them vaſtly rich, but take care to make little public ſhew of it; though they live in their houſes in the utmoſt luxury and magnificence. This copious ſubject has drawn me from my deſcription of the exchange, founded by Ali Baſſa, whoſe name it bears. Near it is the ſherſki, a ſtreet of a mile in length, full of ſhops of all kind of fine merchandiſe, but exceſſive dear, nothing being made here. It is covered on the top with boards, to keep out the rain, that merchants may meet conveniently in all weathers. The beſiten near it, is another exchange, built upon pillars, where all ſorts of horſe-furniture is ſold: glittering every where with gold, rich embroidery, and jewels, it makes a very agreeable ſhew. From this place I went, in my Turkiſh coach, to the camp, which is to move in a few days to the frontiers. The ſultan is already gone to his tents, and all his court; the appearance of them is, indeed, very magnificent. Thoſe of the great men are rather like palaces than tents, taking up a great compaſs of ground, and being divided into a vaſt number of apartments. They are all of green, and the baſſas of three tails have thoſe enſigns of their power placed in a very conſpicuous manner before their tents, which are adorned on the top with gilded balls, more or leſs, according to their different ranks. The ladies go in coaches to ſee the camp, as eagerly, as ours did to that of Hide-park; but 'tis very eaſy to obſerve, that the ſoldiers do not begin the campaign with any great chearfulneſs. The war is a general grievance upon the people, but particularly hard upon the tradeſmen, now that the grand ſignior is reſolved to lead his army in perſon. Every company of them is obliged, upon this occaſion, to make a preſent according to their ability.

I TOOK the pains of riſing at ſix in the morning to ſee the ceremony, which did not, however, begin till eight. The grand ſignior was at the ſeraglio window, to ſee the proceſſion, which paſſed through the principal ſtreets. It was preceded by an effendi, mounted on a camel, richly furniſhed, reading aloud the alcoran, finely bound, laid on a cuſhion. He was ſurrounded by a parcel of boys, in white, ſinging ſome verſes of it, followed by a man dreſſed in green boughs, repreſenting a clean huſbandman ſowing ſeed. After him ſeveral reapers, with garlands of ears of corn, as Ceres is pictured, with ſcythes in their hands, ſeeming to mow. Then a little machine drawn by oxen, in which was a wind-mill, and boys employed in grinding corn, followed by another machine, drawn by buffaloes, carrying an oven, and two more boys, one employed in kneading the bread, and another in drawing it out of the oven. Theſe boys threw little cakes on both ſides amongſt the crowd, and were followed by the whole company of bakers, marching on foot, two by two, in their beſt clothes, with cakes, loaves, paſties, and pies of all ſorts on their heads, and after them two buffoons, or jack-puddings, with their faces and clothes ſmeared with meal, who diverted the mob with their antic geſtures. In the ſame manner followed all the companies of trade in the empire; the nobler ſort, ſuch as jewellers, mercers, &c. finely mounted, and many of the pageants that repreſent their trades, perfectly magnificent; amongſt which, that of the furriers made one of the beſt figures, being a very large machine, ſet round with the ſkins of ermines, foxes, &c. ſo well ſtuffed, that the animals ſeemed to be alive, and followed by muſic and dancers. I believe they were, upon the whole, twenty thouſand men, all ready to follow his highneſs, if he commanded them. The rear was cloſed by the volunteers, who came to beg the honour of dying in his ſervice. This part of the ſhew ſeemed to me ſo barbarous, that I removed from the window upon the firſt appearance of it. They were all naked to the middle. Some had their arms pierced through with arrows, left ſticking in them. Others had them ſticking in their heads, the blood trickling down their faces. Some ſlaſhed their arms with ſharp knives, making the blood ſpring out upon thoſe that ſtood there; and this is looked upon as an expreſſion of their zeal for glory. I am told that ſome make uſe of it to advance their love; and, when they are near the window where their miſtreſs ſtands, (all the women in town being veiled to ſee this ſpectacle) they ſtick another arrow for her ſake, who gives ſome ſign of approbation and encouragement to this gallantry. The whole ſhew laſted for near eight hours, to my great ſorrow, who was heartily tired, though I was in the houſe of the widow of the captain baſſa (admiral) who refreſhed me with coffee, ſweet-meats, ſherbet, &c. with all poſſible civility.

I WENT two days after, to ſee the moſque of ſultan Selim I. which is a building very well worth the curioſity of a traveller. I was dreſſed in my Turkiſh habit, and admitted without ſcruple; though I believe they gueſſed who I was, by the extreme officiouſneſs of the door-keeper, to ſhew me every part of it. It is ſituated very advantageouſly in the midſt of the city, and in the higheſt part of it, making a very noble ſhow. The firſt court has four gates, and the innermoſt three. They are both of them ſurrounded with cloiſters, with marble pillars of the Ionic order, finely poliſhed, and of very lively colours; the whole pavement is of white marble, and the roof of the cloiſters divided into ſeveral cupolas or domes, headed with gilt balls on the top. In the midſt of each court, are fine fountains of white marble; and, before the great gate of the moſque, a portico, with green marble pillars, which has five gates, the body of the moſque being one prodigious dome. I underſtand ſo little of architecture, I dare not pretend to ſpeak of the proportions. It ſeemed to me very regular, this I am ſure of, it is vaſtly high, and I thought it the nobleſt building I ever ſaw. It has two rows of marble galleries on pillars, with marble baluſters; the pavement is alſo marble covered with perſian carpets. In my opinion, it is a great addition to its beauty, that it is not divided into pews, and incumbered with forms and benches like our churches; nor the pillars (which are moſt of them red and white marble) disfigured by the little tawdry images and pictures, that give Roman-catholic churches the air of toy-ſhops. The walls ſeemed to be inlaid with ſuch very lively colours, in ſmall flowers, that I could not imagine what ſtones had been made uſe of. But going nearer, I ſaw they were cruſted with japan china, which has a very beautiful effect. In the midſt hung a vaſt lamp of ſilver, gilt; beſides which, I do verily believe, there were at leaſt two thouſand of a leſſer ſize. This muſt look very glorious, when they are all lighted; but being at night, no women are ſuffered to enter. Under the large lamp, is a great pulpit of carved wood, gilt; and juſt by, a fountain to waſh, which, you know, is an eſſential part of their devotion. In one corner, is a little gallery, incloſed with gilded lattices, for the grand ſignior. At the upper end, a large niche, very like an altar, raiſed two ſteps, covered with gold brocade, and ſtanding before it, two ſilver gilt candleſticks, the height of a man, and in them, white wax candles, as thick as a man's waiſt. The outſide of the moſque is adorned with towers, vaſtly high, gilt on the top, from whence the imaums call the people to prayers. I had the curioſity to go up one of them, which is contrived ſo artfully, as to give ſurpriſe to all that ſee it. There is but one door, which leads to three different ſtair-caſes, going to the three different ſtories of the tower, in ſuch a manner, that three prieſts may aſcend, rounding, without ever meeting each other; a contrivance very much admired. Behind the moſque, is an exchange full of ſhops, where poor artificers are lodged gratis. I ſaw ſeveral derviſes at their prayers here. They are dreſſed in a plain piece of woolen, with their arms bare, and a woolen cap on their heads, like a high crowned hat without brims. I went to ſee ſome other moſques, built much after the ſame manner, but not comparable in point of magnificence to this I have deſcribed, which is infinitely beyond any church in Germany or England; I won't talk of other countries I have not ſeen. The ſeraglio does not ſeem a very magnificent palace. But the gardens are very large, plentifully ſupplied with water, and full of trees; which is all I know of them, having never been in them.

I TELL you nothing of the order of Mr. W——'s entry, and his audience. Theſe things are always the ſame, and have been ſo often deſcribed, I won't trouble you with the repetition. The young prince, about eleven years old, ſits near his father, when he gives audience: he is a handſome boy; but, probably, will not immediately ſucceed the ſultan, there being two ſons of ſultan Muſtapha (his eldeſt brother) remaining; the eldeſt about twenty years old, on whom the hopes of the people are fixed. This reign has been bloody and avaricious. I am apt to believe, they are very impatient to ſee the end of it.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

P. S. I will write to you again from Conſtantinople.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Abbot ——

Conſtantinople, May 23. O. S.

I HAVE had the advantage of very fine weather, all my journey; and as the ſummer is now in its beauty, I enjoyed the pleaſure of fine proſpects; and the meadows being full of all ſorts of garden flowers, and ſweet herbs, my berlin perfumed the air as it preſſed them. The grand ſignior furniſhed us with thirty covered waggons for our baggage, and five coaches of the country for my women. We found the road full of the great ſpahis and their equipages coming out of Aſia to the war. They always travel with tents; but I choſe to ly in houſes all the way. I will not trouble you with the names of the villages we paſſed, in which there was nothing remarkable, but at Ciorlei, where there was a conac, or little ſeraglio, built for the uſe of the grand ſignior, when he goes this road. I had the curioſity to view all the apartments deſtined for the ladies of his court. They were in the midſt of a thick grove of trees made freſh by fountains; but I was moſt ſurpriſed to ſee the walls almoſt covered with little diſtiches of Turkiſh verſe, wrote with pencils. I made my interpreter explain them to me, and I found ſeveral of them very well turned; though I eaſily believed him, that they had loſt much of their beauty in tranſlation. One was literally thus in Engliſh:

We come into this world; we
lodge, and we depart;
He never goes, that's lodged
within my heart.

The reſt of our journey was through fine painted meadows, by the ſide of the ſea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis. We lay the next night at Selivrea, anciently a noble town. It is now a good ſea-port, and neatly built enough, and has a bridge of thirty-two arches. Here is a famous ancient Greek church. I had given one of my coaches to a Greek lady, who deſired the conveniency of travelling with me; ſhe deſigned to pay her devotions, and I was glad of the opportunity of going with her. I found it an ill-built edifice, ſet out with the ſame ſort of ornaments, but leſs rich, as the Roman-catholic churches. They ſhewed me a ſaint's body, where I threw a piece of money; and a picture of the virgin Mary, drawn by the hand of St. Luke, very little to the credit of his painting; but, however, the fineſt Madona of Italy, is not more famous for her miracles. The Greeks have a monſtrous taſte in their pictures, which, for more finery, are always drawn upon a gold ground. You may imagine what a good air this has; but they have no notion, either of ſhade or proportion. They have a biſhop here, who officiated in his purple robe, and ſent me a candle almoſt as big as myſelf for a preſent, when I was at my lodging. We lay that night at a town called Bujuk Cekmege, or Great Bridge; and the night following, at Kujuk Cekmege, or Little Bridge, in a very pleaſant lodging, formerly a monaſtery of dervifes, having before it a large court, encompaſſed with marble cloiſters, with a good fountain in the middle. The proſpect from this place, and the gardens round it, is the moſt agreeable I have ſeen; and ſhews that monks of all religions, know how to chuſe their retirements. 'Tis now belonging to a hogia or ſchoolmaſter, who teaches boys here. I aſked him to ſhew me his own apartment, and was ſurpriſed to ſee him point to a tall cypreſs tree in the garden, on the top of which was a place for a bed for himſelf, and a little lower, one for his wife and two children, who ſlept there every night. I was ſo much diverted with the fancy, I reſolved to examine his neſt nearer; but after going up fifty ſteps, I found I had ſtill fifty to go up, and then I muſt climb from branch to branch, with ſome hazard of my neck. I thought it therefore the beſt way to come down again.

We arrived the next day at Conſtantinople; but I can yet tell you very little of it, all my time having been taken up with receiving viſits, which are, at leaſt, a very good entertainment to the eyes, the young women being all beauties, and their beauty highly improved by the high taſte of their dreſs. Our palace is in Pera, which is no more a ſuburb of Conſtantinople, than Weſtminſter is a ſuburb to London. All the ambaſſadors are lodged very near each other. One part of our houſe ſhews us the port, the city, and the ſeraglio, and the diſtant hills of Aſia; perhaps, all together, the moſt beautiful proſpect in the world.

A CERTAIN French author ſays, Conſtantinople is twice as big as Paris. Mr. W——y is unwilling to own 'tis bigger than London, though I confeſs it appears to me to be ſo; but I don't believe it is ſo populous. The burying fields about it are certainly much larger than the whole city. 'Tis ſurpriſing what a vaſt deal of land is loſt this way in Turkey. Sometimes I have ſeen burying places of ſeveral miles, belonging to very inconſiderable villages, which were formerly great towns, and retain no other mark of their ancient grandeur, than this diſmal one. On no occaſion do they ever remove a ſtone that ſerves for a monument. Some of them are coſtly enough, being of very fine marble. They ſet up a pillar, with a carved turbant on the top of it, to the memory of a man; and as the turbants, by their different ſhapes, ſhew the quality or profeſſion, 'tis in a manner putting up the arms of the deceaſed. Beſides, the pillar commonly bears an inſcription in gold letters. The ladies have a ſimple pillar, without other ornament, except thoſe that die unmarried, who have a roſe on the top of their monument. The ſepulchres of particular families are railed in, and planted round with trees. Thoſe of the ſultans, and ſome great men, have lamps conſtantly burning in them.

When I ſpoke of their religion, I forgot to mention two particularities, one of which I have read of, but it ſeemed ſo odd to me, I could not believe it; yet 'tis certainly true; that when a man has divorced his wife, in the moſt ſolemn manner, he can take her again, upon no other terms, than permitting another man to paſs a night with her; and there are ſome examples of thoſe, who have ſubmitted to this law, rather than not have back their beloved. The other point of doctrine is very extraordinary. Any woman that dies unmarried, is looked upon to die in a ſtate of reprobation. To confirm this belief, they reaſon, that the end of the creation of woman, is to encreaſe and multiply; and that ſhe is only properly employed in the works of her calling, when ſhe is bringing forth children, or taking care of them, which are all the virtues that God expects from her. And indeed, their way of life, which ſhuts them out of all public commerce, does not permit them any other. Our vulgar notion, that they don't own women to have any ſouls, is a miſtake. 'Tis true, they ſay, they are not of ſo elevated a kind, and therefore muſt not hope to be admitted into the paradiſe appointed for the men, who are to be entertained by celeſtial beauties. But there is a place of happineſs deſtined for ſouls of the inferior order, where all good women are to be in eternal bliſs. Many of them are very ſuperſtitious, and will not remain widows ten days, for fear of dying in the reprobate ſtate of an uſeleſs creature. But thoſe that like their liberty, and are not ſlaves to their religion, content themſelves with marrying when they are afraid of dying. This is a piece of theology, very different from that, which teaches nothing to be more acceptable to God, than a vow of perpetual virginity: which divinity is moſt rational, I leave you to determine.

I HAVE already made ſome progreſs in a collection of Greek medals. Here are ſeveral profeſſed antiquaries, who are ready to ſerve any body that deſires them. But you cannot imagine how they ſtare in my face, when I enquire about them, as if no body was permitted to ſeek after medals, till they were grown a piece of antiquity themſelves. I have got ſome very valuable ones of the Macedonian kings, particularly one of Perſeus, ſo lively, I fancy I can ſee all his ill qualities in his face. I have a porphyry head finely cut, of the true Greek ſculpture; but who it repreſents, is to be gueſſed at by the learned when I return. For you are not to ſuppoſe theſe antiquaries (who are all Greeks) know any thing. Their trade is only to ſell; they have correſpondents at Aleppo, Grand Cairo, in Arabia and Paleſtina, who ſend them all they can find, and very often great heaps, that are only fit to melt into pans and kettles. They get the beſt price they can for any of them, without knowing thoſe that are valuable, from thoſe that are not. Thoſe that pretend to ſkill, generally find out the image of ſome ſaint in the medals of the Greek cities. One of them, ſhewing me the figure of a Pallas, with a victory in her hand on a reverſe, aſſured me, it was the Virgin, holding a crucifix. The ſame man offered me the head of a Socrates, on a ſardonix; and, to enhance the value, gave him the title of ſaint Auguſtine. I have beſpoke a mummy, which I hope will come ſafe to my hands, notwithſtanding the misfortune that befel a very fine one, deſigned for the king of Sweden. He gave a great price for it, and the Turks took it into their heads, that he muſt have ſome conſiderable project depending upon it. They fancied it the body of, God knows who, and that the ſtate of their empire myſtically depended on the conſervation of it. Some old prophecies were remembered upon this occaſion, and the mummy committed priſoner to the Seven Towers, where it has remained under cloſe confinement ever ſince. I dare not try my intereſt in ſo conſiderable a point, as the releaſe of it; but I hope mine will paſs without examination. I can tell you nothing more at preſent of this famous city. When I have looked a little about me, you ſhall hear from me again. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mr. Pope.

Belgrade Village, Jun. 17. O. S.

I HOPE, before this time, you have received two or three of my letters. I had yours but yeſterday, though dated the third of February, in which you ſuppoſe me to be dead and buried. I have already let you know, that I am ſtill alive; but to ſay truth, I look upon my preſent circumſtances to be exactly the ſame with thoſe of departed ſpirits. The heats of Conſtantinople have driven me to this place, which perfectly anſwers the deſcription of the Elyſian fields. I am in the middle of a wood, conſiſting chiefly of fruit-trees, watered by a vaſt number of fountains, famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many ſhady walks, upon ſhort graſs, that ſeems to be artificial, but, I am aſſured, is the pure work of nature —— within view of the Black-ſea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refreſhment of cool breezes, that make us inſenſible of the heat of the ſummer. The village is only inhabited by the richeſt amongſt the Chriſtians, who meet every night at a fountain, forty paces from my houſe, to ſing and dance. The beauty and dreſs of the women exactly reſemble the ideas of the ancient nymphs, as they are given us by the repreſentations of the poets and painters. But what perſuades me more fully of my deceaſe, is the ſituation of my own mind, the profound ignorance I am in, of what paſſes among the living (which only comes to me by chance) and the great calmneſs with which I receive it. Yet I have ſtill a hankering after my friends and acquaintances left in the world, according to the authority of that admirable author,

That ſpirits departed are wondrous kind
To friends and relations left behind:
Which no body can deny.

Of which ſolemn truth, I am a dead inſtance. I think Virgil is of the ſame opinion, that in human ſouls there will ſtill be ſome remains of human paſſions:

——Curae non ipſae in morte relinquunt.

And 'tis very neceſſary, to make a perfect elyſium, that there ſhould be a river Lethe, which I am not ſo happy as to find. To ſay truth, I am ſometimes very weary of the ſinging and dancing, and ſunſhine, and wiſh for the ſmoke and impertinencies in which you toil; though I endeavour to perſuade myſelf, that I live in a more agreeable variety than you do; and that Monday, ſetting of partridges; Tueſday, reading Engliſh; Wedneſday, ſtudying in the Turkiſh language, (in which, by the way, I am already very learned;) Thurſday, claſſical authors; Friday, ſpent in writing; Saturday, at my needle; and Sunday, admitting of viſits, and hearing of muſic, is a better way of diſpoſing of the week; than Monday, at the drawing room; Tueſday, lady Mohun's; Wedneſday, at the opera; Thurſday, the play; Friday, Mrs. Chetwynds, &c. a perpetual round of hearing the ſame ſcandal, and ſeeing the ſame follies acted over and over, which here affect me no more than they do other dead people. I can now hear of diſpleaſing things with pity, and without indignation. The reflection on the great gulph between you and me, cools all news that come hither. I can neither be ſenſibly touched with joy or grief, when I conſider, that poſſibly the cauſe of either is removed, before the letter comes to my hands. But (as I ſaid before) this indolence does not extend to my few friendſhips; I am ſtill warmly ſenſible of yours and Mr. Congreve's, and deſire to live in your remembrance, though dead to all the world beſide.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

To the Lady——

Belgrade Village, June 17. O. S.

I HEARTILY beg your ladyſhip's pardon; but I really could not forbear laughing heartily at your letter, and the commiſſions you are pleaſed to honour me with. You deſire me to buy you a Greek ſlave, who is to be miſtreſs of a thouſand good qualities. The Greeks are ſubjects, and not ſlaves. Thoſe who are to be bought in that manner, are either ſuch as are taken in war, or ſtolen by the Tartars from Ruſſia, Circaſſia, or Georgia, and are ſuch miſerable, awkward, poor wretches, you would not think any of them worthy to be your houſemaids. 'Tis true, that many thouſands were taken in the Morea; but they have been, moſt of them, redeemed by the charitable contributions of the Chriſtians, or ranſomed by their own relations at Venice. The fine ſlaves that wait upon the great ladies, or ſerve the pleaſures of the great men, are all bought at the age of eight or nine years old, and educated with great care, to accompliſh them in ſinging, dancing, embroidery, &c. They are commonly Circaſſians, and their patron never ſells them, except it is as a puniſhment for ſome very great fault. If ever they grow weary of them, they either preſent them to a friend, or give them their freedom. Thoſe that are expoſed to ſale at the markets, are always either guilty of ſome crime, or ſo entirely worthleſs, that they are of no uſe at all. I am afraid, you will doubt the truth of this account, which, I own, is very different from our common notions in England; but it is no leſs truth for all that. —— Your whole letter is full of miſtakes, from one end to the other. I ſee you have taken your ideas of Turkey, from that worthy author Dumont, who has wrote with equal ignorance and confidence. 'Tis a particular pleaſure to me here, to read the voyages to the Levant, which are generally ſo far removed from truth, and ſo full of abſurdities, I am very well diverted with them. They never fail giving you an account of the women, whom, 'tis certain, they never ſaw, and talking very wiſely of the genius of the men, into whoſe company they are never admitted; and very often deſcribe moſques, which they dare not even peep into. The Turks are very proud, and will not converſe with a ſtranger they are not aſſured is conſiderable in his own country. I ſpeak of the men of diſtinction; for, as to the ordinary ſellows, you may imagine what ideas their converſation can give of the general genius of the people.

As to the balm of Mecca, I will certainly ſend you ſome; but it is not ſo eaſily got as you ſuppoſe it, and I cannot, in conſcience, adviſe you to make uſe of it. I know not how it comes to have ſuch univerſal applauſe. All the ladies of my acquaintance at London and Vienna, have begged me to ſend pots of it to them. I have had a preſent of a ſmall quantity (which, I'll aſſure you, is very valuable) of the beſt ſort, and with great joy applied it to my face, expecting ſome wonderful effect to my advantage. The next morning, the change indeed was wonderful; my face was ſwelled to a very extraordinary ſize, and all over as red as my lady H——'s. It remained in this lamentable ſtate three days, during which, you may be ſure, I paſſed my time very ill. I believed it would never be otherways; and, to add to my mortification, Mr. W——y reproached my indiſcretion, without ceaſing. However, my face is ſince in ſtatu quo; nay, I am told by the ladies here, that it is much mended by the operation, which, I confeſs, I cannot perceive in my looking glaſs. Indeed, if one was to form an opinion of this balm from their faces, one ſhould think very well of it. They all make uſe of it, and have the lovelieſt bloom in the world. For my part, I never intend to endure the pain of it again; let my complexion take its natural courſe, and decay in its own due time. I have very little eſteem for medicines of this nature;

but do as you pleaſe, Madam; only remember, before you uſe it, that your face will not be ſuch, as you will care to ſhew in the drawing-room for ſome days after. If one was to believe the women in this country, there is a ſurer way of making one's ſelf beloved, than by becoming handſome; though, you know, that's our method. But they pretend to the knowledge of ſecrets, that, by way of enchantment, give them the entire empire over whom they pleaſe. For me, who am not very apt to believe in wonders, I cannot find faith for this. I diſputed the point laſt night with a lady, who really talks very ſenſibly on any other ſubject; but ſhe was downright angry with me, in that ſhe did not perceive, ſhe had perſuaded me of the truth of forty ſtories ſhe told me of this kind; and, at laſt, mentioned ſeveral ridiculous marriages, that there could be no other reaſon aſſigned for. I aſſured her, that, in England, where we were entirely ignorant of all magic, where the climate is not half ſo warm, nor the women half ſo handſome, we were not without our ridiculous marriages; and that we did not look upon it as any thing ſupernatural, when a man played the fool, for the ſake of a woman. But my arguments could not convince her againſt (as ſhe ſaid) her certain knowledge. To this ſhe added, that ſhe ſcrupled making uſe of charms herſelf; but that ſhe could do it whenever ſhe pleaſed; and, ſtaring me in the face, ſaid, (with a very learned air) that no enchantments would have their effects upon me; and that there were ſome people exempt from their power, but very few. You may imagine how I laughed at this diſcourſe: but all the women are of the ſame opinion. They don't pretend to any commerce with the devil; but only that there are certain compoſitions adapted to inſpire love. If one could ſend over a ſhip-load of them, I fancy it would be a very quick way of raiſing an eſtate. What would not ſome ladies of our acquaintance give for ſuch merchandize? Adieu, my dear lady——. I cannot conclude my letter with a ſubject that affords more delightful ſcenes to the imagination. I leave you to figure to yourſelf, the extreme court that will be made to me, at my return, if my travels ſhould furniſh me with ſuch a uſeful piece of learning. I am, dear Madam, yours, &c. &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Mrs. T——.

Pera of Conſtantinople, Jan. 4. O. S.

I AM infinitely obliged to you, dear Mrs. T——for your entertaining letter. You are the only one of my correſpondents that have judged right enough, to think I would gladly be informed of the news amongſt you. All the reſt of them tell me, (almoſt in the ſame words) that they ſuppoſe I know every thing. Why they are pleaſed to ſuppoſe in this manner, I can gueſs no reaſon, except they are perſuaded, that the breed of Mahomet's pigeon ſtill ſubſiſts in this country, and that I receive ſupernatural intelligence. I wiſh I could return your goodneſs with ſome diverting accounts from hence. But I know not what part of the ſcenes here would gratify your curioſity, or whether you have any curioſity at all for things ſo far diſtant. To ſay the truth, I am at this preſent writing, not very much turned for the recollection of what is diverting, my head being wholly filled with the preparations neceſſary for the increaſe of my family: which I expect every day. You may eaſily gueſs at my uneaſy ſituation. But I am, however, comforted in ſome degree, by the glory that accrues to me from it, and a reflection on the contempt I ſhould otherwiſe fall under. You won't know what to make of this ſpeech; but, in this country, 'tis more deſpicable to be married and not fruitful, than 'tis with us to be fruitful before marriage. They have a notion, that whenever a woman leaves off bringing forth children, 'tis becauſe ſhe is too old for that buſineſs, whatever her face ſays to the contrary. This opinion makes the ladies here ſo ready to make proofs of their youth, (which is as neceſſary, in order to be a received beauty, as it is to ſhew the proofs of nobility, to be admitted knight of Malta) that they do not content themſelves with uſing the natural means, but fly to all ſorts of quackeries, to avoid the ſcandal of being paſt child-bearing, and often kill themſelves by them. Without any exaggeration, all the women of my acquaintance have twelve or thirteen children; and the old ones boaſt of having had five and twenty, or thirty a-piece, and are reſpected according to the number they have produced. —— When they are with child, 'tis their common expreſſion to ſay, They hope God will be ſo merciful as to ſend them two this time; and when I have aſked them ſometimes: How they expected to provide for ſuch a flock as they deſire? They anſwer, That the plague will certainly kill half of them; which, indeed, generally happens, without much concern to the parents, who are ſatisfied with the vanity of having brought forth ſo plentifully. The French ambaſſadreſs is forced to comply with this faſhion as well as myſelf. She has not been here much above a year, and has lain in once, and is big again. What is moſt wonderful, is, the exemption they ſeem to enjoy from the curſe entailed on the ſex. They ſee all company the day of their delivery, and, at the fortnight's end, return viſits, ſet out in their jewels and new clothes. I wiſh I may find the influence of the climate in this particular. But I fear I ſhall continue an Engliſh woman in that affair, as well as I do in my dread of fire and plague, which are two things very little feared here. Moſt families have had their houſes burnt down once or twice, occaſioned by their extraordinary way of warming themſelves, which is neither by chimnies nor ſtoves, but by a certain machine called a tendour, the height of two feet, in the form of a table, covered with a fine carpet or embroidery. This is made only of wood, and they put into it a ſmall quantity of hot aſhes, and ſit with their legs under the carpet. At this table they work, read, and very often ſleep; and, if they chance to dream, kick down the tendour, and the hot aſhes commonly ſet the houſe on fire. There were five hundred houſes burnt in this manner about a fortnight ago, and I have ſeen ſeveral of the owners ſince, who ſeem not at all moved at ſo common a misſortune. They put their goods into a bark, and ſee their houſes burn with great philoſophy, their preſons being very ſeldom endangered, having no ſtairs to deſcend.

But, having entertained you with things I don't like, 'tis but juſt I ſhould tell you ſomething that pleaſes me. The climate is delightful in the extremeſt degree. I am now ſitting, this preſent fourth of January, with the windows open, enjoying the warm ſhine of the ſun, while you are freezing over a ſad ſea-coal fire; and my chamber is ſet out with carnations, roſes, and jonquils, freſh from my garden. I am alſo charmed with many points of the Turkiſh law, to our ſhame be it ſpoken, better deſigned, and better executed than ours; particularly, the puniſhment of convicted liars (triumphant criminals in our country, God knows:) They are burnt in the forehead with a hot iron, when they are proved the authors of any notorious falſhoods. How many white foreheads ſhould we ſee disfigured! How many fine gentlemen would be forced to wear their wigs as low as their eye-brows, were this law in practice with us! I ſhould go on to tell you many other parts of juſtice, but I muſt ſend for my midwife.

LETTER XXXIX.

To the Counteſs of ——

Pera of Conſtantinople, March 10. O. S.

I HAVE not written to you, dear ſiſter, theſe many months —— a great piece of ſelf-denial. But I know not where to direct, or what part of the world you are in. I have received no letter from you ſince that ſhort note of April laſt, in which you tell me, that you are on the point of leaving England, and promiſe me a direction for the place you ſtay in; but I have, in vain, expected it till now; and now I only learn from the gazette, that you are returned, which induces me to venture this letter to your houſe at London. I had rather ten of my letters ſhould be loſt, than you imagine I don't write; and I think it is hard fortune, if one in ten don't reach you. However, I am reſolved to keep the copies, as teſtimonies of my inclination, to give you, to the utmoſt of my power, all the diverting part of my travels, while you are exempt from all the fatigues and inconveniencies.

In the firſt place then, I wiſh you joy of your niece; for I was brought to bed of a daughter *) five weeks ago. I don't mention this as one of my diverting adventures; though I muſt own, that it is not half ſo mortifying here as in England; there being as much difference, as there is between a

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*) The preſent Counteſs of Bute.

little cold in the head, which ſometimes happens here, and the conſumption cough, ſo common in London. No body keeps their houſe a month for lying in; and I am not ſo fond of any of our cuſtoms, as to retain them when they are not neceſſary. I returned my viſits at three weeks end, and, about four days ago, croſſed the ſea, which divides this place from Conſtantinople, to make a new one, where I had the good fortune to pick up many curioſities. I went to ſee the ſultana Hafiten, favourite of the late emperor Muſtapha, who, you know, (or perhaps you don't know) was depoſed by his brother, the reigning ſultan, and died a few weeks after, being poiſoned, as it was generally believed. This lady was, immediately after his death, ſaluted with an abſolute order to leave the ſeraglio, and chuſe herſelf a huſband among the great men at the Porte. I ſuppoſe you may imagine her overjoyed at this propoſal. — Quite the contrary. —— Theſe women, who are called, and eſteem themſelves queens, look upon this liberty as the greateſt diſgrace and affront that can happen to them. She threw herſelf at the ſultan's feet, and begged him to poinard her, rather than uſe his brother's widow with that contempt. She repreſented to him, in agonies of ſorrow, that ſhe was privileged from this misfortune, by having brought five princes into the Ottoman family; but all the boys being dead and only one girl ſurviving, this excuſe was not received, and ſhe was compelled to make her choice. She choſe Bekir Effendi, then ſecretary of ſtate, and above four-ſcore years old, to convince the world, that ſhe firmly intended to keep the vow ſhe had made, of never ſuffering a ſecond huſband to approach her bed; and ſince ſhe muſt honour ſome ſubject ſo far, as to be called his wife, ſhe would chuſe him as a mark of her gratitude, ſince it was he that had preſented her, at the age of ten years, to her laſt lord. But ſhe never permitted him to pay her one viſit; though it is now fifteen years ſhe has been in his houſe, where ſhe paſſes her time in uninterrupted mourning, with a conſtancy very little known in Chriſtendom, eſpecially in a widow of one and twenty, for ſhe is now but thirty ſix. She has no black eunuchs for her guard, her huſband being obliged to reſpect her as a queen, and not to inquire at all into what is done in her apartment.

I WAS led into a large room, with a ſofa the whole length of it, adorned with white marble pillars like a ruelle, covered with pale blue figured velvet, on a ſilver ground, with cuſhions of the ſame, where I was deſired to repoſe, till the ſultana appeared, who had contrived this manner of reception, to avoid riſing up at my entrance, though ſhe made me an inclination of her head, when I roſe up to her. I was very glad to obſerve a lady that had been diſtinguiſhed by the favour of an emperor, to whom beauties were, every day, preſented from all parts of the world. But ſhe did not ſeem to me, to have ever been half ſo beautiful as the fair Fatima I ſaw at Adrianople; though ſhe had the remains of a fine face, more decayed by ſorrow than time. But her dreſs was ſomething ſo ſurpriſingly rich, that I cannot forbear deſcribing it to you. She wore a veſt called dualma, which differs from a caftan by longer ſleeves, and folding over at the bottom. It was of purple cloth, ſtrait to her ſhape, and thick ſet, on each ſide, down to her feet, and round the ſleeves, with pearls of the beſt water, of the ſame ſize as their buttons commonly are. You muſt not ſuppoſe, that I mean as large as thoſe of my Lord——, but about the bigneſs of a pea; and to theſe buttons large loops of diamonds, in the form of thoſe gold loops, ſo common on birth-day coats. This habit was tied, at the waiſt, with two large taſſels of ſmaller pearls, and round the arms embroidered with large diamonds. Her ſhift was faſtened at the bottom with a great diamond, ſhaped like a lozenge; her girdle as broad as the broadeſt Engliſh ribband, entirely covered with diamonds. Round her neck ſhe wore three chains, which reached to her knees; one of large pearl, at the bottom of which hung a fine coloured emerald, as big as a turkey-egg; another, conſiſting of two hundred emeralds, cloſe joined together, of the moſt lively green, perfectly matched, every one as large as a half-crown piece, and as thick as three crown pieces; and another of ſmall emeralds, perfectly round. But her ear-rings eclipſed all the reſt. They were two diamonds, ſhaped exactly like pears, as large as a big hazle-nut. Round her talpoche ſhe had four ſtrings of pearl —— the whiteſt and moſt perfect in the world, at leaſt enough to make four necklaces, every one as large as the ducheſs of

Marlborough's, and of the ſame ſhape, faſtened with two roſes, conſiſting of a large ruby for the middle ſtone, and round them twenty drops of clean diamonds to each. Beſides this, her head-dreſs was covered with bodkins of emeralds and diamonds. She wore large diamond bracelets, and had five rings on her fingers (except Mr. Pitt's) the largeſt I ever ſaw in my life. 'Tis for jewellers to compute the value of theſe things; but, according to the common eſtimation of jewels, in our part of the world, her whole dreſs muſt be worth a hundred thouſand pounds ſterling. This I am ſure of, that no European queen has half the quantity; and the empreſs's jewels, though very fine, would look very mean near her's. She gave me a dinner of fifty diſhes of meat, which (after their faſhion) were placed on the table but one at a time and was extremely tedious. But the magnificence of her table anſwered very well to that of her dreſs. The knives were of gold, and the hafts ſet with diamonds. But the piece of luxury which grieved my eyes, was the table-cloth and napkins, which were all tiffany, embroidered with ſilk and gold, in the fineſt manner, in natural flowers. It was with the utmoſt regret that I made uſe of theſe coſtly napkins, which were as finely wrought as the fineſt handkerchiefs that ever came out of this country. You may be ſure, that they were entirely ſpoiled before dinner was over. The ſherbet (which is the liquor they drink at meals) was ſerved in china bowls; but the covers and ſalvers maſſy gold. After dinner, water was brought in gold baſons, and towels of the ſame kind with the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon, and coffee was ſerved in china, with gold ſoucoups *).

The Sultana ſeemed in a very good humour, and talked to me with the utmoſt civility. I did not omit this opportunity of learning all that I poſſibly could of the ſeraglio, which is ſo entirely unkown amongſt us. She aſſured me, that the ſtory of the Sultan's throwing a handkerchief, is altogether fabulous; and the manner, upon that occaſion, no other than this: He ſends the kyſlir aga, to ſignify to the lady the honour he intends her. She is immediately complimented upon it, by the others, and led to the bath, where ſhe is perfumed and

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*) Saucers.

and dreſſed in the moſt magnificent and becoming manner. The emperor precedes his viſit by a royal preſent, and then comes into her apartment: neither is there any ſuch thing as her creeping is at the bed's foot. She ſaid, that the firſt he made choice of, was always after the firſt in rank, and not the mother of the eldeſt ſon, as other writers would make us believe. Sometimes the ſultan diverts himſelf in the company of all his ladies, who ſtand in a circle round him. And ſhe confeſſed, they were ready to die with envy and jealouſy of the happy ſhe that he diſtinguiſhed by any appearance of preference. But this ſeemed to me neither better nor worſe than the circles in moſt courts, where the glance of the monarch is watched, and every ſmile is waited for with impatience, and envied by thoſe who cannot obtain it.

SHE never mentioned the ſultan without tears in her eyes, yet ſhe ſeemed very fond of the diſcourſe. ,,My paſt happineſs, ſaid ,,ſhe, appears a dream to me. Yet I cannot ,,forget, that I was beloved by the greateſt ,,and moſt lovely of mankind. I was ,,choſen from all the reſt, to make all his

„campaigns with him; and I would not ſurvive him, if I was not paſſionately fond „of the princeſs my daughter. Yet all my „tenderneſs for her was hardly enough to „make me preſerve my life. When I left him, „I paſſed a whole twelvemonth without „ſeeing the light. Time has ſoftened my „deſpair; yet I now paſs ſome days every „week in tears, devoted to the memory of „my ſultan." There was no affectation in theſe words. It was eaſy to ſee ſhe was in a deep melancholy, though her good humour made her willing to divert me.

SHE aſked me to walk in her garden, and one of her ſlaves immediately brought her a pellice of rich brocade lined with ſables. I waited on her into the garden, which had nothing in it remarkable but the fountains; and from thence ſhe ſhewed me all her apartments. In her bed-chamber, her toilet was diſplayed, conſiſting of two looking-glaſſes, the frames covered with pearls; and her night talpoche ſet with bodkins of jewels, and near it three veſts of fine ſables, every one of which is, at leaſt, worth a thouſand dollars, (two hundred pounds Engliſh money.) I don't doubt but theſe rich habits were purpoſely placed in ſight, though they ſeemed negligently thrown on the ſofa. When I took my leave of her, I was complimented with perfumes, as at the grand vizier's, and preſented with a very fine embroidered handkerchief. Her ſlaves were to the number of thirty, beſides ten little ones, the eldeſt not above ſeven years old. Theſe were the moſt beautiful girls I ever ſaw, all richly dreſſed; and I obſerved that the ſultana took a great deal of pleaſure in theſe lovely children, which is a vaſt expence; for there is not a handſome girl of that age to be bought under a hundred pounds ſterling. They wore little garlands of flowers, and their own hair, braided, which was all their head-dreſs; but their habits were all of gold ſtuffs. Theſe ſerved her coffee kneeling; brought water when ſhe waſhed, &c. — 'Tis a great part of the work of the older ſlaves to take care of theſe young girls, to learn them to embroider, and to ſerve them as carefully as if they were children of the family. Now, do you imagine I have entertained you, all this while, with a relation that has, at leaſt, received many embelliſhmeuts from my hand? This, you will ſay, is but too like the Arabian tales. — Theſe embroidered napkins! and a jewel as large as a turkey's egg! — You forget, dear ſiſter, thoſe very tales were written by an author of this country, and (excepting the enchantments) are a real repreſentation of the manners here. We travellers are in very hard circumſtances. If we ſay nothing but what has been ſaid before us, we are dull, and we have obſerved nothing. If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as fabulous and romantic, not allowing either for the difference of ranks, which affords difference of company, or more curioſity, or the change of cuſtoms, that happen every twenty years in every country. But the truth is, people judge of travellers, exactly with the ſame candour, good nature, and impartiality, they judge of their neighbours upon all occaſions. For my part, if I live to return amongſt you, I am ſo well acquainted with the morals of all my dear friends and acquaintances, that I am reſolved to tell them nothing at all, to avoid the imputation (which their charity would certainly incline them to) of my telling too much. But I depend upon your knowing me enough, to believe whatever I ſeriouſly aſſert for truth; though I give you leave to be ſurpriſed at an account ſo new to you. But what would you ſay if I told you, that I have been in a haram, where the winter apartment was wainſcoted with inlaid work of mother of pearl, ivory of different colours, and olive wood, exactly like the little boxes you have ſeen brought out of this country; and in whoſe rooms deſigned for ſummer, the walls are all cruſted with japan china, the roofs gilt, and the floors ſpread with the fineſt Perſian carpets? Yet there is nothing more true; ſuch is the palace of my lovely friend, the fair Fatima, whom I was acquainted with at Adrianople. I went to viſit her yeſterday; and, if poſſible, ſhe appeared to me handſomer than before. She met me at the door of her chamber, and giving me her hand with the beſt grace in the world; You Chriſtian ladies (ſaid ſhe, with a ſmile that made her as beautiful as an angel) have the reputation of inconſtancy, and I did not expect, whatever goodneſs you expreſſed for me at Adrianople, that I ſhould ever ſee you again. But I am now convinced that I have really the happineſs of pleaſing you; and, if you knew how I ſpeak of you amongſt our ladies, you would be aſſured, that you do me juſtice in making me your friend. She placed me in the corner of the ſofa, and I ſpent the afternoon in her converſation, with the greateſt pleaſure in the world. —— The ſultana Hafiten is, what one would naturally expect to find a Turkiſh lady, willing to oblige, but not knowing how to go about it; and 'tis eaſy to ſee, in her manner, that ſhe has lived excluded from the world. But Fatima has all the politeneſs and good breeding of a court, with an air that inſpires, at once, reſpect and tenderneſs; and now that I underſtand her language, I find her wit as agreeable as her beauty. She is very curious after the manners of other countries, and has not the partiality for her own, ſo common to little minds. A Greek that I carried with me, who had never ſeen her before, (nor could have been admitted now, if ſhe had not been in my train,) ſhewed that ſurpriſe at her beauty and manner, which is unavoidable at the firſt ſight, and ſaid to me in Italian, — This is no Turkiſh lady, ſhe is certainly ſome Chriſtian. —— Fatima gueſſed ſhe ſpoke of her, and aſked what ſhe ſaid. I would not have told her, thinking ſhe would have been no better pleaſed with the compliment, than one of our court beauties, to be told ſhe had the air of a Turk. But the Greek lady told it to her; and ſhe ſmiled, ſaying, It is not the firſt time I have heard ſo; my mother was a Poloneze, taken at the ſiege of Caminiec; and my father uſed to rally me, ſaying, He believed his Chriſtian wife had found ſome Chriſtian gallant: for that I had not the air of a Turkiſh girl. — I aſſured her, that if all the Turkiſh ladies were like her, it was abſolutely neceſſary to confine them from public view, for the repoſe of mankind: and proceeded to tell her, what a noiſe ſuch a face as hers would make in London or Paris. I can't believe you, replied ſhe agreeably; if beauty was ſo much valued in your country, as you ſay, they would never have ſuffered you to leave it. — Perhaps, dear ſiſter, you laugh at my vanity in repeating this compliment; but I only do it, as I think it very well turned, and give it you as an inſtance of the ſpirit of her converſation. Her houſe was magnificently furniſhed, and very well fancied; her winter rooms being furniſhed with figured velvet, on gold grounds, and thoſe for ſummer, with fine Indian quilting embroidered with gold. The houſes of the great Turkiſh ladies are kept clean with as much nicety as thoſe in Holland. This was ſituated in a high part of the town; and from the window of her ſummer apartment, we had the proſpect of the ſea, the iſlands, and the Aſian mountains. —— My letter is inſenſibly grown ſo long, I am aſhamed of it. This is a very bad ſymptom. 'Tis well if I don't degenerate into a downright ſtoryteller. It may be, our proverb, that knowledge is no burden, may be true, as to one's ſelf, but knowing too much, is very apt to make us troubleſome to other people.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XL.

To the Lady——

Pera, March 16, O. S.

I AM extremely pleaſed, my dear lady, that you have, at length, found a commiſſion for me, that I can anſwer, without diſappointing your expectations; though I muſt tell you, that it is not ſo eaſy as perhaps you think it; and that if my curioſity had not been more diligent than any other ſtranger's has ever yet been, I muſt have anſwered you with an excuſe, as I was forced to do, when you deſired me to buy you a Greek ſlave. I have got for you, as you deſire, a Turkiſh love-letter, which I have put into a little box, and ordered the captain of the Smyrniote to deliver it to you with this letter. The tranſlation of it is literally as follows: The firſt piece you ſhould pull out of the purſe, is a little pearl, which is in Turkiſh called Ingi, and muſt be underſtood in this manner:

Ingi,	Senſin Uzellerin gingi
Pearl,	Faireſt of the young,

Caremfil,	Caremfilſen cararen yok
Clove,	Conge gulſum timarin yok

Benſeny chok than ſeverim
Senin benden, haberin yok
You are as ſlender as this
clove
You are an unblown roſe!
I have long loved you, and you
have not known it!

Pul,

Pul,	Derdime derman bul
Jonquil,	Have pity on my paſſion,
Kihat,	Birlerum ſahat ſahat
Paper,	I faint every hour!
Ermus,	Ver bize bir umut
Pear,	Give me ſome hope.
Jabun,	Derdinden oldum zabun
Soap,	I am ſick with love.
Chemur,	Ben oliyim ſize umur
Coal,	May I die, and all my years be yours!
Gul,	Ben aglarum ſen gul
A roſe,	May you be pleaſed, and your ſorrows mine!
Haſir,	Oliim ſana yazir
A ſtraw,	Suffer me to be your ſlave.
Jo ho,	Uſtune bulunmaz pahu
Cloth,	Your price is not to be found.
Tartſin,	Sen ghel ben chekeim ſenin hargin
Cinnamon,	But my fortune is yours.
Giro,	Eſking-ilen uldum ghira
A match,	I burn, I burn! my flame conſumes me!

Sirma,	Uzunu benden a yirma
Goldthread,	Don't turn away your face.
Satch,	Bazmazun tatch
Hair,	Crown of my head!
Uzum,	Benim iki Guzum
Grape,	My eyes!
Til,	Ulugorum tez ghel
Gold wire,	I die — come quickly.

And, by way of poſtſcript:

Beber,	Bize bir dogm haber
Pepper,	Send me an anſwer.

You ſee this letter is all in verſe, and I can aſſure you, there is as much fancy ſhewn in the choice of them, as in the moſt ſtudied expreſſions of our letters; there being, I believe, a million of verſes deſigned for this uſe. There is no colour, no flower, no weed, no fruit, herb, pebble, or feather, that has not a verſe belonging to it; and you may quarrel, reproach, or ſend letters of paſſion, friendſhip, or civility, or even of news, without ever inking your fingers.

I FANCY you are now wondering at my profound learning; but, alas; dear Madam, I am almoſt fallen into the misfortune ſo common to the ambitious; while they are employed on diſtant inſignificant conqueſts abroad, a rebellion ſtarts up at home; —— I am in great danger of loſing my Engliſh. I find 'tis not half ſo eaſy to me to write in it, as it was a twelvemonth ago. I am forced to ſtudy for expreſſions, and muſt leave off all other languages, and try to learn my mother tongue. —— Human underſtanding is as much limited as human power, or human ſtrength. The memory can retain but a certain number of images; and 'tis as impoſſible for one human creature to be perfect maſter of ten different languages, as to have, in perfect ſubjection, ten different kingdoms, or to fight againſt ten men at a time; I am afraid I ſhall at laſt know none as I ſhould do. I live in a place, that very well repreſents the tower of Babel: in Pera they ſpeak Turkiſh, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabic, Perſian, Ruſſian, Sclavonian, Walachian, German, Dutch, French, Engliſh, Italian, Hungarian; and, what is worſe, there are ten of theſe languages ſpoken in my own family. My grooms are Arabs, my footmen French, Engliſh, and Germans; my nurſe an Armenian, my houſemaids Ruſſians; half a dozen other ſervants, Greeks; my ſteward an Italian; my janizaries Turks; ſo that I live in the perpetual hearing of this medley of ſounds, which produces a very extraordinary effect upon the people that are born here; for they learn all theſe languages at the ſame time, and without knowing any of them well enough to write or read in it. There are very few men, women, or even children here, that have not the ſame compaſs of words in five or ſix of them. I know, myſelf, ſeveral infants of three or four years old, that ſpeak Italian, French, Greek, Turkiſh, and Ruſſian, which laſt they learn of their nurſes, who are generally of that country. This ſeems almoſt incredible to you, and is, in my mind, one of the moſt curious things in this country, and takes off very much from the merit of our ladies, who ſet up for ſuch extraordinary geniuſes, upon the credit of ſome ſuperficial knowledge of French and Italian.

As I prefer Engliſh to all the reſt, I am extremely mortified at the daily decay of it in my head, where I'll aſſure you (with grief of heart) it is reduced to ſuch a ſmall number of words, I cannot recollect any tolerable phraſe to conclude my letter with, and am forced to tell your ladyſhip very bluntly, that I am,

Your, &c. &c.

LETTER XLI.

To the Counteſs of B——

AT length I have heard from my dear Lady B——, for the firſt time. I am perſuaded you have had the goodneſs to write before, but I have had the ill fortune to loſe your letters. Since my laſt, I have ſtaid quietly at Conſtantinople, a city that I ought in conſcience to give your ladyſhip a right notion of, ſince I know you can have none but what is partial and miſtaken from the writings of travellers. 'Tis certain, there are many people that paſs years here in Pera, without having ever ſeen it, and yet they all pretend to deſcribe it. Pera, Tophana, and Galata, wholly inhabited by

French Chriſtians (and which, together, make the appearance of a very fine town,) are divided from it by the ſea, which is not above half ſo broad as the broadeſt part of the Thames; but the Chriſtian men are loth to hazard the adventures they ſometimes meet with amongſt the levents or ſeamen, (worſe monſters than our watermen) and the women muſt cover their faces to go there, which they have a perfect averſion to do. 'Tis true, they wear veils in Pera, but they are ſuch as only ſerve to ſhew their beauty to more advantage, and would not be permitted in Conſtantinople. Theſe reaſons deter almoſt every creature from ſeeing it; and the French ambaſſadreſs will return to France (I believe) without ever having been there. You'll wonder, Madam, to hear me add, that I have been there very often. The aſmack, or Turkiſh veil, is become not only very eaſy, but agreeable to me; and, if it was not, I would be content to endure ſome inconveniency, to gratify a paſſion that is become ſo powerful with me, as curioſity. And, indeed, the pleaſure of going in a barge to Chelſea, is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the ſea here, where, for twenty miles together, down the Boſphorus, the moſt beautiful variety of proſpects preſent themſelves. The Aſian ſide is covered with fruit-trees, villages, and the moſt delightful landſkips in nature; on the European, ſtands Conſtantinople, ſituated on ſeven hills. — The unequal heights make it ſeem as large again as it is (though one of the largeſt cities in the world) ſhewing an agreeable mixture of gardens; pine and cypreſs-trees, palaces, moſques, and public buildings, raiſed one above another, with as much beauty and appearance of ſymmetry, as your ladyſhip ever ſaw in a cabinet, adorned by the moſt ſkilful hands, where jars ſhew themſelves above jars, mixed with caniſters, babies and candleſticks. This is a very odd compariſon; but it gives me an exact idea of the thing. I have taken care to ſee as much of the ſeraglio as is to be ſeen. It is on a point of land running into the ſea; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compaſs of ground, full of high cypreſs-trees, which is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white ſtone, leaded on the top, with gilded turrets and ſpires, which look very magnificent; and, indeed, I believe there is no Chriſtian king's palace half ſo large. There are ſix large courts in it, all built round, and ſet with trees, having galleries of ſtone; one of theſe for the guard, another for the ſlaves; another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the ſtables, the fifth for the divan, and the ſixth for the apartment deſtined for audiences. On the ladies ſide, there are, at leaſt, as many more, with diſtinct courts belonging to their eunuchs and attendants, their kitchens, &c.

The next remarkable ſtructure is that of St. Sophia, which 'tis very difficult to ſee. I was forced to ſend three times to the caimairan, (the governor of the town) and he aſſembled the chief effendis, or heads of the law, and enquired of the mufti, whether it was lawful to permit it. They paſſed ſome days in this important debate; but I inſiſting on my requeſt, permiſſion was granted. I can't be informed why the Turks are more delicate on the ſubject of this moſque, than on any of the others, where what Chriſtian pleaſes may enter without ſcruple. I fancy they imagine, that, having been once conſecrated, people, on pretence of curioſity, might profane it with prayers, particularly to thoſe ſaints, who are ſtill very viſible in Moſaic work, and no other way defaced but by the decays of time; for it is abſolutely falſe, though univerſally aſſerted, that the Turks defaced all the images that they found in the city. The dome of St. Sophia is ſaid to be one hundred and thirteen feet diameter, built upon arches, ſuſtained by vaſt pillars of marble, the pavement and ſtair-caſe marble. There are two rows of galleries, ſupported with pillars of party-coloured marble, and the whole roof Moſaic work, part of which decays very faſt, and drops down. They preſented me a handful of it; its compoſition ſeems to me a ſort of glaſs, or that paſte with which they make counterfeit jewels. They ſhew here the tomb of the emperor Conſtantine, for which they have a great veneration.

This is a dull, imperfect deſcription, of this celebrated building; but I underſtand architecture ſo little, that I am afraid of talking nonſenſe, in endeavouring to ſpeak of it particularly. Perhaps I am in the wrong, but ſome Turkiſh moſques pleaſe me better. That of Sultan Solyman is an exact ſquare, with four fine towers in the angles; in the midſt is a noble cupola, ſupported with beautiful marble pillars; two leſſer at the ends, ſupported in the ſame manner; the pavement and gallery round the moſque, of marble; under the great cupola is a fountain, adorned with ſuch fine coloured pillars, that I can hardly think them natural marble, on one ſide is the pulpit, of white marble, and on the other, the little gallery for the grand ſignior. A fine ſtair-caſe leads to it, and it is built up with gilded lattices. At the upper end is a ſort of altar, where the name of God is written; and, before it, ſtand two candleſticks, as high as a man, with wax candles as thick as three flambeaux. The pavement is ſpread with fine carpets, and the moſque illuminated with a vaſt number of lamps. The court leading to it is very ſpacious, with galleries of marble, of green columns, covered with twenty-eight leaded cupolas on two ſides, and a fine fountain of baſins in the midſt of it.

This deſcription may ſerve for all the moſques in Conſtantinople. The model is exactly the ſame, and they only differ in largeneſs and richneſs of materials. That of the ſultana Valida is the largeſt of all, built entirely of marble, the moſt prodigious, and, I think, the moſt beautiful ſtructure I ever ſaw, be it ſpoke to the honour of our ſex, for it was founded by the mother of Mahomet IV. Between friends, Paul's church would make a pitiful figure near it, as any of our ſquares would do near the atlerdan, or place of horſes, (at ſignifying a horſe in Turkiſh.) This was the hippodrome, in the reign of the Greek emperors. In the midſt of it is a brazen column, of three ſerpents twiſted together, with their mouths gaping. 'Tis impoſſible to learn why ſo odd a pillar was erected; the Greeks can tell nothing but fabulous legends, when they are aſked the meaning of it, and there is no ſign of its having ever had any inſcription. At the upper end is an obeliſk of porphyry, probably brought from Egypt, the hieroglyphics all very entire, which I look upon as mere ancient puns. It is placed on four little brazen pillars, upon a pedeſtal of ſquare freeſtone, full of figures in bas-relief on two ſides: one ſquare repreſenting a battle, another an aſſembly. The others have inſcriptions in Greek and Latin; the laſt I took in my pocket-book, and it is as follows:

Difficilis quondam, dominis parere ſerenis
Juſſus, et extinctis palmam portare tyrannis.
Omnia Theodoſio cedunt, ſobolique perenni.

Your lord will interpret theſe lines. Don't fancy they are a love-letter to him.

All the figures have their heads on; and I cannot forbear reflecting again on the impudence of authors, who all ſay they have not; but I dare ſwear the greateſt part of them never ſaw them; but took the report from the Greeks, who reſiſt, with incredible fortitude, the conviction of their own eyes, whenever they have invented lies to the diſhonour of their enemies. Were you to believe them, there is nothing worth ſeeing in Conſtantinople, but Sancta Sophia, though there are ſeveral larger, and, in my opinion, more beautiful moſques in that city. That of ſultan Achmet has this particularity, that its gates are of braſs. In all theſe moſques there are little chapels, where are the tombs of the founders and their families, with wax candles burning before them.

The exchanges are all noble buildings, full of fine alleys, the greateſt part ſupported with pillars, and kept wonderfully neat. Every trade has its diſtinct alley, where the merchandize is diſpoſed in the ſame order as in the New Exchange at London. The beſiſten, or jeweller's quarter, ſhews ſo much riches, ſuch a vaſt quantity of diamonds, and all kinds of precious ſtones, that they dazzle the ſight. The embroiderer's is alſo very glittering, and people walk here as much for diverſion as buſineſs. The markets are moſt of them handſome ſquares, and admirably well provided, perhaps better than in any other part of the world.

I know, you'll expect I ſhould ſay ſomething particular of the ſlaves; and you will imagine me half a Turk, when I don't ſpeak of it with the ſame horror other Chriſtians have done before me. But I cannot forbear applauding the humanity of the Turks to theſe creatures; they are never ill uſed, and their ſlavery is, in my opinion, no worſe than ſervitude all over the world. 'Tis true, they have no wages; but they give them yearly clothes to a higher value than our ſalaries to our ordinary ſervants. But you'll objeſt, that men buy women with an eye to evil. In my opinion, they are bought and ſold as publicly, and as infamouſly, in all our Chriſtian great cities.

I MUST add to the deſcription of Conſtantinople, that the hiſtorical pillar is no more. It dropped down about two years before I came to this part of the world. I have ſeen no other footſteps of antiquity, except the aqueducts, which are ſo vaſt, that I am apt to believe they are yet more ancient than the Greek empire. The Turks indeed have clapped in ſome ſtones with Turkiſh inſcriptions, to give their natives the honour of ſo great a work; but the deceit is eaſily diſcovered. — The other public buildings are the hanns and monaſteries; the firſt are very large and numerous; the ſecond few in number, and not at all magnificent. I had the curioſity to viſit one of them, and to obſerve the devotions of the derviſes, which are as whimſical as any at Rome. Theſe fellows have permiſſion to marry, but are confined to an odd habit, which is only a piece of coarſe white cloth, wrapped about them, with their legs and arms naked. Their order has few other rules, except that of performing their fantaſtic rites, every Tueſday and Friday, which is done in this manner: They meet together in a large hall, where they all ſtand with their eyes fixed on the ground, and their arms acroſs, while the imaum or preacher reads part of the alcoran from a pulpit placed in the midſt; and when he has done, eight or ten of them make a melancholy concert with their pipes, which are no unmuſical inſtruments. Then he reads again, and makes a ſhort expoſition on what he has read; after which they ſing and play, 'till their ſuperior (the only one of them dreſſed in green) riſes and begins a ſort of ſolemn dance. They all ſtand about him in a regular figure; and while ſome play, the others tie their robe (which is very wide) faſt round their waiſt, and begin to turn round with an amazing ſwiftneſs, and yet with great regard to the muſic, moving ſlower or faſter as the tune is played. This laſts above an hour, without any of them ſhewing the leaſt appearance of giddineſs, which is not to be wondered at, when it is conſidered, they are all uſed to it from their infancy; moſt of them being devoted to this way of life from their birth. There turned amongſt them ſome little derviſes, of ſix or ſeven years old, who ſeemed no more diſordered by that exercise than the others. At the end of the ceremony, they ſhout out, There is no other god, but God, and Mahomet his prophet: after which, they kiſs the ſuperior's hand, and retire. The whole is performed with the moſt ſolemn gravity. Nothing can be more auſtere than the form of theſe people; they never raiſe their eyes, and ſeem devoted to contemplation. And as ridiculous as this is in deſcription, there is ſomething touching in the air of ſubmiſſion and mortification they aſſume. —— This letter is of a horrible length; but you may burn it when you have read enough, &c. &c.

LETTER XLII.

To the Counteſs of ——

I AM now preparing to leave Conſtantinople, and perhaps you will accuſe me of hypocriſy, when I tell you 'tis with regret; but as I am uſed to the air, and have learnt the language, I am eaſy here; and as much as I love travelling, I tremble at the inconveniencies attending ſo great a journey, with a numerous family, and a little infant hanging at the breaſt. However, I endeavour, upon this occaſion, to do, as I have hitherto done in all the odd turns of my life; turn them, if I can, to my diverſion. In order to this, I ramble every day, wrapped up in my ferigee and aſmack, about Conſtantinople, and amuſe myſelf with ſeeing all that is curious in it. I know you will expect that this declaration ſhould be followed with ſome account of what I have ſeen. But I am in no humour to copy what has been writ ſo often over. To what purpoſe ſhould I tell you, that Conſtantinople is the ancient Byzantium? that 'tis at preſent the conqueſt of a race of people, ſuppoſed Scythians? that there are five or ſix thouſand moſques in it? that Sancta Sophia was founded by Juſtinian? &c. I'll aſſure you, 'tis not for want of learning, that I forbear writing all theſe bright things. I could alſo, with very little trouble, turn over Knolles and Sir Paul Rycaut, to give you a liſt of Turkiſh emperors; but I will not tell you what you may find in every author that has writ of this country. I am more inclined, out of a true female ſpirit of contradiction, to tell you the falſhood of a great part of what you find in authors; as, for inſtance, in the admirable Mr. Hill, who ſo gravely aſſerts, that he ſaw, in Sancta Sophia, a ſweating pillar, very balſamic for diſordered heads. There is not the leaſt tradition of any ſuch matter; and I ſuppoſe it was revealed to him in viſion, during his wonderful ſtay in the Egyptian catacombs; for I am ſure he never heard of any ſuch miracle here. 'Tis alſo very pleaſant to obſerve how tenderly he and all his brethren voyage-writers lament the miſerable confinement of the Turkiſh ladies, who are perhaps more free than any ladies in the univerſe, and are the only women in the world that lead a life of uninterrupted pleaſure, exempt from cares, their whole time being ſpent in viſiting, bathing, or the agreeable amuſement of ſpending money, and inventing new faſhions. An huſband would be thought mad, that exacted any degree of oeconomy from his wife, whoſe expences are no way limited but by her own fancy. 'Tis his buſineſs to get money, and hers to ſpend it: and this noble prerogative extends itſelf to the very meaneſt of the ſex. Here is a fellow that carries embroidered handkerchiefs upon his back to ſell. And as miſerable a figure as you may ſuppoſe ſuch a mean dealer, yet I'll aſſure you, his wife ſcorns to wear any thing leſs than cloth of gold; has her ermine furs, and a very handſome ſet of jewels for her head. 'Tis true, they have no places but the bagnios; and theſe can only be ſeen by their own ſex; however, that is a diverſion they take great pleaſure in.

I WAS, three days ago, at one of the fineſt in the town, and had the opportunity of ſeeing a Turkiſh bride received there; and all the ceremony uſed on that occaſion, which made me recollect the epithalamium of Helen, by Theocritus; and it ſeems to me, that the ſame cuſtoms have continued ever ſince. All the ſhe-friends, relations and acquaintance of the two families, newly allied, meet at the bagnio; ſeveral others go, out of curioſity; and I believe, there were that day two hundred women. Thoſe that were, or had been married, placed themſelves round the rooms, on the marble ſofas; but the virgins very haſtily threw off their clothes, and appeared without other ornament or covering, than their own long hair braided with pearl or ribbon. Two of them met the bride at the door, conducted by her mother and another grave relation. She was a beautiful maid of about ſeventeen, very richly dreſſed, and ſhining with jewels, but was preſently reduced to the ſtate of nature. Two others filled ſilver gilt pots with perfume, and began the proceſſion, the reſt following in pairs, to the number of thirty. The leaders ſung an epithalamium, anſwered by the others in chorus, and the two laſt led the fair bride, her eyes fixed on the ground, with a charming affectation of modeſty. In this order they marched round the three largeſt rooms of the bagnio. 'Tis not eaſy to repreſent to you, the beauty of this ſight, moſt of them being well proportioned and white ſkinned; all of them perfectly ſmooth and poliſhed by the frequent uſe of bathing. After having made their tour, the bride was again led to every matron round the rooms, who ſaluted her with a compliment and a preſent, ſome of jewels, others of pieces of ſtuff, handkerchiefs, or little gallantries of that nature, which ſhe thanked them for, by kiſſing their hands. I was very well pleaſed with having ſeen this ceremony; and you may believe me, that the Turkiſh ladies have, at leaſt, as much wit and civility, nay liberty, as among us. 'Tis true, the ſame cuſtoms that give them ſo many opportunities of gratifying their evil inclinations (if they have any) alſo put it very fully in the power of their huſbands to revenge themſelves, if they are diſcovered; and I do not doubt, but they ſuffer ſometimes for their indiſcretions in a very ſevere manner. About two months ago, there was found at day-break, not very far from my houſe, the bleeding body of a young woman, naked, only wrapped in a coarſe ſheet, with two wounds of a knife, one in her ſide, and another in her breaſt. She was not quite cold, and was ſo ſurpriſingly beautiful, that there were very few men in Pera, that did not go to look upon her; but it was not poſſible for any body to know her, no woman's face being known. She was ſuppoſed to have been brought, in the dead of the night, from the Conſtantinople ſide, and laid there. Very little inquiry was made about the murderer, and the corpſe was privately buried without noiſe. Murder is never purſued by the king's officers, as with us. 'Tis the buſineſs of the next relations to revenge the dead perſon; and if they like better to compound the matter for money (as they generally do) there is no more ſaid of it. One would imagine this defect in their government ſhould make ſuch tragedies very frequent, yet they are extremely rare; which is enough to prove the people not naturally cruel. Neither do I think, in many other particulars, they deſerve the barbarous character we give them. I am well acquainted with a Chriſtian woman of quality, who made it her choice to live with a Turkiſh huſband, and is a very agreeable ſenſible lady. Her ſtory is ſo extraordinary, I cannot forbear relating it; but I promiſe you, it ſhall be in as few words as I can poſſibly expreſs it.

SHE is a Spaniard, and was at Naples with her family, when that kingdom was part of the Spaniſh dominion. Coming from thence in a felucca, accompanied by her brother, they were attacked by the Turkiſh admiral, boarded and taken. —— And now how ſhall I modeſtly tell you the reſt of her adventure? The ſame accident happened to her, that happened to the fair Lucretia ſo many years before her. But ſhe was too good a Chriſtian to kill herſelf, as that heatheniſh Roman did. The admiral was ſo much charmed with the beauty and long-ſuffering of the fair captive, that, as his firſt compliment, he gave immediate liberty to her brother and attendants, who made haſte to Spain, and, in a few months, ſent the ſum of four thouſand pounds ſterling, as a ranſom for his ſiſter. The Turk took the money, which he preſented to her, and told her ſhe was at liberty. But the lady very diſcreetly weighed the different treatment ſhe was likely to find in her native country. Her relations (as the kindeſt thing they could do for her in her preſent circumſtances) would certainly confine her to a nunnery for the reſt of her days. — Her infidel lover was very handſome, very tender, very fond of her, and laviſhed at her feet all the Turkiſh magnificence. She anſwered him very reſolutely, that her liberty was not ſo precious to her as her honour; that he could no way reſtore that, but by marrying her; and ſhe therefore deſired him to accept the ranſom as her portion, and give her the ſatisfaction of knowing, that no man could boaſt of her favours, without being her huſband. The admiral was tranſported at this kind offer, and ſent back the money to her relations, ſaying, he was too happy in her poſſeſſion. He married her, and never took any other wife, and (as ſhe ſays herſelf) ſhe never had reaſon to repent the choice ſhe made. He left her, ſome years after, one of the richeſt widows in Conſtantinople. But there is no remaining honourably a ſingle woman, and that conſideration has obliged her to marry the preſent captain baſſa (i. e. admiral) his ſucceſſor. — I am afraid that you will think my friend fell in love with her raviſher; but I am willing to take her word for it, that ſhe acted wholly on principles of honour, though I think ſhe might be reaſonably touched at his generoſity, which is often found amongſt the Turks of rank.

'Tis a degree of generoſity to tell the truth, and 'tis very rare that any Turk will aſſert a ſolemn falſhood. I don't ſpeak of the loweſt ſort; for as there is a great deal of ignorance, there is very little virtue amongſt them; and falſe witneſſes are much cheaper than in Chriſtendom; thoſe wretches not being puniſhed (even when they are publicly detected) with the rigour they ought to be.

Now I am ſpeaking of their law, I don't know whether I have ever mentioned to you one cuſtom peculiar to their country, I mean adoption, very common amongſt the Turks, and yet more amongſt the Greeks and Armenians. Not having it in their power to give their eſtates to a friend or diſtant relation; to avoid its falling into the grand ſignior's treaſury; when they are not likely to have any children of their own, they chuſe ſome pretty child of either ſex, amongſt the meaneſt people, and carry the child and its parents before the cadi, and there declare they receive it for their heir. The parents, at the ſame time, renounce all future claim to it; a writing is drawn and witneſſed, and a child thus adopted, cannot be diſinherited. Yet I have ſeen ſome common beggars, that have refuſed to part with their children in this manner, to ſome of the richeſt among the Greeks; (ſo powerful is the inſtinctive affection that is natural to parents!) though the adopting fathers are generally very tender to theſe children of their ſouls; as they call them. I own this cuſtom pleaſes me much better than our abſurd one of following our name. Methinks, 'tis much more reaſonable to make happy and rich an infant whom I educate after my own manner, brought up (in the Turkiſh phraſe) upon my knees, and who has learned to look upon me with a filial reſpect, than to give an eſtate to a creature, without other merit or relation to me, than that of a few letters. Yet this is an abſurdity we ſee frequently practiſed. —— Now I have mentioned the Armenians, perhaps it will be agreeable to tell you ſomething of that nation, with which I am ſure you are utterly unacquainted. I will not trouble you with the geographical account of the ſituation of their country, which you may ſee in the maps; or a relation of their ancient greatneſs, which you may read in the Roman hiſtory. They are now ſubject to the Turks; and, being very induſtrious in trade, and increaſing and multiplying, are diſperſed in great numbers through all the Turkiſh dominions. They were, as they ſay, converted to the Chriſtian religion by St. Gregory, and are perhaps the devouteſt Chriſtians in the whole world. The chief precepts of their prieſts injoin the ſtrict keeping of their lents, which are, at leaſt, ſeven months in every year, and are not to be diſpenſed with on the moſt emergent neceſſity; no occaſion whatever can excuſe them, if they touch any thing more than mere herbs or roots (without oil) and plain dry bread. That is their conſtant diet. —— Mr. W——y has one of his interpreters of this nation, and the poor fellow was brought ſo low, by the ſeverity of his faſts, that his life was deſpaired of. Yet neither his maſter's command, nor the doctor's entreaties (who declared nothing elſe could ſave his life) were powerful enough to prevail with him to take two or three ſpoonfuls of broth. Excepting this, which may rather be called a cuſtom, than an article of faith, I ſee very little in their religion different from ours. 'Tis true, they ſeem to incline very much to Mr. Whiſton's doctrine; neither do I think the Greek church very diſtant from it, ſince 'tis certain, the holy Spirit's proceeding only from the Father, is making a plain ſubordination in the Son. —— But the Armenians have no notion of tranſubſtantiation, whatever account Sir Paul Rycaut gives of them, (which account, I am apt to believe, was deſigned to compliment our court in 1679,) and they have a great horror for thoſe amongſt them, that change to the Roman Religion. What is moſt extraordinary in their cuſtoms, is their matrimony; a ceremony, I believe, unparallell'd all over the world. They are always promiſed very young; but the eſpouſed never ſee one another, till three days after their marriage. The bride is carried to church, with a cap on her head, in the faſhion of a large trencher, and over it a red ſilken veil; which covers her all over to her feet. The prieſt aſks the bridegroom, Whether he is contented to marry that woman, be ſhe deaf, be ſhe blind? Theſe are the literal words: to which having anſwered, yes, ſhe is led home to his houſe, accompanied with all the friends and relations on both ſides, ſinging and dancing, and is placed on a cuſhion in the corner of the ſofa; but her veil is never lifted up, not even by her huſband. There is ſomething ſo odd and monſtrous in theſe ways, that I could not believe them, till I had inquired of ſeveral Armenians myſelf, who all aſſured me of the truth of them, particularly one young fellow, who wept when he ſpoke of it, being promiſed by his mother to a girl that he muſt marry in this manner, though he proteſted to me, he had rather die than ſubmit to this ſlavery, having already figured his bride to himſelf with all the deformities of nature. —— I fancy I ſee you bleſs yourſelf at this terrible relation. I cannot conclude my letter with a more ſurpriſing ſtory; yet 'tis as ſeriouſly true, as that I am,

Dear ſiſter, yours, &c. &c.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.

LETTERS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M—y W——y M——e.

VOLUME III.

LETTER XLIII.

To the Abbot of ——

Conſtantinople, May 19. O. S. 1718.

I AM extremely pleaſed with hearing from you, and my vanity (the darling frailty of human kind) not a little flattered by the uncommon queſtions you aſk me, though I am utterly incapable of anſwering them. And, indeed, were I as good a mathematician as Euclid himſelf, it requires an age's ſtay to make juſt obſervations on the air and vapours. I have not been yet a full year here, and am on the point of removing. Such is my rambling deſtiny. This will ſurpriſe you, and can ſurpriſe no body ſo much as myſelf. Perhaps, you will accuſe me of lazineſs, or dulneſs, or both together, that can leave this place, without giving you ſome account of the Turkiſh court. I can only tell you, that if you pleaſe to read Sir Paul Rycaut, you will there find a full and true account of the vizier's, the beglerbys, the civil and ſpiritual government, the officers of the ſeraglio, &c. things that 'tis very eaſy to procure liſts of, and therefore may be depended on; though other ſtories, God knows —— I ſay no more —— every body is at liberty to write their own remarks; the manners of people may change; or ſome of them eſcape the obſervation of travellers; but 'tis not the ſame of the government; and, for that reaſon, ſince I can tell you nothing new, I will tell you nothing of it. In the ſame ſilence ſhall be paſſed over the arſenal and ſeven towers; and for moſques, I have already deſcribed one of the nobleſt to you very particularly. But I cannot forbear taking notice to you of a miſtake of Gemelli, (though I honour him in a much higher degree than any other voyage-writer:) he ſays that there are no remains of Calcedon; this is certainly a miſtake: I was there yeſterday, and went croſs the canal in my galley, the ſea being very narrow between that city and Conſtantinople. 'Tis ſtill a large town, and has ſeveral moſques in it. The Chriſtians ſtill call it Calcedonia, and the Turks give it a name I forgot, but which is only a corruption of the ſame word. I ſuppoſe this is an error of his guide, which his ſhort ſtay hindered him from rectifying; for I have, in other matters, a very juſt eſteem for his veracity. Nothing can be pleaſanter than the canal; and the Turks are ſo well acquainted with its beauties, that all their pleaſure-ſeats are built on its banks, where they have, at the ſame time, the moſt beautiful proſpects in Europe and Aſia; there are, near one another, ſome hundreds of magnificent palaces. Human grandeur being here yet more unſtable than any where elſe, 'tis common for the heirs of a great three-tailed baſſa, not to be rich enough to keep in repair the houſe he built; thus, in a few years, they all fall to ruin. I was yeſterday to ſee that of the late grand vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin. It was built to receive his royal bride, daughter of the preſent Sultan; but he did not live to ſee her there. I have a great mind to deſcribe it to you; but I check that inclination, knowing very well, that I cannot give you, with my beſt deſcription, ſuch an idea of it as I ought. It is ſituated on one of the moſt delightful parts of the canal, with a fine wood on the ſide of a hill behind it. The extent of it is prodigious; the guardian aſſured me, there are eight hundred rooms in it; I will not, however, anſwer for that number, ſince I did not count them; but 'tis certain the number is very large, and the whole adorned with a profuſion of marble, gilding, and the moſt exquiſite painting of fruit and flowers. The windows are all ſaſhed with the fineſt chryſtalline glaſs brought from England; and here is all the expenſive magnificence that you can ſuppoſe in a palace founded by a vain luxurious young man, with the wealth of a vaſt empire at his command. But no part of it pleaſed me better than the apartments deſtined for the bagnios. There are two built exactly in the ſame manner, anſwering to one another; the baths, fountains, and pavements, all of white marble, the roofs gilt, and the walls covered with Japan china. Adjoining to them are two rooms, the uppermoſt of which is divided into a ſofa, and in the four corners are falls of water from the very roof, from ſhell to ſhell, of white marble, to the lower end of the room, where it falls into a large baſin, ſurrounded with pipes, that throw up the water as high as the roof. The walls are in the nature of lattices; and, on the outſide of them, there are vines and woodbines planted, that form a ſort of green tapeſtry, and give an agreeable obſcurity to thoſe delightful chambers. I ſhould go on and let you into ſome of the other apartments (all worthy your curioſity) but 'tis yet harder to deſcribe a Turkiſh palace than any other, being built entirely irregular. There is nothing that can be properly called front or wings; and though ſuch a confuſion is, I think, pleaſing to the ſight, yet it would be very unintelligible in a letter. I ſhall only add, that the chamber deſtined for the ſultan, when he viſits his daughter, is wainſcotted with mother of pearl, faſtened with emeralds like nails. There are others of mother of pearl and olive wood inlaid, and ſeveral of Japan china. The galleries, which are numerous, and very large, are adorned with jars of flowers, and porcelain diſhes of fruit of all ſorts, ſo well done in plaiſter, and coloured in ſo lively a manner, that it has an enchanting effect. The garden is ſuitable to the houſe, where arbours, fountains, and walks, are thrown together in an agreeable confuſion. There is no ornament wanting, except that of ſtatues. Thus, you ſee, Sir, theſe people are not ſo unpoliſhed as we repreſent them. 'Tis true, their magnificence is of a different taſte from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almoſt of opinion, they have a right notion of life. They conſume it in muſic, gardens, wine, and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with ſome ſcheme of politics, or ſtudying ſome ſcience to which we can never attain, or, if we do, cannot perſuade other people to ſet that value upon it we do ourſelves. 'Tis certain, what we feel and ſee is properly (if any thing is properly) our own; but the good of fame, the folly of praiſe, are hardly purchaſed, and, when obtained, a poor recompenſe for loſs of time and health. We die or grow old before we can reap the fruit of our labours. Conſidering what ſhort-liv'd, weak animals men are, is there any ſtudy ſo beneficial as the ſtudy of preſent pleaſure? I dare not purſue this theme; perhaps I have already ſaid too much, but I depend upon the true knowledge you have of my heart. I don't expect from you the inſipid railleries I ſhould ſuffer from another in anſwer to this letter. You know how to divide the idea of pleaſure from that of vice, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools. —— But I allow you to laugh at me for the ſenſual declaration in ſaying, that I had rather be a rich effendi, with all his ignorance, than Sir Iſaac Newton with all his knowledge.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

LETTER XLIV.

To the Abbot of ——

Tunis, July 31. O. S. 1718.

I LEFT Conſtantinople the ſixth of the laſt month, and this is the firſt poſt from whence I could ſend a letter, though I have often wiſhed for the opportunity, that I might impart ſome of the pleaſure I found in this voyage, through the moſt agreeable part of the world, where every ſcene preſents me ſome poetical idea.

Warm'd with poetic tranſport I ſurvey
Th' immortal iſlands, and the well known ſea.
For here ſo oft the muſe her harp has ſtrung,
That not a mountain rears its head unſung.

I BEG your pardon for this ſally, and will, if I can, continue the reſt of my account in plain proſe. The ſecond day after we ſet ſail, we paſſed Gallipolis, a fair city, ſituated in the bay of Cherſoneſus, and much reſpected by the Turks, being the firſt town they took in Europe. At five the next morning, we anchored in the Helleſpont, between the caſtles of Seſtos and Abydos, now called the Dardanelli. Theſe are now two little ancient caſtles, but of no ſtrength, being commanded by a riſing ground behind them, which I confeſs I ſhould never have taken notice of, if I had not heard it obſerved by our captain and officers, my imagination being wholly employed by the tragic ſtory, that you are well acquainted with:

The ſwimming lover, and the nightly bride,
How Hero lov'd, and how Leander died.

Verſe again! — I am certainly infected by the poetical air I have paſſed through. That of Abydos is undoubtedly very amorous, ſince that ſoft paſſion betrayed the caſtle into the hands of the Turks who beſieged it in the reign of Orchanes. The governor's daughter imagining to have ſeen her future huſband in a dream (though I don't find ſhe had either ſlept upon bride-cake, or kept St. Agnes's faſt) fancied ſhe ſaw the dear figure in the form of one of her beſiegers; and, being willing to obey her deſtiny, toſſed a note to him over the wall, with the offer of her perſon, and the delivery of the caſtle. He ſhewed it to his general, who conſented to try the ſincerity of her intentions, and withdrew his army, ordering the young man to return with a ſelect body of men at midnight. She admitted him at the appointed hour, he deſtroyed the garriſon, took the father priſoner, and made her his wife. This town is in Aſia, firſt founded by the Mileſians. Seſtos is in Europe, and was once the principal city of Cherſoneſus. Since I have ſeen this ſtrait, I find nothing improbable in the adventure of Leander, or very wonderful in the bridge of boats of Xerxes. 'Tis ſo narrow, 'tis not ſurpriſing a young lover ſhould attempt to ſwin, or an ambitious king try to paſs his army over it. But then, 'tis ſo ſubject to ſtorms, 'tis no wonder the lover periſhed, and the bridge was broken. From hence we had a full view of mount Ida;

Where Juno once careſs'd her am'rous Jove,
And the world's maſter lay ſubdu'd by love.

Not many leagues ſail from hence, I ſaw the point of land where poor old Hecuba was buried, and about a league from that place is Cape Janizary, the famous promontory of Sigaeum, where we anchored. My curioſity ſupplied me with ſtrength to climb to the top of it, to ſee the place where Achilles was buried, and where Alexander ran naked round his tomb, in honour of him, which, no doubt, was a great comfort to his ghoſt. I ſaw there, the ruins of a very large city, and found a ſtone, on which Mr.

W——y plainly diſtinguiſhed the words of Sigæn Polin. We ordered this on board the ſhip, but were ſhewed others much more curious, by a Greek prieſt, tho' a very ignorant fellow, that could give no tolerable account of any thing. On each ſide the door of this little church ly two large ſtones, about ten feet long each, five in breadth, and threee in thickneſs. That on the right is a very fine white marble, the ſide of it beautifully carved in bas-relief; it repreſents a woman, who ſeems to be deſigned for ſome deity, ſitting on a chair with a footſtool, and before her another woman, weeping, and preſenting to her a young child that ſhe has in her arms, followed by a proceſſion of women with children in the ſame manner. This is certainly part of a very ancient tomb; but I dare not pretend to give the true explanation of it. On the ſtone, on the left ſide, is a very fair inſcription; but the Greek is too ancient for Mr. W——y's interpretation. I am very ſorry not to have the original in my poſſeſſion, which might have been purchaſed of the poor inhabitants for a ſmall ſum of money. But our captain aſſured us, that, without having machines made on purpoſe, 'twas impoſſible to bear it to the ſea-ſide, and, when it was there, his long-boat would not be large enough to hold it.

The ruins of this great city are now inhabited by poor Greek peaſants, who wear the Sciote habit, the women being in ſhort petticoats, faſtened by ſtraps round their ſhoulders, and large ſmock ſleeves of white linen, with neat ſhoes and ſtockings, and on their heads a large piece of muſlin, which falls in large folds on their ſhoulders. — One of my countrymen, Mr. Sands, (whoſe book I doubt not you have read, as one of the beſt of its kind) ſpeaking of theſe ruins, ſuppoſes them to have been the foundation of a city begun by Conſtantine, before his building Byzantium; but I ſee no good reaſon for that imagination, and am apt to believe them much more ancient.

We ſaw very plainly from this promontory, the river Simois rolling from mount Ida, and running through a very ſpacious valley. It is now a conſiderable river, and is called Simores; it is joined in the vale by the Scamander, which appeared a ſmall ſtream half choked with mud, but is perhaps large in the winter. This was Xanthus amongſt the gods, as Homer tells us; and 'tis by that heavenly name, the nymph Oenone invokes it, in her epiſtle to Paris. The Trojan virgins uſed to offer their firſt favours to it, by the name of Scamander, till the adventure, which Monſieur de la Fontaine has told ſo agreeably, aboliſh'd that heatheniſh ceremony. When the ſtream is mingled with the Simois, they run together to the ſea.

All that is now left of Troy is the ground on which it ſtood; for, I am firmly perſuaded, whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it, are much more modern, and I think Strabo ſays the ſame thing. However, there is ſome pleaſure in ſeeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of Menelaus and Paris had been fought, and where the greateſt city in the world was ſituated. 'Tis certainly the nobleſt ſituation that can be found for the head of a great empire, much to be preferred to that of Conſtantinople, the harbour here being always convenient for ſhips from all parts of the world, and that of Conſtantinople inacceſſible almoſt ſix months in the year, while the north-wind reigns.

Nᴏʀᴛʜ of the promontory of Sigaeum we ſaw that of Rhaeteum, famed for the ſepulchre of Ajax. While I viewed theſe celebrated fields and rivers, I admired the exact geography of Homer, whom I had in my hand. Almoſt every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain, is ſtill juſt for it; and I ſpent ſeveral hours here in as agreeable cogitations, as ever Don Quixote had on mount Monteſinos. We ſailed next night to the ſhore, where 'tis vulgarly reported Troy ſtood; and I took the pains of riſing at two in the morning to view cooly thoſe ruins which are commonly ſhewed to ſtrangers, and which the Turks call Eſki Stamboul, i. e. Old Conſtantinople. For that reaſon, as well as ſome others, I conjecture them to be the remains of that city begun by Conſtantine. I hired an aſs (the only voiture to be had there) that I might go ſome miles into the country, and take a tour round the ancient walls, which are of a vaſt extent. We found the remains of a caſtle on a hill, and of another in a valley, ſeveral broken pillars and two pedeſtals, from which I took theſe Latin inſcriptions:

DIVI. AUG. COL.
ET. COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
EORUNDEM ET PRINCIP. AM
COL. IUL. PARIANAE. TRIBUN.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTAR.
TRIB. MILIT. LEG. XIII. GEM.
PRAEFECTO EQUIT. ALAE. I.
SCUBULORUM
VIC. VIII.

DIVI. IULI. FLAMINI
C. ANTONIO. M. F.
VOLT. RUFO. FLAMIN.
DIV. AUG. COL. CL. APRENS.
ET. COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
EORUNDEM ET PRINCIP. ITEM
COL. IUL. PARIANAE TRIB.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTARIOR.
TRIB. MILIT. XIII.
GEM. PRAEF. EQUIT. ALAE. I.
SCUBULORUM
VIC. VII.

I do not doubt but the remains of a temple near this place, are the ruins of one dedicated to Auguſtus; and I know not why Mr. Sands calls it a Chriſtian temple, ſince the Romans certainly built hereabouts. Here are many tombs of fine marble, and vaſt pieces of granate, which are daily leſſened by the prodigious balls that the Turks make from them, for their cannon. We paſſed that evening the iſle of Tenedos, once under the patronage of Apollo, as he gave it in, himſelf, in the particulars of his eſtate, when he courted Daphne. It is but ten miles in circuit, but, in thoſe days, very rich and well peopled, ſtill famous for its excellent wine. I ſay nothing of Tenes, from whom it was called; but naming Mitylene, where we paſſed next, I cannot forbear mentioning Leſbos, where Sappho ſung, and Pittacus reigned, famous for the birth of Alcaeus, Theophraſtus and Arion, thoſe maſters in poetry, philoſophy, and muſick. This was one of the laſt iſlands that remained in the Chriſtian dominion after the conqueſt of Conſtantinople by the Turks. But need I talk to you of Catucuſeno, &c. princes that you are as well acquainted with as I am? 'Twas with regret I ſaw us ſail from this iſland into the Egean ſea, now the Archipelago, leaving Scio (the ancient Chios) on the left, which is the richeſt and moſt populous of theſe iſlands, fruitful in cotton, corn and ſilk, planted with groves of orange and lemon trees, and the Arviſian mountain, ſtill celebrated for the nectar that Virgil mentions. Here is the beſt manufacture of ſilks in all Turkey. The town is well built, the women famous for their beauty, and ſhew their faces as in Chriſtendom. There are many rich families; though they confine their magnificence to the inſide of their houſes, to avoid the jealouſy of the Turks, who have a baſſa here: however, they enjoy a reaſonable liberty, and indulge the genius of their country;

And eat, and ſing, and dance away their time,
Freſh as their groves, and happy as their clime.

Their chains hang lightly on them, tho' 'tis not long ſince they were impoſed, not being under the Turk till 1566. But perhaps 'tis as eaſy to obey the grand ſignior as the ſtate of Genoa, to whom they were ſold by the Greek emperor. But I forget myſelf in theſe hiſtorical touches, which are very impertinent when I write to you. Paſſing the ſtrait between the iſlands of Andros and Achaia, now Libadia, we ſaw the promontory of Lunium, now called Cape Colonna, where are yet ſtanding the vaſt pillars of a temple of Minerva. This venerable ſight made me think, with double regret, on a beautiful temple of Theſeus, which I am aſſured, was almoſt entire at Athens, till the laſt campaign in the Morea, that the Turks filled it with powder, and it was accidentally blown up. You may believe I had a great mind to land on the fam'd Peloponneſus, tho' it were only to look on the rivers of Aſopus, Peneus, Inachus and Eurotas, the fields of Arcadia, and other ſcenes of ancient mythology. But inſtead of demi-gods and heroes, I was credibly informed, 'tis now overrun by robbers, and that I ſhould run a great riſque of falling into their hands, by undertaking ſuch a journey through a deſert country, for which, however, I have ſo much reſpect, that I have much ado to hinder myſelf from troubling you with its whole hiſtory, from the foundation of Nycana and Corinth, to the laſt campaign there; but I check the inclination as I did that of landing. We ſailed quietly by Cape Angelo, once Malea, where I ſaw no remains of the famous temple of Apollo. We came that evening in ſight of Candia: it is very mountainous; we eaſily diſtinguiſhed that of Ida. — We have Virgil's gil's authority, that here were a hundred cities —

—Centum urbes habitant magnas—

The chief of them — the ſcene of monſtrous paſſions. —— Metellus firſt conquered this birth-place of his Jupiter; it fell afterwards into the hands of —— I am running on to the very ſiege of Candia; and I am ſo angry with myſelf, that I will paſs by all the other iſlands with this general reflection, that 'tis impoſſible to imagine any thing more agreeable than this journey would have been two or three thouſand years ſince, when, after drinking a diſh of tea with Sappho, I might have gone, the ſame evening, to viſit the temple of Homer in Chios, and paſſed this voyage in taking plans of magnificent temples, delineating the miracles of ſtatuaries, and converſing with the moſt polite and moſt gay of mankind. Alas! art is extinct here; the wonders of nature alone remain; and it is with vaſt pleaſure I obſerved thoſe of mount Aetna, whoſe flame appears very bright in the night many leagues off at ſea, and fills the head with a thouſand conjectures. However, I honour philoſophy too much, to imagine it could turn that of Empedocles; and Lucian ſhall never make me believe ſuch a ſcandal of a man, of whom Lucretius ſays,

—Vix humana videtur ſtirpe creatus. —

We paſſed Trinacria without hearing any of the ſyrens that Homer deſcribes, and, being thrown on neither Scylla nor Charybdis, came ſafe to Malta, firſt called Melita, from the abundance of honey. It is a whole rock covered with very little earth. The grand maſter lives here in the ſtate of a ſovereign prince; but his ſtrength at ſea now is very ſmall. The fortifications are reckoned the beſt in the world, all cut in the ſolid rock with infinite expence and labour. —— Off this iſland we were toſſed by a ſevere ſtorm, and were very glad, after eight days, to be able to put into Porta Farine on the African ſhore, where our ſhip now rides. At Tunis we were met by the Engliſh conſul who reſides here. I readily accepted of the offer of his houſe there for ſome days, being very curious to ſee this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of Carthage. I ſet out in his chaiſe at nine at night, the moon being at full. I ſaw the proſpect of the country almoſt as well as I could have done by daylight; and the heat of the ſun is now ſo intolerable, 'tis impoſſible to travel at any other time. The ſoil is, for the moſt part, ſandy, but every where fruitful of date, olive, and fig-trees, which grow without art, yet afford the moſt delicious fruit in the world. Their vineyards and melon-fields are inclos'd by hedges of that plant we call Indian fig, which is an admirable fence, no wild beaſt being able to paſs it. It grows a great height, very thick, and the ſpikes or thorns are as long and ſharp as bodkins; it bears a fruit much eaten by the peaſants, and which has no ill taſte.

It being now the ſeaſon of the Turkiſh ramadan, or Lent, and all here profeſſing, at leaſt, the Mahometan religion, they faſt till the going down of the ſun, and ſpend the night in feaſting. We ſaw under the trees, companies of the country people, eating, ſinging, and dancing, to their wild muſic. They are not quite black, but all mulattoes, and the moſt frightful creatures that can appear in a human figure. They are almoſt naked, only wearing a piece of coarſe ſerge wrapped about them. —— But the women have their arms, to their very ſhoulders, and their necks and faces, adorned with flowers, ſtars, and various ſorts of figures impreſſed by gun-powder; a conſiderable addition to their natural deformity; which is, however, eſteemed very ornamental amongſt them; and I believe they ſuffer a good deal of pain by it.

About ſix miles from Tunis, we ſaw the remains of that noble aqueduct, which carried the water to Carthage, over ſeveral high mountains, the length of forty miles. There are ſtill many arches entire. We ſpent two hours viewing it with great attention, and Mr. W——y aſſured me that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The ſtones are of a prodigious ſize, and yet all poliſhed, and ſo exactly fitted to each other, very little cement has been made uſe of to join them. Yet they may probably ſtand a thouſand years longer, if art is not made uſe of to pull them down. Soon after daybreak I arrived at Tunis, a town fairly built of very white ſtone, but quite without gardens, which, they ſay, were all deſtroyed when the Turks firſt took it, none having been planted ſince. The dry ſand gives a very diſagreeable proſpect to the eye; and the want of ſhade contributing to the natural heat of the climate, renders it ſo exceſſive, that I have much ado to ſupport it. 'Tis true here is, every noon, the refreſhment of the ſea-breeze, without which it would be impoſſible to live; but no freſh water but what is preſerved in the ciſterns of the rains that fall in the month of September. The women of the town go veiled from head to foot under a black crape, and being mix'd with a breed of renegadoes, are ſaid to be many of them fair and handſome. This city was beſieged in 1270, by Lewis King of France, who died under the walls of it, of a peſtilential fever. After his death, Philip, his ſon, and our prince Edward, ſon of Henry III, raiſed the ſiege on honourable terms. It remained under its natural African kings, till betrayed into the hands of Barbaroſſa, admiral of Solyman the Magnificent. The emperor Charles V. expelled Barbaroſſa, but it was recovered by the Turk, under the conduct of Sinan Baſſa, in the reign of Selim II. From that time till now, it has remained tributary to the grand ſignior, governed by a bey, who ſuffers the name of ſubject to the Turk, but has renounced the ſubjection, being abſolute, and very ſeldom paying any tribute. The great city of Bagdat is, at this time, in the ſame circumſtances; and the grand ſignior connives at the loſs of theſe dominions, for fear of loſing even the titles of them.

I WENT very early yeſterday morning (after one night's repoſe) to ſee the ruins of Carthage. —— I was, however, half broiled in the ſun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the ſubterranean apartments, which they called, The ſtables of the elephants, but which I cannot believe were ever deſigned for that uſe. I found in many of them broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and ſome of porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the inſignificant pains of carrying them thither, and I cannot imagine ſuch fine pillars were deſigned for the uſe of ſtables. I am apt to believe they were ſummer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate rendered neceſſary. They are now uſed as granaries by the country people. While I ſat here, from the town of Tents not far off, many of the women flocked in to ſee me, and we were equally entertained with viewing one another. Their poſture in ſitting, the colour of their ſkin, their lank black hair falling on each ſide their faces, their features, and the ſhape of their limbs, differ ſo little from their country-people the baboons, 'tis hard to fancy them a diſtinct race; I could not help thinking there had been ſome ancient alliances between them.

When I was a little refreſhed by reſt, and ſome milk and exquiſite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once ſtood the caſtle of Byrſa, and from thence I had a diſtinct view of the ſituation of the famous city of Carthage, which ſtood on an iſthmus, the ſea coming on each ſide of it. 'Tis now a marſhy ground on one ſide, where there are ſalt ponds. Strabo calls Carthage forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it, but what I have deſcribed; and the hiſtory of it is too well known to want any abridgement of it. You ſee, Sir, that I think you eſteem obedience better than compliments. I have anſwered your letter, by giving you the accounts you deſired, and have reſerved my thanks to the concluſion. I intend to leave this place to-morrow, and continue my journey through Italy and France. In one of thoſe places I hope to tell you, by word of mouth, that I am,

Your humble ſervant, &c. &c.

LETTER XLV.

To the Counteſs of ——

Genoa, Aug. 28. O. S. 1718.

I BEG your pardon, my dear ſiſter, that I did not write to you from Tunis, the only opportunity I have had ſince I left Conſtantinople. But the heat there was ſo exceſſive, and the light ſo bad for the ſight, I was half blind by writing one letter to the Abbot ——, and durſt not go to write many others I had deſigned; nor indeed could I have entertained you very well out of that barbarous country. I am now ſurrounded with ſubjects of pleaſure, and ſo much charmed with the beauties of Italy, that I ſhould think it a kind of ingratitude not to offer a little praiſe in return for the diverſion I have had here. —— I am in the houſe of Mrs. D'Avenant at St. Pierre d' Arena, and ſhould be very unjuſt, not to allow her a ſhare of that praiſe I ſpeak of, ſince her good humour and good company have very much contributed to render this place agreeable to me.

Genoa is ſituated in a very fine bay; and being built on a riſing hill, intermixed with gardens, and beautified with the moſt excellent architecture, gives a very fine proſpect off at ſea; though it loſt much of its beauty in my eyes, having been accuſtomed to that of Conſtantinople. The Genoeſe were once maſters of ſeveral iſlands in the Archipelago, and all that part of Conſtantinople, which is now called Galata. Their betraying the Chriſtian cauſe, by facilitating the taking of Conſtantinople by the Turk, deſerved what has ſince happened to them, even the loſs of all their conqueſts on that ſide to thoſe infidels. They are at preſent far from rich, and are deſpiſed by the French, ſince their doge was forced by the late king to go in perſon to Paris, to aſk pardon for ſuch a trifle as the arms of France over the houſe of the envoy, being ſpattered with dung in the night. This I ſuppoſe, was done by ſome of the Spaniſh faction, which ſtill makes up the majority here, though they dare not openly declare it. The ladies affect the French habit, and are more genteel than thoſe they imitate. I do not doubt but the cuſtom of Cizisbei's has very much improved their airs. I know not whether you ever heard of thoſe animals. Upon my word, nothing but my own eyes could have convinced me there were any ſuch upon earth. The faſhion began here, and is now received all over Italy, where the huſbands are not ſuch terrible creatures as we repreſent them. There are none among them ſuch brutes, as to pretend to find fault with a cuſtom ſo well eſtabliſhed, and ſo politically founded, ſince I am aſſured, that it was an expedient, firſt found out by the ſenate, to put an end to thoſe family hatreds, which tore their ſtate to pieces, and to find employment for thoſe young men, who were forced to cut one another's throats, pour paſſer le temps: and it has ſucceeded ſo well, that ſince the inſtitution of Ciziſbei, there has been nothing but peace and good humour amongſt them. Theſe are gentlemen who devote themſelves to the ſervice of a particular lady (I mean a married one) for the virgins are all inviſible, and confined to convents. They are obliged to wait on her to all public places, ſuch as the plays, operas, and aſſemblies, (which are called here Converſations) where they wait behind her chair, take care of her fan and gloves; if ſhe plays, have the privilege of whiſpers, &c. —— When ſhe goes out, they ſerve her inſtead of lacquies, gravely trotting by her chair. 'Tis their buſineſs to prepare for her a preſent againſt any day of public appearance, not forgetting that of her own name; *) in ſhort, they are to ſpend all their time and money in her ſervice, who rewards them accordingly (for opportunity they want none) but the husband is not to have the impudence to ſuppoſe this any other than pure Platonic friendſhip. 'Tis true, they endeavour to give her a Ciziſbei of their own chuſing; but when the lady happens not to be of the ſame taſte, as that often happens, ſhe never fails to bring it about to have one of her own fancy. In former times, one beauty uſed to have eight or ten of theſe humble admirers;

but

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*) That is, the day of the ſaint after whom ſhe is called.

but thoſe days of plenty and humility are no more. Men grow more ſcarce and ſaucy, and every lady is forced to content herſelf with one at a time.

You may ſee in this place the glorious liberty of a republic, or more properly, an ariſtocracy, the common people being here as arrant ſlaves as the French; but the old nobles pay little reſpect to the doge, who is but two years in his office, and whoſe wife, at that very time, aſſumes no rank above another noble lady. 'Tis true, the family of Andrea Doria (that great man, who reſtored them that liberty they enjoy) have ſome particular privileges. When the ſenate found it neceſſary to put a ſtop to the luxury of dreſs, forbidding the wearing of jewels and brocades, they left them at liberty to make what expence they pleaſed. I look with great pleaſure on the ſtatue of that hero, which is in the court belonging to the houſe of duke Doria. This puts me in mind of their palaces, which I can never deſcribe as I ought. —— Is it not enough, that I ſay, they are, moſt of them, the deſign of Palladio? The ſtreet called Strada Nova, is perhaps the moſt beautiful line of buildings in the world. I muſt particularly mention the vaſt palaces of Curazzo, thoſe of the two Balbi, joined together by a magnificent colonade, that of the Imperiale at this village of St. Pierre d'Arena, and another of the Doria. The perfection of architecture, and the utmoſt profuſion of rich furniture are to be ſeen here, diſpoſed with the moſt elegant taſte, and laviſh magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing ſo much as the collection of pictures by the pencils of Raphael, Paulo Veroneſe, Titian, Caracci, Michael Angelo, Guido, and Corregio, which two I mention laſt as my particular favourites. I own, I can find no pleaſure in objects of horror; and, in my opinion, the more naturally a crucifix is repreſented, the more diſagreeable it is. Theſe, my beloved painters, ſhew nature, and ſhew it in the moſt charming light. I was particularly pleaſed with a Lucretia in the houſe of Balbi; the expreſſive beauty of that face and boſom, gives all the paſſion of pity and admiration, that could be raiſed in the ſoul, by the fineſt poem on that ſubject. A Cleopatra of the ſame hand, deſerves to be mentioned; and I ſhould ſay more of her, if Lucreatia had not firſt engaged my eyes. — Here are alſo ſome ineſtimable ancient buſtos. — The church of St. Lawrence is built of black and white marble, where is kept that famous plate of a ſingle emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, ſince a plot, which, they ſay, was diſcovered, to throw it on the pavement and break it; a childiſh piece of malice, which they aſcribe to the king of Sicily, to be revenged for their refuſing to ſell it to him. The church of the annunciation is finely lined with marble; the pillars are of red and white marble; that of St. Ambroſe has been very much adorned by the Jeſuits; but, I confeſs, all the churches appeared ſo mean to me, after that of Sancta Sophia, I can hardly do them the honour of writing down their names. But I hope you will own, I have made good uſe of my time, in ſeeing ſo much, ſince 'tis not many days that we have been out of the quarantine, from which no body is exempted coming from the Levant. Ours, indeed, was very much ſhortened, and very agreeably paſs'd in Mrs. D' Avenant's company, in the village of St. Pierre d' Arena, about a mile from Genoa, in a houſe built by Palladio, ſo well deſigned, and ſo nobly proportioned, 'twas a pleaſure to walk in it. We were viſited here only by a few Engliſh, in the company of a noble Genoeſe, commiſſioned to ſee we did not touch one another. —— I ſhall ſtay here ſome days longer, and could almoſt wiſh it were for all my life; but mine, I fear, is not deſtined to ſo much tranquillity.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XLVI.

To the Counteſs of ——

Turin, Sept. 12. O. S. 1718.

I CAME in two days from Genoa, through fine roads, to this place. I have already ſeen what is ſhewed to ſtrangers in the town, which, indeed, is not worth a very particular deſcription; and I have not reſpect enough for the holy handkerchief, to ſpeak long of it. The churches are handſome, and ſo is the king's palace; but I have lately ſeen ſuch perfection of architecture, I did not give much of my attention to theſe pieces. The town itſelf is fairly built, ſituated in a fine plain on the banks of the Po. At a little diſtance from it, we ſaw the palaces of La Venerie, and La Valentin, both very agreeable retreats. We were lodged in the Piazza Royale, which is one of the nobleſt ſquares I ever ſaw, with a fine portico of white ſtone quite round it. We were immediately viſited by the Chevalier ——, whom you knew in England, who, with great civility, begged to introduce us at court, which is now kept at Rivoli, about a league from Turin. I went thither yeſterday, and had the honour of waiting on the queen, being preſented to her by her firſt lady of honour. I found her majeſty in a magnificent apartment, with a train of handſome ladies, all dreſſed in gowns, amongſt which it was eaſy to diſtinguiſh the fair princeſs of Carignan. The queen entertained me with a world of ſweetneſs and affability, and ſeemed miſtreſs of a great ſhare of good ſenſe. She did not forget to put me in mind of her Engliſh blood: and added, that ſhe always felt in herſelf a particular inclination to love the Engliſh. I returned her civility, by giving her the title of majeſty, as often as I could, which, perhaps, ſhe will not have the comfort of hearing many months longer. — The king has a great deal of vivacity in his eyes; and the young prince of Piedmont is a very handſome young man; but the great devotion which this court is, at preſent, fallen into, does not permit any of thoſe entertainments proper for his age. Proceſſions and maſſes are all the magnificence in faſhion here; and gallantry is ſo criminal, that the poor Count of —, who was our acquaintance at London, is very ſeriouſly diſgraced, for ſome ſmall overtures he preſumed to make to a maid of honour. I intend to ſet out to-morrow, and to paſs thoſe dreadful Alps, ſo much talked of. — If I come to the bottom you ſhall hear of me. — I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XLVII.

To Mrs. T——.

Lyons, Sept. 25. O. S. 1718.

I Received, at my arrival here, both your obliging letters, and alſo letters from many of my other friends, deſigned to Conſtantinople, and ſent me from Marſeilles hither; our merchant there, knowing we were upon our return. I am ſurpriſed to hear my ſiſter — has left England. I ſuppoſe what I wrote to her from Turin will be loſt, and where to direct I know not, having no account of her affairs from her own hand. For my own part, I am confined to my chamber, having kept my bed till yeſterday, ever ſince the 17th. that I came to his town, where I have had ſo terrible a fever, I believed, for ſome time, that all my journies were ended here; and I do not at all wonder, that ſuch fatigues as I have paſſed, ſhould have ſuch an effect. The firſt day's journey from Turin to Novaleſſe, is through a very fine country, beautifully planted, and enriched by art and nature. The next day we began to aſcend mount Cenis, being carried in little ſeats of twiſted oſiers, fixed upon poles, upon mens ſhoulders; our chaiſes taken to pieces, and laid upon mules.

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The prodigious proſpect of mountains covered with eternal ſnow, of clouds hanging far below our feet, and of vaſt caſcades tumbling down the rocks with a confuſed roaring, would have been entertaining to me, if I had ſuffered leſs from the extreme cold that reigns here. But the miſty rains which fall perpetually, penetrated even the thick fur I was wrapped in; and I was half dead with cold, before we got to the foot of the mountain, which was not till two hours after dark. This hill has a ſpacious plain on the top of it, and a fine lake there; but the deſcent is ſo ſteep and ſlippery, 'tis ſurpriſing to ſee theſe chairmen go ſo ſteadily as they do. Yet I was not half ſo much afraid of breaking my neck, as I was of falling ſick; and the event has ſhewed, that I placed my fears right.

THE other mountains are now all paſſable for a chaiſe, and very fruitful in vines and paſtures. Amongſt them is a breed of the fineſt goats in the world. Acquebellet is the laſt, and ſoon after we entered Pont Beauvoiſin, the frontier town of France, whoſe bridge parts this kingdom, and the dominions of Savoy. The ſame night we arrived late at this town, where I have had nothing to do, but to take care of my health. I think myſelf already out of any danger; and am determined, that the ſore throat, which ſtill remains, ſhall not confine me long. I am impatient to ſee the curioſities of this famous city, and more impatient to continue my journey to Paris, from whence I hope to write you a more diverting letter than 'tis poſſible for me to do now, with a mind weakened by ſickneſs, a head muddled with ſpleen, from a ſorry inn, and a chamber crammed with mortifying objects of apothecaries vials and bottles. — I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Mr. Pope.

Lyons, Sept. 28. O. S.

I RECEIVED yours here, and ſhould thank you for the pleaſure you ſeem to enjoy from my return; but I can hardly forbear being angry at you, for rejoicing at what diſpleaſes me ſo much. You will think this but an odd compliment on my ſide. I'll aſſure you, 'tis not from inſenſibility of the joy of ſeeing my friends; but when I conſider, that I muſt, at the ſame time, ſee and hear a thouſand diſagreeable impertinents; that I muſt receive and pay viſits, make courteſies, and aſſiſt at tea-tables, where I ſhall be half killed with queſtions: and, on the other part, that I am a creature that cannot ſerve any body, but with inſignificant good wiſhes; and that my preſence is not a neceſſary good to any one member of my native country, I think I might much better have ſtaid where eaſe and quiet made up the happineſs of my indolent life. — I ſhould certainly be melancholy, if I purſued this theme one line farther. I will rather fill the remainder of this paper with the inſcriptions on the tables of braſs, that are placed on each ſide of the town-houſe.

I. TABLE.

Maererum. noſtr : : : : : ſii : : : : : Equidem. primam. omnium. illam. cogitationem. hominum. quam. maxime. primam. occurſuram. mihi. provideo. deprecor. ne. quaſi. novam. iſtam. rem. introduci. exhorreſcatis. ſed. illa. potius. cogitetis. quam. multa. in. hac. civitate. novata. ſint. et. quidem. ſtatim. ab. origine. urbis. noſtrae. in. quod. formas. ſtatuſque. res. p. noſtra. diducta. ſit.

Quondam. reges. . hanc. tenuere. urbem. ne. tamen. domeſticis. ſucceſ-

ſoribus. eam. tradere. contigit. ſupervenere. alieni. et. quidam. externi. ut. Numa. Romulo. ſuccefferit. ex. Sabinis. veniens. vicinus. quidem. ſed. tunc. externus. ut Anco. Marcio. Priſcus. Tarquinius. propter. temeratum. ſanguinem. quod. patre. de. marato. Corinthio. natus. eret. et. Tarquinienſi. matre. generoſa. ſed. inopi. ut. quae. tali. marito. neceſſe. habuerit. ſuccumbere. cum. domi. repelleretur. a. gerendis. honoribus. poſtquam. Romam. migravit. regnum. adeptus. eſt. huic. quoque. et. filio. nepotive. ejus. nam. et. hoc. inter. auctores. diſcrepat. incertus. Servius. Tullius. ſi. noſtros. ſequimur. captiva. natus. ocreſia. ſi. tuſcos. coeli. quondam. vivennae. ſodalis. fideliſſimus. omnisque. ejus. caſus. comes. poſtquam. varia. fortuna. exactus. cum. omnibus. reliquis. coeliani. exercitus. Etruria. exceſſit. montem. Coelium. occupavit. et. a. duce. ſuo. Coelio. ita. appellitatus. mutatoque. nomine. nam. tuſce. maſtarna. ei. nomen. erat. ita. appellatus. eſt. ut. dixi. et. regnum. ſumma. cum.

reip. utilitate. obtinuit. deinde. poſtquam. Tarquini. Superbi. mores. inviſi. civitati. noſtrae. eſſe. coeperunt. qua. ipſius. qua. filiorum. ejus. nempe. pertaeſum. eſt. mentes. regni. et. ad. conſules. annuos. magiſtratus. adminiſtratio. tranſlata. eſt.

Quid. nunc. commemorem. dictaturae. hoc. ipſo. conſulari. imperium. valentius. repertum. apud. majores. noſtros. quo. in. aſperioribus. bellis. aut. in. civili. motu. difficiliori. uterentur. aut. in. auxilium. plebis. creatos. tribunos. plebei. quid. a. conſulibus. ad. decemviros. tranſlatum. imperium. ſolutoque. poſtea. decemvirali. regno. ad. conſules. rurſus. reditum. quid. im : ; : ; v. ris. diſtributum. conſulare. imperium. tribunoſque. militum. conſulari. imperio. appellatus. qui. ſeni. et. octoni. crearentur. quid. communicatos. poſtremo. cum. plebe. honores. non. imperi. ſolum. ſed. ſacerdotorum. quoque. jamſi. narrem. bella. a. quibus. coeperint. majores. noſtri. et. quo. proceſſerimus. vereor. ne. nimio. inſolentior. eſſe. videar. et. quaeſiſſe. jactationem. gloriae. prolati. imperi. ultra. oceanum. ſed. illo C. Porius. revertar. civitatem.

II. TABLE.

: : : : : : : : : : : : : : : fane : : :
: : : : : : : : : : : : : novo : : : divus :
aug : : : no : : lus. et. patruus. Ti. Caeſar. omnem. florem. ubique. coloniarum. ac. municipiorum. bonorum. ſcilicet. virorum. et. locupletium. in. hac. curia. eſſe. voluit. quid. ergo. non. italicus. ſenator. provinciali. potior. eſt, jam vobis. cum. hanc. partem. cenſurae. meae. approbare. caepero. quid de. ea. re. ſentiam. rebus. oſtendam. ſed. ne. provinciales. quidem. ſi. modo. ornare. curiam. poterint. rejiciendos. puto.

Ornatiſſima. ecce. colonia. valentiſſimaque. Riennenſium. quam. longo. jam. tempore. ſenatores huic. curiae. confert. ex. qua. colonia. inter. paucos. equeſtris. ordinis. ornamentum. L. reſtinum. familiariſſime. diligo. et. hodieque. in. rebus. meis. detineo.

cujus. liberi. fruantur. quaeſo. primo. ſacerdotiorum. gradu. poſt. modo. cum. annis. promoturi. dignitatis. ſuae. incrementa. ut. dirum. nomen. latronis. taceam. et. odi. illud. paleſtricum. prodiguum. quod. ante. in. domum. conſulatum. intulit. quam. colonia. ſua. ſolidum. civitatis. Romanae. beneficium. conſecuta. eſt. idem. de. fratre. ejus. poſſum. dicere. miſerabili. quidem. indigniſſimoque. hoc. caſu. ut. vobis. utilis. ſenator. eſſe. non. poſſit.

Tempus. eſt. jam. Ti. Caeſar. Germanice. detegere. te. patribus. conſcriptis. quo. tendat. oratio. tua. jam. enim. ad. extremos. fines. Galliae. Narbonenſis. veniſti.

Tot. ecce. inſignes. juvenes. quot. intueor. non. magis. ſunt. poenitendi. ſenatorib. quam. poenitet. Perſicum. nobiliſſimum. virum. amicum. meum. inter. imagines. majorum. ſuorum. Allorogici. nomen. legere. quod. ſi. haec. ita. eſſe. conſenti. is. quid. ultra. deſideratis. quam. ut. vobis. digito. demonſtrem. ſolum. ipſum.

vltra. fines. provinciae. Narbonenſis. jam. vobis. ſenatores. mittere. quando. ex Lugduno. habere. nos. noſtri. ordinis viros. non. poenitet. timide. quidem. p. c. egreſſus. adſuetos. familiaresque. vobis. provinciarum. terminos. ſum. ſed. deſtricte. jam. comatae. Galliae. cauſa. agenda. eſt. in. qua. ſi. quis hoc. intuetur. quod. bello. per. decem. annos. exercuerunt. divom. julium. idem. opponat. centum. annorum. immobilem. fidem. obſequiumque. multis. tripidis. rebus. noſtris. plusquam. expertum. illi. patri. meo. Druſo. Germaniam. ſubigenti. tutam. quiete. ſua. ſecuramque. a. tergo. pacem. praeſtiterunt. et. quidem. cum. ad. cenſus. novo. tum. opere. et. in. adſueto. Galliis. ad. bellum. avocatus. eſſet. quod. opus. quam. arduum. ſit. nobis. nunc. cum. maxime. quamvis. nihil. ultra. quam. vt. publice. notae. ſint. facultates. noſtrae. exquiratur. nimis. magno. experimento. cognoſcimus.

I WAS alſo ſhewed without the gate of St. Juſtinus, ſome remains of a Roman aqueduct;

duct; and behind the monaſtery of St. Mary, there are the ruins of the imperial palace, where the emperor Claudius was born, and where Severus lived. The great cathedral of St. John is a good Gothic building, and its clock much admired by the Germans. In one of the moſt conſpicuous parts of the town, is the late king's ſtatue ſet up, trampling upon mankind. I cannot forbear ſaying one word here, of the French ſtatues (for I never intend to mention any more of them) with their gidded full bottomed wigs. If their king had intended to expreſs, in one image, ignorance, ill taſte, and vanity, his ſculptors could have made no other figure, ſo proper for that purpoſe, as this ſtatue, which repreſents the odd mixture of an old beau, who had a mind to be a hero, with a buſhel of curled hair on his head and a gilt truncheon in his hand. — The French have been ſo voluminous on the hiſtory of this town, I need ſay nothing of it. The houſes are tolerably well built, and the Belle Cour well planted from whence is ſeen the celebrated joining of the Saene and Rhone.

„Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prae
rapido fluit
„Ararque dubitans quo ſuos fluc-
tus agat.”

I have had time to ſee every thing with great leiſure, having been confined ſeveral days to this town by a ſwelling in my throat, the remains of a fever, occaſioned by a cold I got in the damps of the Alps. The doctors here threaten me with all ſorts of diſtempers, if I dare to leave them; but I, that know the obſtinacy of it, think it juſt as poſſible to continue my way to Paris, with it, as to go about the ſtreets of Lyons; and am determined to purſue my journey to-morrow, in ſpite of doctors, apothecaries, and ſore throats.

When you ſee Lady K—, tell her I have received her letter, and will anſwer it from Paris, believing that the place that ſhe would moſt willingly hear of.

I. am, &c. &c,

LETTER XLIX.

To the Lady R——

Paris, Oct. 10. O. S. 1718.

I CANNOT give my dear Lady R—— a better proof of the pleaſure I have in writing to her, than chuſing to do it in this ſeat of various amuſements, where I am accabléed with viſits, and thoſe ſo full of vivacity and compliments, that 'tis full employment enough to hearken, whether one anſwers or not. The French ambaſſadreſs at Conſtantinople, has a very conſiderable and numerous family here, who all come to ſee me, and are never weary of making inquires. The air of Paris has already had a good effect on me; for I was never in better health; though I have been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me; which did not want that addition to make me diſlike it. I think nothing ſo terrible as objects of miſery, except one had the Godlike attribute of being capable to redreſs them; and all the country villages of France ſhew nothing elſe. While the poſt horſes are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with ſuch miſerable ſtarv'd faces; and thin tattered cloaths, they need no other eloquence, to perſuade one of the wretchedneſs of their condition. This is all the French magnificence, till you come to Fountainbleau, when you are ſhewed one thouſand five hundred rooms in the king's hunting palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I ſaw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembering. The long gallery, built by Henry IV. has proſpects of all the king's houſes. Its walls are deſigned after the taſte of thoſe times, but appear now very mean. The park is, indeed, finely wooded and watered, the trees well grown and planted, and in the fiſh-ponds are kept tame carp, ſaid to be, ſome of them, eighty years of age. The late king paſſed ſome months every year at this ſeat; and all the rocks round it, by the pious ſentences inſcribed on them, ſhew the devotion in faſhion at his court, which I believe died with him; at leaſt, I ſee no exterior marks of it at Paris, where all peoples thoughts ſeem to be on preſent diverſion.

The fair of St. Lawrence is now in ſeaſon. You may be ſure I have been carried thither, and think it much better diſpoſed than ours of Bartholomew. The ſhops being all ſet in rows ſo regularly and well lighted, they made up a very agreeable ſpectacle. But I was not at all ſatisfied with the groſſierté of their harlequin, no more than with their muſic at the opera, which was abominably grating, after being uſed to that of Italy. Their houſe is a booth, compared to that of the Hay-market, and the play-houſe not ſo neat as that of Lincoln's-Inn-fields; but then it muſt be owned, to their praiſe, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I ſhould hardly allow Mrs. O——d a better place than to be confidante to La——. I have ſeen the tragedy of Bajazet ſo well repreſented, that I think our beſt actors can be only ſaid to ſpeak, but theſe to feel; and 'tis certainly infinitely more moving to ſee a man appear unhappy, than to hear him ſay that he is ſo, with a jolly face, and a ſtupid ſmirk in his countenance. — A propos of countenances, I muſt tell you ſomething of the French ladies; I have ſeen all the beauties, and ſuch —— (I can't help making uſe of the coarſe word) nauſeous creatures! ſo fantaſtically abſurd in their dreſs! ſo monſtrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut ſhort, and curled round their faces, and ſo loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a ſhining red japan, that gliſtens in a moſt flaming manner, ſo that they ſeem to have no reſemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe, that they took the firſt hint of their dreſs from a fair ſheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with pleaſure I recollect my dear pretty country-women: and if I was writing to any body elſe, I ſhould ſay, that theſe groteſque daubers give me ſtill a higher eſteem of the natural charms of dear Lady R——'s auburne hair, and the lively colours of her unſullied complexion.

I am, &c. &c.

P. S. I HAVE met the Abbe here, who deſires me to make his compliments to you.

LETTER L.

To Mr. T——.

Paris, Oct. 16. O. S. 1718.

YOU ſee I'm juſt to my word, in writing to you from Paris, where I was very much ſurpriſed to meet my ſiſter; I need not add, very much pleaſed. She as little expected to ſee me as I her (having not received my late letters;) and this meeting would ſhine under the hand of de Scuderie; but I ſhall not imitate his ſtyle ſo far, as to tell you how often we embraced, how ſhe inquired, by what odd chance I returned from Conſtantinople? And I anſwered her by aſking, what adventure brought her to Paris? To ſhorten the ſtory, all queſtions, and anſwers, and exclamations, and compliments being over, we agreed upon running about together, and have ſeen Verſailles, Trianon, Marli, and St. Cloud. We had an order for the water to play for our diverſion, and I was followed thither, by all the Engliſh at Paris. I own, Verſailles appeared to me rather vaſt than beautiful; and after having ſeen the exact proportions of the Italian buildings, I thought the irregularity of it ſhocking.

The king's cabinet of antiques and medals, is, indeed, very richly furniſhed. Amongſt that collection, none pleaſed ſo well, as the apotheoſis of Germanicus, on a large agate, which is one of the moſt delicate pieces of the kind that I remember to have ſeen. I obſerved ſome ancient ſtatues of great value. But the nauſeous flattery, and tawdry pencil of Le Brun, are equally diſguſting in the gallery. I will not pretend to deſcribe to you the great apartment, the vaſt variety of fountains, the theatre, the grove of Aeſop's fables, &c. all which you may read very amply particularized in ſome of the French authors, that have been paid for theſe deſcriptions. Trianon, in its littleneſs, pleaſed me better than Verſailles; Marli, better than either of them; and St. Cloud beſt of all, having the advantage of the Seine running at the bottom of the gardens, the great caſcade, &c. You may find information in the aforeſaid books, if you have any curioſity to know the exact number of the ſtatues, and how many feet they caſt up the water.

We ſaw the king's pictures in the magnificent houſe of the duke D'Antin, who has the care of preſerving them till his majeſty is of age. There are not many but of the beſt hands. I looked with great pleaſure on the archangel of Raphael, where the ſentiments of ſuperior beings are as well expreſſed as in Milton. You won't forgive me, if I ſay nothing of the Thuilleries, much finer than our Mall; and the Cour, more agreeable than our Hide-Park, the high trees giving ſhade in the hotteſt ſeaſon. At the Louvre, I had the opportunity of ſeeing the king, accompanied by the Duke regent. He is tall, and well ſhaped, but has not the air of holding the crown ſo many years as his grandfather. And now I am ſpeaking of the court, I muſt ſay, I ſaw nothing in France, that delighted me ſo much, as to ſee an Engliſhman (at leaſt a Briton) abſolute at Paris; I mean Mr. Law, who treats their dukes and peers, extremely de haut en bas, and is treated by them with the utmoſt ſubmiſſion and reſpect. — Poor ſouls! —— This reflection on their abject ſlavery, puts me in mind of the place des victoires; but I will not take up your time, and my own, with ſuch deſcriptions, which are too numerous.

In general, I think Paris has the advantage of London, in the neat pavement of the ſtreets, and the regular lighting of them at nights, in the proportion of the ſtreets, the houſes being all built of ſtone, and moſt of thoſe belonging to people of quality, being beautified by gardens. But we certainly may boaſt of a town very near twice as large; and when I have ſaid that, I know nothing elſe we ſurpaſs it in. I ſhall not continue here long; if you have any thing to command me during my ſhort ſtay, write ſoon, and I ſhall take pleaſure in obeying you.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER LI.

To the Abbot ——

Dover, Oct. 31, O. S. 1718.

I AM willing to take your word for it, that I ſhall really oblige you, by letting you know, as ſoon as poſſible, my ſafe paſſage over the water. I arrived this morning at Dover, after being toſſed a whole night in the packet-boat, in ſo violent a manner, that the maſter, conſidering the weakneſs of his veſſel, thought it proper to remove the mail, and give us notice of the danger. We called a little fiſhing-boat, which could hardly make up to us; while all the people on board were crying to heaven. 'Tis hard to imagine one's ſelf in a ſcene of greater horror than on ſuch an occaſion: and yet, ſhall I own it to you? though I was not at all willing to be drowned, I could not forbear being entertained at the double diſtreſs of a fellow-paſſenger. She was an Engliſh lady that I had met at Calais, who deſired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point-head, which ſhe was contriving to conceal from the cuſtom-houſe officers. When the wind grew high, and our little veſſel cracked, ſhe fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her ſoul. When it ſeemed to abate, ſhe returned to the worldly care of her head-dreſs and addreſſed herſelf to me—— „Dear Madam, will you „take care of this point? if it ſhould „be loſt! —— Ah, Lord, we ſhall all „be loſt! —— Lord have mercy on „my ſoul! —— Pray, Madam, take „care of this head-dreſs." This eaſy tranſition from her ſoul to her head-dreſs, and the alternate agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which ſhe thought of greateſt value But, however, the ſcene was not ſo diverting, but I was glad to get rid of it, and be thrown into the little boat, though with ſome hazard of breaking my neck. It brought me ſafe hither; and I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native land. That partiality was certainly given us by nature, to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirſt after knowledge, which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it, is a fruitleſs deſire of mixing the different pleaſures and conveniencies which are given to the different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages, I am miſtreſs of, and having decayed my ſight by midnight ſtudies, I envy the eaſy peace of mind of a ruddy milk-maid, who undiſturbed by doubt, hears the ſermon, with humility, every Sunday, not having confounded the ſentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain inquiries of the ſchools, who may be more learned, yet, after all, muſt remain as ignorant. And, after having ſeen part of Aſia and Africa, and almoſt made the tour of Europe, I think the honeſt Engliſh ſquire more happy, who verily believes the Greek wines leſs delicious than March beer; that the African fruits have not ſo fine a flavour as golden pippins; that the Beca figuas of Italy are not ſo well taſted as a rump of beef, and that, in ſhort, there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of Old England. I pray God I may think ſo for the reſt of my life; and, ſince I muſt be contented with our ſcanty allowance of daylight, that I may forget the enlivening ſun of Conſtantinople.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER LII.

To Mr. P——

Dover, Nov. 1. O. S. 1718.

I HAVE this minute received a letter of yours, ſent me from Paris. I believe and hope I ſhall very ſoon ſee both you and Mr. Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we ſtay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I ſhall employ ſome of my leiſure time, in anſwering that part of yours, that ſeems to require an anſwer.

I MUST applaud your good nature, in ſuppoſing, that your paſtoral lovers (vulgarly called hay-makers) would have lived in everlaſting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their ſcheme of happineſs. I ſee no reaſon to imagine, that John Hughes and Sarah Drew, were either wiſer or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well-ſet man of twenty-five, ſhould have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking, that had they married, their lives would have paſſed in the common track with their fellow pariſhioners. His endeavouring to ſhield her from a ſtorm, was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horſe, if he had been in the ſame ſituation. Neither am I of opinion, that their ſudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reproved for thinking a village deſtroyed by fire, more wicked than thoſe that had eſcaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you deſire me to try my ſkill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more juſt, tho' not ſo poetical as yours.

Here lies John Hughes and Sarah Drew;
Perhaps you'll ſay, What's that to you?
Believe me, friend, much may be ſaid
On that poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they ſhould have married:
But ſee how oddly things are carried!
On Thurſday laſt it rain'd and lighten'd,
Theſe tender lovers ſadly frighten'd,
Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay,
In hopes to paſs the time away
But the BOLD THUNDER found them out,
(Commiſſioned for that end no doubt)
And ſeizing on their trembling breath,
Conſign'd them to the ſhades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
For had they ſeen the next year's ſun,

A beaten wife and cuckold ſwain
Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain:
Now they are happy in their doom,
FOR POPE HAS WROTE UPON THEIR TOMB.

I CONFESS, the ſentiments are not altogether ſo heroic as yours; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two laſt lines. You ſee how much I eſteem the honour you have done them; though I am not very impatient to have the ſame, and had rather continue to be your ſtupid living humble ſervant, than be celebrated by all the pens in Europe.

I WOULD write to Mr. C——; but ſuppoſe you will read this to him, if he inquires after me.

END of the THIRD VOLUME.

LETTERS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M—y W——y M——e.

VOLUME IV.

LETTER LIII. *)

To Lady ——

January 13. 1715-16.

I FIND, after all, by your letter of yeſterday, that Mrs. D —— is reſolved to marry the old greaſy curate. She was always high-church in an exceſſive degree; and, you know, ſhe uſed to ſpeak of Sacheverel as an apoſtolic ſaint, who was worthy to ſit in the ſame place with St. Paul, if not a ſtep above him. It is a matter, however, very doubtful to me, whether it is not ſtill more the man than the apoſtle that Mrs. D —— looks to in the preſent alliance. Though at the age of forty, ſhe is, I aſſure you, very far from being cold and inſenſible; her fire may be covered with aſhes, but it is not extinguiſhed. —— Don't be deceived, my dear, by that prudiſh and ſanctified air. —— Warm devotions is no equivocal mark of warm paſſions; beſides, I know it is a fact, (of which I have proofs in hand, which I will tell you by word of mouth) that our learned and holy prude is exceedingly diſpoſed to uſe the means, ſuppoſed in the primitive command, let what will come of the end. The curate indeed is very filthy.—— Such a red, ſpungy, warty noſe! Such a ſquint! —— In ſhort, he is ugly beyond expreſſion; and, what ought naturally to render him peculiarly diſpleaſing to one of Mrs. D——'s conſtitution and propenſities, he is ſtricken in years. Nor do I really know how they will live. He has but forty-five pounds ayear —— ſhe but a trifling ſum; ſo that they are likely to feaſt upon love and eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, which will be very empty food, without a proper mixture of beef and pudding. I have, however, engaged our friend, who is the curate's landlord, to give them a good leaſe; and if Mrs. D———, inſtead of ſpending whole days in reading Collier, Hicks, and vile tranſlations of Plato and Epictetus, will but form the reſolution of taking care of her houſe, and minding her dairy, things may go tolerably. It is not likely that their tender loves will give them many ſweet babes to provide for.

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*) This and the following letters are now firſt publiſhed.

I

I MET the lover yeſterday, going to the ale-houſe in his dirty night-gown, with a book under his arm, to entertain the club; and, as Mrs. D—— was with me at the time, I pointed out to her the charming creature: ſhe bluſhed, and looked prim; but quoted a paſſage out of Herodotus, in which it is ſaid that the Perſians wore long night-gowns. There is really no more accounting for the taſte in marriage of many of our ſex, than there is for the appetite of your neighbour Miſs S — y, who makes ſuch waſte of chalk and charcoal, when they fall in her way.

As marriage produces children, ſo children produce care and diſputes; and wrangling, as is ſaid (at leaſt by old batchelors and old maids) is one of the ſweets of the conjugal ſtate. You tell me that our friend Mrs —— is, at length, bleſſed with a ſon, and that her huſband, who is a great philoſopher, (if his own teſtimony is to be depended upon) inſiſts on her ſuckling it herſelf. You aſk my advice on this matter; and, to give it you frankly, I really think that Mr ——'s demand is unreaſonable, as his wife's conſtitution is tender, and her temper fretful. A true philoſopher would conſider theſe circumſtances; but a pedant is always throwing his ſyſtem in your face, and applies it equally to all things, times and places, juſt like a taylor who would make a coat out of his own head, without any regard to the bulk or figure of the perſon that muſt wear it. All thoſe fine-ſpun arguments that he has drawn from nature, to ſtop your mouths, weigh, I muſt own to you, but very little with me. This ſame Nature is, indeed, a ſpecious word, nay there is a great deal in it, if it is properly underſtood and applied; but I cannot bear to hear people uſing it, to juſtify what common ſenſe muſt diſavow. Is not nature modified by art in many things? Was it not deſigned to be ſo? And is it not happy for human ſociety, that it is ſo? Would you like to ſee your huſband let his beard grow, until he would be obliged to put the end of it in his pocket, becauſe this beard is the gift of nature? The inſtincts of nature point out neither taylors, nor weavers, nor mantua-makers, nor ſempſters, nor milliners; and yet I am very glad that we do not run naked like the Hottentots. But not to wander from the ſubject — I grant that nature has furniſhed the mother with milk to nouriſh her child; but I maintain, at the ſame time, that if ſhe can find better milk elſewhere, ſhe ought to prefer it without heſitation. I don't ſee why ſhe ſhould have more ſcruple to do this, than her huſband has to leave the clear fountain which nature gave him, to quench his thirſt, for ſtout october, port, or claret. Indeed, if Mrs. —— was a buxom, ſturdy woman, who lived on plain food, took regular exerciſe, enjoyed proper returns of reſt, and was free from violent paſſions (which you and I know is not the caſe) ſhe might be a good nurſe for her child; but, as matters ſtand, I do verily think, that the milk of a good comely cow, who feeds quietly in her meadow, never devours ragouts, nor drinks ratafia, nor frets at quadrille, nor ſits up till three in the morning, elated with gain, or dejected with loſs; I do think, that the milk of ſuch a cow, or of a nurſe that came as near it as poſſible, would be likely to nouriſh the young ſquire much better than hers. If it be true that the child ſucks in the mother's paſſions with her milk, this is a ſtrong argument in favour of the cow, unleſs you may be afraid that the young ſquire may be-

become a calf; but how many calves are there both in ſtate and church, who have been brought up with their mother's milk?

I PROMISE faithfully, to communicate to no mortal, the letter you wrote me laſt. — What you ſay of two of the rebel lords; I believe be true; but I can do nothing in the matter. — If my projects don't fail in the execution, I ſhall ſee you before a month paſſes. Give my ſervice to Dr. Blackbeard. — He is a good man, but I never ſaw in my life, ſuch a perſecuting face cover a humane and tender heart. I imagine, within myſelf, that the Smithfield prieſts, who burned the proteſtants in the time of Queen Mary, had juſt ſuch faces as the doctor's. If we were papiſts, I ſhould like him very much for my confeſſor; his ſeeming auſterity would give you and I a great reputation for ſanctity; and his good, indulgent heart, would be the very thing that would ſuit us, in the affair of penance and ghoſtly direction.

Farewell, my dear Lady, &c. &c.

LETTER LIV.

To the Abbot ——

Vienna, Jan. 2. O. S. 1717.

I AM really almoſt tired with the life of Vienna. I am not, indeed, an enemy to diſſipation and hurry, much leſs to amuſement and pleaſure; but I cannot endure, long, even pleaſure, when it is fetter'd with formality, and aſſumes the air of ſyſtem. 'Tis true I have had here ſome very agreeable connexions; and what will perhaps ſurpriſe you, I have particular pleaſure in my Spaniſh acquaintances, count Oropeſa and general Puebla. Theſe two noblemen are much in the good graces of the emperor, and yet they ſeem to be brewing miſchief. The court of Madrid cannot reflect, without pain, upon the territories that were cut off from the Spaniſh monarchy by the peace of Utrecht, and it ſeems to be looking wiſhfully out, for an opportunity of getting them back again. That is a matter about which I trouble myſelf very little; let the court be in the right or in the wrong, I like mightily the two counts its miniſters. I dined with them both ſome days ago at count Wurmbrand's, an aulic counſellor, and a man of letters, who is univerſally eſteemed here. But the firſt man at this court, in point of knowledge and abilities, is certainly count Schlick, high chancellor of Bohemia, whoſe immenſe reading is accompanied with a fine taſte and a ſolid judgement; he is a declared enemy to prince Eugene, and a warm friend to the honeſt hot-headed marſhal Staremberg. One of the moſt accompliſhed men I have ſeen at Vienna, is the young count Taracco, who accompanies the amiable prince of Portugal. I am almoſt in love with them both, and wonder to ſee ſuch elegant manners, and ſuch free and generous ſentiments in two young men that have hitherto ſeen nothing but their own country. The count is juſt ſuch a Roman-catholic as you; he ſucceeds greatly with the devout beauties here; his firſt overtures in gallantry are diſguiſed under the luſcious ſtrains of ſpiritual love, that were ſung formerly by the ſublimely voluptuous Fenelon, and the tender Madam Guion, who turned the fire of carnal love to divine objects: thus the count begins with the ſpirit, and ends generally with the fleſh, when he makes his addreſſes to holy virgins.

I MADE acquaintance yeſterday with the famous poet Rouſſeau, who lives here under the peculiar protection of Prince Eugene, by whoſe liberality he ſubſiſts. He paſſes here for a free thinker, and, what is ſtill worſe in my eſteem, for a man whoſe heart does not feel the encomiums he gives to virtue and honour in his poems. I like his odes mightily; they are much ſuperior to the lyric productions of our Engliſh poets, few of whom have made any figure in that kind of poetry. I don't find that learned men abound here; there is, indeed, a prodigious number of alchymiſts at Vienna; the philoſophers ſtone is the great object of zeal and ſcience; and thoſe who have more reading and capacity than the vulgar, have tranſported there ſuperſtition (ſhall I call it?) or fanaticiſm, from religion to chymiſtry; and they believe in a new kind of tranſubſtantiation, which is deſigned to make the laity as rich as the other kind has made the prieſthood. This peſtilential paſſion has already ruined ſeveral great houſes. There is ſcarcely a man of opulence or faſhion, that has not an alchymiſt in his ſervice; and even the emperor is ſuppoſed to be no enemy to this folly, in ſecret, though he has pretended to diſcourage it in public.

Prince Eugene was ſo polite as to ſhew me his library yeſterday; we found him attended by Rouſſeau, and his favourite count Bonneval, who is a man of wit, and is here thought to be a very bold and enterprizing ſpirit. The library, though not vere ample, is well choſen; but as the prince will admit into it no editions but what are beautiful and pleaſing to the eye, and there are, nevertheleſs, numbers of excellent books that are but indifferently printed, this finikin and foppiſh taſte makes many diſagreeable chaſms in this collection. The books are pompouſly bound in Turkey leather; and two of the moſt famous bookbinders of Paris, were expreſsly ſend for to do this work. Bonneval pleaſantly told me, that there were ſeveral quartos, on the art of war, that were bound with the ſkins of ſpahis and janizaries: and this jeſt, which was indeed elegant, raiſed a ſmile of pleaſure on the grave countenance of the famous warrior. The prince, who is a connoiſſeur in the fine arts, ſhewed me, with particular pleaſure, the famous collection of portraits that formerly belonged to Fouquet, and which he purchaſed at an exceſſive price. He has augmented it with a conſiderable number of new acquiſitions; ſo that he has now in his poſſeſſion ſuch a collection in that kind, as you will ſcarcely find in any ten cabinets in Europe. If I told you the number, you will ſay that I make an indiſcreet uſe of the permiſſion to lie, which is more or leſs given to travellers, by the indulgence of the candid.

Count Tarracco is juſt come in. — He is the only perſon I have excepted, this morning, in my general order to receive no company. — I think I ſee you ſmile; — but I am not ſo far gone as to ſtand in need of abſolution; though as the human heart is deceitful, and the count very agreeable, you may think, that even though I ſhould not want an abſolution, I would, nevertheleſs, be glad to have an indulgence. — No ſuch thing. — However, as I am a heretic, and you no confeſſor, I ſhall make no declarations on this head. — The deſign of the count's viſit is a ball; — more pleaſure. — I ſhall be ſurfeited.

Adieu, &c.

LETTER LV.

To Mr. P——.

Sept. 1. 1717.

WHEN I wrote to you laſt, Belgrade was in the hands of the Turks; but, at this preſent moment, it has changed maſters, and is in the hands of the Imperialiſts. A janizary, who, in nine days, and yet without any wings but what a panic terror ſeems to have furniſhed, arrived at Conſtantinople from the army of the Turks before Belgrade, brought Mr. W—— the news of a complete victory obtained by the Imperialiſts, commanded by prince Eugene, over the Ottoman troops. It is ſaid, the prince has diſcovered great conduct and valour in this action; and I am particularly glad that the voice of glory and duty has call'd him from the—— (here ſeveral words of the manuſcript are effaced.) — Two days after the battle, the town ſurrendered. The conſternation, which this defeat has occaſioned here, is inexpreſſible; and the ſultan, apprehending a revolution, from the reſentment and indignation of the people, fomented by certain leaders, has begun his precautions, after the goodly faſhion of this bleſſed government, by ordering ſeveral perſons to be ſtrangled, who were the objects of his royal ſuſpicion. He has alſo ordered his treaſurer to advance ſome months pay to the janizaries, which ſeems the leſs neceſſary, as their conduct has been bad in this campaign, and their licentious ferocity ſeems pretty well tamed by the public contempt. Such of them as return in ſtraggling and fugitive parties to the metropolis, have not ſpirit nor credit enough to defend themſelves from the inſults of the mob; the very children taunt them, and the populace ſpit in their faces as they paſs. They refuſed, during the battle, to lend their aſſiſtance to ſave the baggage and military cheſt, which, however, were defended by the baſhaws and their retinue, while the janizaries and ſpahis were nobly employed in plundering their own camp.

You ſee here, that I give you a very handſome return for your obliging letter. You entertain me with a moſt agreeable account of your amiable connexions with men of letters and taſte, and of the delicious moments you paſs in their ſociety under the rural ſhade; and I exhibit to you, in return, the barbarous ſpectacle of Turks and Germans cutting one another's throats. But what can you expect from ſuch a country as this, from which the muſes have fled, from which letters ſeem eternally baniſhed, and in which you ſee, in private ſcenes, nothing purſued as happineſs, but the refinements of an indolent voluptuouſneſs, and where thoſe who act upon the public theatre live in uncertainty, ſuſpicion, and terror? Here, pleaſure, to which I am no enemy, when it is properly ſeaſoned, and of a good compoſition, is ſurely of the cloying kind. Veins of wit, elegant converſation, eaſy commerce, are unknown among the Turks; and yet they ſeem capable of all theſe, if the vile ſpirit of their government did not ſtifle genius, damp curioſity, and ſuppreſs an hundred paſſions, that embelliſh and render life agreeable. The luſcious paſſion of the ſeraglio, is the only one almoſt that is gratified here to the full; but it is blended ſo with the ſurly ſpirit of deſpotiſm in one of the parties, and with the dejection and anxiety which this ſpirit produces in the other, that, to one of my way of thinking, it cannot appear otherways than as a very mixed kind of enjoyment. The women here are not, indeed, ſo cloſely confined as many have related; they enjoy a high degree of liberty, even in the boſom of ſervitude; and they have methods of evaſion and diſguiſe, that are very favourable to gallantry; but, after all, they are ſtill under uneaſy apprehenſions of being diſcovered; and a diſcovery expoſes them to the moſt merciless rage of jealouſy, which is here a monſter that cannot be ſatiated but with blood. The magnificence and riches that reign in the apartments of the ladies of faſhion here, ſeem to be one of their chief pleaſures, joined with their retinue of female ſlaves, whoſe muſic, dancing, and dreſs, amuſe them highly; but there is ſuch an air of form and ſtiffneſs amidſt this grandeur, as hinders it from pleaſing me at long-run, however I was dazzled with it at firſt ſight. This ſtiffneſs and formality of manners, are peculiar to the Turkiſh ladies; for the Grecian belles are of quite another character and complexion; with them, pleaſure appears in more engaging forms, and their perſons, manners, converſations and amuſements, are very far from being deſtitute of elegance and eaſe. —

I RECEIVED the news of Mr. Addiſon's being declared ſecretary of ſtate with the leſs ſurpriſe, in that I know that poſt was almoſt offered to him before. At that time he declined it; and I really believe, that he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a poſt as that, and ſuch a wife as the Counteſs, do not ſeem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is aſthmatic; and we may ſee the day, when he will be heartily glad to reſign them both. It is well that he laid aſide the thoughts of the voluminous dictionary, of which I have heard you or ſomebody elſe frequently make mention. But no more on that ſubject; I would not have ſaid ſo much, were I not aſſured, that this letter will come ſafe and unopened to hand. I long much to tread upon Engliſh ground, that I may ſee you and Mr. Congreve, who render that ground claſſic ground; nor will you refuſe our preſent ſecretary a part of that merit, whatever reaſons you may have to be diſſatisfied with him in other reſpects. You are the three happieſt poets I ever heard of; one a ſecretary of ſtate, the other enjoying leiſure, with dignity, in two lucrative employments, and you, though your religious profeſſion is an obſtacle to court promotion, and diſqualifies you from filling civil employments, have found the philoſophers ſtone; ſince, by making the Iliad paſs through your poetical crucible into an Engliſh form, without loſing aught of its original beauty, you have drawn the golden current of Pactolus to Twickenham. I call this finding the philoſophers ſtone, ſince you alone found out the ſecret, and nobody elſe has got into it. A——n and T——l tried it, but their experiments failed; and they loſt, if not their money, at leaſt a certain portion of their fame in the trial —— while you touched the mantle of the divine bard, and imbibed his ſpirit. I hope we ſhall have the Odyſſey ſoon from your happy hand; and I think I ſhall follow with ſingular pleaſure, the traveller Ulyſſes, who was an obſerver of men and manners, when he travels in your harmonious numbers. I love him much better than the hot-headed ſon of Peleus, who bullied his general, cried for his miſtreſs, and ſo on. It is true, the excellence of the Iliad does not depend upon his merit or dignity; but I wiſh, nevertheleſs, that Homer had choſen a hero ſomewhat leſs pettiſh and leſs fantaſtic: a perfect hero is chimerical and unnatural, and conſequently uninſtructive; but it is alſo true, that while the epic hero ought to be drawn with the infirmities that are the lot of humanity, he ought never to be repreſented as extremely abſurd. But it becomes me ill to play the critic; ſo I take my leave of you for this time, and deſire you will believe me, with the higheſt eſteem,

Yours, &c.

LETTER LVI. *)

To the Counteſs of ——

Saturday —— Florence.

I SET out from Bologne the moment I had finiſhed the letter I wrote you on Monday laſt, and ſhall now continue to inform you of the things that have ſtruck me moſt in this excurſion. Sad roads —— hilly and rocky —— between Bologna and Firenzuola. Between this latter place and Florence, I went out of my road to viſit the monaſtery of La Trappe, which is of French origin, and one of the moſt auſtere and ſelf-denying orders I have met with. In this gloomy retreat, it gave me pain to obſerve the infatuation of men, who have devoutly reduced themſelves to a much worſe condition than that of the beaſts. Folly, you ſee, is the lot of humanity, whether it ariſes in the flowery paths of pleaſure, or the thorny

*) As this letter is the ſupplement to a preceding one, which is not come to the hands of the editor, it was probably, on that account, ſent without a date. It ſeems evidently to have been written after Lady M. W. M. had fixed her reſidence in Italy.

thorny ones of an ill-judged devotion. But of the two ſorts of fools, I ſhall always think that the merry one has the moſt eligible fate; and I cannot well form a notion of that ſpiritual and ecſtatic joy, that is mixed with ſighs, groans, hunger and thirſt, and the other complicated miſeries of monaſtic diſcipline. It is a ſtrange way of going to work for happineſs, to excite an enmity between ſoul and body, which nature and providence have deſigned to live together in an union and friendſhip, and which we cannot ſeparate like man and wife, when they happen to diſagree. The profound ſilence that is enjoined upon the monks of La Trappe, is a ſingular circumſtance of their unſociable and unnatural diſcipline; and were this injunction never to be diſpenſed with, it would be needleſs to viſit them in any other character than as a collection of ſtatues; but the ſuperior of the convent ſuſpended, in our favour, that rigorous law, and allowed one of the mutes to converſe with me, and anſwer a few diſcreet queſtions. He told me, that the monks of this order in France, are ſtill more auſtere than thoſe of Italy, as they never taſte wine, fleſh, fiſh, or eggs; but live entirely upon vegetables.

The ſtory that is told of the inſtitution of this order, is remarkable, and is well atteſted, if my information be good. Its founder was a French Nobleman, whoſe name was Bouthillier de Rancé, a man of pleaſure and gallantry, which were converted into the deepeſt gloom of devotion by the following incident. His affairs obliged him to abſent himſelf for ſome time from a lady with whom he had lived in the moſt intimate and tender connexions of ſucceſsful love. At his return to Paris, he propoſed to ſurpriſe her agreeably, and, at the ſame time, to ſatisfy his own impatient deſire of ſeeing her, by going directly, and without ceremony, to her apartment by a back-ſtair, which he was well acquainted with. — But think of the ſpectacle that preſented itſelf to him at his entrance into the chamber that had ſo often been the ſcene of love's higheſt raptures! his miſtreſs dead — dead of the ſmall-pox —— disfigured beyond expreſſion —— a loathſome maſs of putrified matter — and the ſurgeon ſeparating the head from the body, becauſe the coffin had been made too ſhort! He ſtood for a moment motionleſs in amazement, and filled with horror — and then retired from the world, ſhut himſelf up in the convent of La Trappe, where he paſſed the remainder of his days in the moſt cruel and diſconſolate devotion. — Let us quit this ſad ſubject.

I MUST not forget to tell you, that before I came to this monaſtery, I went to ſee the burning mountains near Firenzuola, of which the naturaliſts ſpeak as a great curioſity. The flame it ſends forth is without ſmoke, and reſembles brandy ſet on fire. The ground about it is well cultivated, and the fire appears only in one ſpot where there is a cavity, whoſe circumference is ſmall, but in it are ſeveral crevices, whoſe depths are unknown. It is remarkable, that when a piece of wood is thrown into this cavity, though it cannot paſs through the crevices, yet it is conſumed in a moment; and that though the ground about it be perfectly cold, yet if a ſtick be rubbed with any force againſt it, it emits a flame, which, however, is neither hot nor durable like that of the volcano. If you deſire a more circumſtantial account of this phenomenon, and have made a ſufficient progreſs in Italian, to read father Carazzi's deſcription of it, you need not be at a loſs, for I have ſent this deſcription to Mr. F——, and you have only to aſk it of him. After obſerving the volcano, I ſcrambled up all the neighbouring hills, partly on horſeback, partly on foot, but could find no veſtige of fire in any of them; though common report would make one believe that they all contain volcanos.

I HOPE you have not taken it in your head to expect from me a deſcription of the famous gallery here, where I arrived on Thurſday at noon; this would be requiring a volume inſtead of a letter; beſides I have as yet ſeen but a part of this immenſe treaſure, and I propoſe employing ſome weeks more to ſurvey the whole. You cannot imagine any ſituation more agreeable than Florence. It lies in a fertile and ſmiling valley watered by the Arno, which runs through the city; and nothing can ſurpaſs the beauty and magnificence of its public buildings, particularly the cathedral, whoſe grandeur filled me with aſtoniſhment. The palaces, ſquares, fountains, ſtatues, bridges, do not only carry an aſpect full of elegance and greatneſs, but diſcover a taſte quite different in kind, from that which reigns in the public edifices in other countries.

The more I ſee of Italy, the more I am perſuaded that the Italians have a ſtyle (if I may uſe that expreſſion) in every thing, which diſtinguiſhes them almoſt eſſentially from all other Europeans. Where they have got it, —— whether from natural genius or ancient imitation and inheritance, I ſhall not examine; but the fact is certain. I have been but one day in the gallery, that amazing repoſitory of the moſt precious remains of antiquity, and which alone is ſufficient to immortalize the illuſtrious houſe of Medicis, by whom it was built, and enriched as we now ſee it. I was ſo impatient to ſee the famous Venus of Medicis, that I went haſtily through ſix apartments, in order to get a ſight of this divine figure, purpoſing, when I had ſatisfied this ardent curioſity, to return and view the reſt at my leiſure. As I, indeed, paſſed through the great room which contains the ancient ſtatues, I was ſtopped ſhort at viewing the Antinous, which they have placed near that of Adrian, to revive the remembrance of their prepoſterous loves; which I ſuppoſe, the Florentines rather look upon as an object of envy, than of horror and diſguſt. This ſtatue, like that of the Venus de Medicis, ſpurns deſcription: ſuch figures my eyes never beheld. — I can now underſtand that Ovid's comparing a fine woman to a ſtatue, which I formerly thought a very diſobliging ſimilitude, was the niceſt and higheſt piece of flattery. The Antinous is entirely naked, all its parts are bigger than nature; but the whole, taken together, and the fine attitude of the figure, carry ſuch an expreſſion of eaſe, elegance and grace, as no words can deſcribe. When I ſaw the Venus I was rapt in wonder, — and I could not help caſting a thought back upon Antinous. They ought to be placed together; they are worthy of each other. — If marble could ſee and feel, the ſeparation might be prudent, — if it could only ſee, it would certainly loſe its coldneſs, and learn to feel, and, in ſuch a caſe, the charms of theſe two figures would produce an effect quite oppoſite to that of the Gorgon's head, which turned fleſh into ſtone. Did I pretend to deſcribe to you the Venus, it would only ſet your imagination at work to form ideas of her figure; and your ideas would no more reſemble that figure, than the Portugueſe face of Miſs N——, who has enchanted our knights, reſembles the ſweet and graceful countenance of lady ——, his former flame. The deſcription of a face or figure, is a needleſs thing, as it never conveys a true idea; it only gratifies the imagination with a fantaſtic one, until the real one is ſeen. So, my dear, if you have a mind to form a true notion of the divine forms and features of the Venus and Antinous; come to Florence,

I WOULD be glad to oblige you and your friend Vertue, by executing your commiſſion with reſpect to the ſketches of Raphael's cartoons at Hampton-court; but I cannot do it to my ſatisfaction. I have, indeed, ſeen, in the grand duke's collection, four pieces, in which that wonderful artiſt had thrown freely from his pencil the firſt thoughts and rude lines of ſome of theſe compoſitions; and as the firſt thoughts of a great genius are precious, theſe pieces attracted my curioſity in a particular manner; but when I went to examine them cloſely, I found them ſo damaged and effaced, that they did not at all anſwer my expectation, Whether this be owing to negligence or envy, I cannot ſay; I mention the latter, becauſe it is notorious, that many of the modern painters have diſcovered ignoble marks of envy at a view of the inimitable productions of the ancients. Inſtead of employing their art to preſerve the maſter-pieces of antiquity, they have endeavoured to deſtroy and efface many of them. I have ſeen with my own eyes an evident proof of this at Bologna, where the greateſt part of the paintings in freſco on the walls of the convent of St. Michael in Boſco, done by the Carracci, and Guido Rheni, have been ruined by the painters, who, after having copied ſome of the fineſt heads, ſcraped them almoſt entirely out with nails. Thus, you ſee, nothing is exempt from human malignity.

The word malignity, and a paſſage in your letter, call to my mind the wicked waſp of Twickenham; his lies affect me now no more; they will be all as much deſpiſed as the ſtory of the ſeraglio and the handkerchief, of which I am perſuaded he was the only inventor. That man has a malignant and ungenerous heart; and he is baſe enough to aſſume the maſk of a moraliſt in order to decry human nature, and to give a decent vent to his hatred to man and woman kind. — But I muſt quit this contemptible ſubject, on which a juſt indignation would render my pen ſo fertile, that after having fatigued you with a long letter, I would ſurfeit you with a ſupplement twice as long. Beſides, a violent head-ach advertiſes me that it is time to lay down my pen and get me to bed. I ſhall ſay ſome things to you in my next, that I would have you to impart to the ſtrange man, as from yourſelf. My mind is at preſent tolerably quiet: if it were as dead to ſin, as it is to certain connexions, I ſhould be a great ſaint. Adieu, my dear Madam.

Yours very affectionately, &c.

LETTER LVII.

To Mr. P.

I HAVE been running about Paris at a ſtrange rate with my ſiſter, and ſtrange ſights have we ſeen. They are, at leaſt, ſtrange ſights to me; for, after having been accuſtomed to the gravity of Turks, I can ſcarce look with an eaſy and familiar aſpect at the levity and agility of the airy phantoms that are dancing about me here; and I often think that I am at a puppet-ſhew, amidſt the repreſentations of real life. I ſtare prodigiouſly, but no body remarks it, for every body ſtares here; ſtaring is à-la-mode — there is a ſtare of attention and interêt, a ſtare of curioſity, a ſtare of expectation, a ſtare of ſurpriſe; and it will greatly amuſe you to ſee what trifling objects excite all this ſtaring. This ſtaring would have rather a ſolemn kind of air, were it not alleviated by grinning; for at the end of a ſtare, there comes always a grin; and very commonly, the entrance of a gentleman or lady into a room, is accompanied with a grin, which is deſigned to expreſs complacence and ſocial pleaſure, but really ſhews nothing more than a certain contortion of muſcles, that muſt make a ſtranger laugh really, as they laugh artificially. The French grin is equally remote from the cheerful ſerenity of a ſmile, and the cordial mirth of an honeſt Engliſh horſe-laugh. I ſhall not perhaps ſtay here long enough to form a juſt idea of French manners and characters, though this I believe would require but little ſtudy, as there are no great depth in either. It appears on a ſuperficial view, to be a frivolous, reſtleſs, and agreeable people. The abbot is my guide, and I could not eaſily light upon a better; he tells me, that here the women form the character of the men; and I am convinced in the perſuaſion of this, by every company into which I enter. There ſeems here to be no intermediate ſtate between infancy and manhood; for as ſoon as the boy has quit his leading-ſtrings, he is ſet agog in the world; the ladies are his tutors, they make the firſt impreſſions, which generally remain, and they render the men ridiculous, by the imitation of their humours and graces; ſo that dignity in manners, is a rare thing here before the age of ſixty. Does not king David ſay ſomewhere, that Man walketh in a vain ſhew? I think he does; and I am ſure this is peculiarly true of the Frenchman — but he walks merrily, and ſeems to enjoy the viſion; and may he not therefore be eſteemed more happy than many of our ſolid thinkers, whoſe brows are furrowed by deep reflection, and whoſe wiſdom is ſo often clothed with a miſty mantle of ſpleen and vapours?

WHAT delights me moſt here, is a view of the magnificence, often accompanied with taſte, that reigns in the king's palaces and gardens; for tho' I don't admire much the architecture, in which there is great irregularity and want of proportion, yet the ſtatues, paintings, and other decorations, afford me high entertainment. One of the pieces of antiquity that ſtruck me moſt in the gardens of Verſailles, was the famous Coloſſean ſtatue of Jupiter, the workmanſhip of Myron, which Mark Anthony carried away from Samos, and Auguſtus ordered to be placed in the capitol. It is of Parian marble; and though it has ſuffered in the ruin of time, it ſtill preſerves ſtriking lines of majeſty. But ſurely, if marble could feel, the god would frown with a generous indignation, to ſee himſelf tranſported from the capitol into a French garden; and, after having received the homage of the Roman emperors, who laid their laurels at his feet when they returned from their conqueſts, to behold now nothing but frizzled beaus paſſing by him with indifference.

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letters

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I PROPOSE ſetting out ſoon from this place, ſo that you are to expect no more letters from this ſide of the water; beſides, I am hurried to death, and my head ſwims with that vaſt variety of objects which I am obliged to view with ſuch rapidity, the ſhortneſs of my time not allowing me to examine them at my leiſure. There is here an exceſſive prodigality of ornaments and decorations, that is juſt the oppoſite extreme to what appears in our royal gardens; this prodigality is owing to the levity and inconſtancy of the French taſte, which always pants after ſomething new, and thus heaps ornament upon ornament, without end or meaſure. It is time, however, that I ſhould put an end to my letter; ſo I wiſh you goodnight,

And am, &c.

LETTER LVIII.

To Count ——.

Tranſlated from the French.

I AM charmed, Sir, with your obliging letter; and you may perceive, by the largeneſs of my paper, that I intend to give punctual anſwers to all your queſtions, at leaſt if my French will permit me; for, as it is a language I do not underſtand to perfection, ſo I much fear, that, for want of expreſſions, I ſhall be quickly obliged to finiſh. Keep in mind, therefore, that I am writing in a foreign language; and be ſure to attribute all the impertinencies and triflings dropping from my pen, to the want of proper words for declaring my thoughts, but by no means to dulneſs, or natural levity.

THESE conditions being thus agreed and ſettled, I begin with telling you, that you have a true notion of the alcoran, concerning which, the Greek prieſts (who are the greateſt ſcoundrels in the univerſe) have invented, out of their own heads, a thouſand ridiculous ſtories, in order to decry the law of Mahoinet; to run it down, I ſay, without any examination, or ſo much as letting the people read it; being afraid, that if once they began to ſift the defects of the alcoran, they might not ſtop there, but proceed to make uſe of their judgement about their own legends and fictions. In effect, there is nothing ſo like as the fables of the Greeks and of the Mahometans; and the laſt have multitudes of ſaints, at whoſe tombs miracles are by them ſaid to be daily performed; nor are the accounts of the lives of thoſe bleſſed muſſelmans much leſs ſtuffed with extravagancies, than the ſpiritual romances of the Greek papas.

As to your next inquiry, I aſſure you, 'tis certainly falſe, though commonly believed in our parts of the world, that Mahomet excludes women from any ſhare in a future happy ſtate. He was too much a gentleman, and loved the fair ſex too well, to uſe them ſo barbarouſly. On the contrary, he promiſes a very fine paradiſe to the Turkiſh women. He ſays, indeed, that this paradiſe will be a ſeparate place from that of their huſbands; but I fancy the moſt part of them won't like it the worſe for that; and that the regret of this ſeparation, will not render their paradiſe the leſs agreeable. It remains to tell you, that the virtues which Mahomet requires of the women, to merit the enjoyment of future happineſs, are, not to live in ſuch a manner as to become uſeleſs to the world, but to employ themſelves, as much as poſſible, in making little muſſelmans. The virgins, who die virgins, and the widows who marry not again, dying in mortal ſin, are excluded out of paradiſe: For women, ſays he, not being capable to manage the affairs of ſtate, nor to ſupport the fatigues of war, God has not ordered them to govern or reform the world; but he has entruſted them with an office which is not leſs honourable; even that of multiplying the human race: and ſuch as, out of malice or lazineſs, do not make it their buſineſs to bear or to breed children, fulfil not the duty of their vocation, and rebel againſt the commands of God. Here are maxims for you, prodigiouſly contrary to thoſe of your convents. What will become of your St. Catharines, your St. Thereſa, your St. Claras, and the whole bead-roll of your holy virgins and widows; who, if they are to be judged by this ſyſtem of virtue, will be found to have been infamous creatures, that paſſed their whole lives in moſt abominable libertiniſm.

I KNOW not what your thoughts may be, concerning a doctrine ſo extraordinary with reſpect to us; but I can truly inform you, Sir, that the Turks are not ſo ignorant as we fancy them to be in matters of politics, or philoſophy, or even of gallantry. 'Tis true, that military diſcipline, ſuch as now practiſed in Chriſtendom, does not mightily ſuit them. A long peace has plunged them into an univerſal ſloth. Content with their condition, and accuſtomed to boundleſs luxury, they are become great enemies to all manner of fatigues. But, to make amends, the ſciences flouriſh among them. The effendis (that is to ſay, the learned) do very well deſerve this name: They have no more faith in the inſpiration of Mahomet, than in the infallibility of the Pope. They make a frank profeſſion of Deiſm among themſelves, or to thoſe they can truſt, and never ſpeak of their law but as of a politic inſtitution, fit now to be obſerved by wiſe men, however at firſt introduced by politicians and enthuſiaſts.

If I remember right, I think I have told you, in ſome former letter, that, at Belgrade, we lodged with a great and rich effendi, a man of wit and learning, and of a very agreeable humour. We were in his houſe about a month, and he did conſtantly eat with us, drinking wine without any ſcruple. As I rallied him a little on this ſubject, he anſwered me, ſmiling, that all creatures in the world were made for the pleaſure of man; and that God would not have let the vine grow, were it a ſin to taſte of its juice; but that, nevertheleſs, the law, which forbids the uſe of it to the vulgar, was very wiſe, becauſe ſuch ſort of folks have not ſenſe enough to take it with moderation. This effendi appeared no ſtranger to the parties that prevail among us: Nay, he ſeemed to have ſome knowledge of our religious diſputes, and even of our writers; and I was ſurpriſed to hear him aſk, among other things, how Mr. Toland did?

My paper, large at it is, draws towards an end. That I may not go beyond its limits, I muſt leap from religions to tulips, concerning which you aſk me news. Their mixture produces ſurpriſing effects. But, what is to be obſerved moſt ſurpriſing, are the experiments of which you ſpeak concerning animals, and which are tried here every day. The ſuburbs of Pera, Jophana, and Galata, are collections of ſtrangers from all countries of the univerſe. They have ſo often intermarried, that this forms ſeveral races of people, the oddeſt imaginable. There is not one ſingle family of natives, that can value itſelf on being unmixed. You frequently ſee a perſon, whoſe father was born a Grecian, the mother an Italian, the grandfather a Frenchman, the grandmother an Armenian, and their anceſtors Engliſh, Muſcovites, Aſiatics, &c.

This mixture produces creatures more extraordinary than you can imagine; nor could I ever doubt, but there were ſeveral different ſpecies of men; ſince the whites, the woolly and the long-haired blacks, the ſmall-eyed Tartars and Chineſe, the beardleſs Braſilians, and (to name no more) the oily-ſkinned yellow Nova Zemblians, have as ſpecific differences, under the ſame general kind, as greyhounds, maſtiffs, ſpaniels, bull-dogs, or the race of my little Diana, if no body is offended at the compariſon. Now, as the various intermixing of theſe latter animals cauſes mongrels, ſo mankind have their mongrels too, divided and ſubdivided into endleſs ſorts. We have daily proofs of it here, as I told you before. In the ſame animal is not ſeldom remarked the Greek perfidiouſneſs, the Italian diffidence, the Spaniſh arrogance, the French loquacity, and, all of a ſudden, he is ſeized with a fit of Engliſh thoughtfulneſs, bordering a little upon dulneſs, which many of us have inherited from the ſtupidity of our Saxon progenitors. But the family which charms me moſt, is that which proceeds from the fantaſtical conjunction of a Dutch male with a Greek female. As theſe are natures oppoſite in extremes, 'tis a pleaſure to obſerve how the differing atoms are perpetually jarring together in the children, even ſo as to produce effects viſible in their external form. They have the large black eyes of the country, with the fat, white, fiſhy fleſh of Holland, and a lively air, ſtreaked with dulneſs. At one and the ſame time, they ſhew that love of expenſiveneſs, ſo univerſal among the Greeks, and an inclination to the Dutch frugality. To give an example of this; young women ruin themſelves, to purchaſe jewels for adorning their heads, while they have not the heart to buy new ſhoes, or rather ſlippers for their feet, which are commonly in a tattered condition; a thing ſo contrary to the taſte of our Engliſh women, that it is for ſhewing how neatly their feet are dreſſed, and for ſhewing this only, they are ſo paſſionately enamoured with their hoop petticoats. I have abundance of other ſingularities to communicate to you; but I am at the end, both of my French and my paper.

CONCERNING

Monſieur de la ROCHEFOUCAULT'S Maxim

—— „ *That marriage is ſometimes convenient but never delightful.*"

IT may be thought a preſumptuous attempt in me to controvert a maxim advanced by ſuch a celebrated genius as Monſieur Rochefoucault, and received with ſuch implicit faith by a nation which boaſts of ſuperior politeneſs to the reſt of the world, and which, for a long time paſt, has preſcribed the rules of gallantry to all Europe.

NEVERTHELESS, prompted by that ardour which truth inſpires, I dare to maintain the contrary, and reſolutely inſiſt, that there are ſome marriages formed by love, which may be delightful, where the affections are ſympathetic. Nature has preſented us with pleaſures ſuitable to our ſpecies, and we need only to follow her impulſe, refined by taſte, and exalted by a lively and agreeable imagination, in order to attain the moſt perfect felicity of which human nature is ſuſceptible. Ambition, avarice, vanity, when enjoyed in the moſt exquiſite perfection, can yield but trifling and taſteleſs pleaſures, which will be too inconſiderable to affect a mind of delicate ſenſibility.

We may conſider the gifts of fortune as ſo many ſteps neceſſary to arrive at felicity, which we can never attain, being obliged to ſet bounds to our deſires, and being only gratified with ſome of her frivolous favours, which are nothing more than the torments of life, when they are conſidered as the neceſſary means to acquire or preſerve a more exquiſite felicity.

This felicity conſiſts alone in friendſhip, founded on mutual eſteem, fixed by gratitude, ſupported by inclination, and animated by the tender felicitudes of love, whom the ancients have admirably deſcribed under the appearance of a beautiful infant: It is pleaſed with infantine amuſements; it is delicate and affectionate, incapable of miſchief, delighted with trifles; its pleaſures are gentle and innocent.

They have given a very different repreſentation of another paſſion, too groſs to be mentioned, but of which alone men, in general, are ſuſceptible. This they have deſcribed under the figure of a ſatyr, who has more of the brute than of the man in his compoſition. By this fabulous animal they have expreſſed a paſſion, which is the real foundation of all the fine exploits of modiſh gallantry, and which only endeavours to glut its appetite with the poſſeſſion of the object which is moſt lovely in its eſtimation: A paſſion founded in injuſtice, ſupported by deceit, and attended by crimes, remorſe, jealouſy, and contempt. Can ſuch an affection be delightful to a virtuous mind? Nevertheleſs, ſuch is the delightful attendant on all illicit engagements; gallants are obliged to abandon all thoſe ſentiments of honour which are inſeparable from a liberal education, and are doomed to live wretchedly in the conſtant purſuit of what reaſon condemns, to have all their pleaſures embittered by remorſe, and to be reduced to the deplorable condition of having renounced virtue, without being able to make vice agreeable.

It is impoſſible to taſte the delights of love in perfection, but in a well aſſorted marriage; no thing betrays ſuch a narrowneſs of mind as to be governed by words. What though cuſtom, for which good reaſons may be aſſigned, has made the words huſband and wife ſomewhat ridiculous? A huſband, in common acceptation, ſignifies a jealous brute, a ſurly tyrant; or, at beſt, a weak fool, who may be made to believe any thing. A wife is a domeſtic termagant, who is deſtined to deceive or torment the poor devil of a huſband. The conduct of married people, in general, ſufficiently juſtifies theſe two characters.

But, as I ſaid before, why ſhould words impoſe upon us? A well regulated marriage is not like theſe connections of intereſt or ambition. A fond couple, attached to each other by mutual affection, are two lovers wo live happily together. Though the prieſt pronounces certain words, though the lawyer draws up certain inſtruments;

yet I look on theſe preparatives in the ſame light as a lover conſiders a rope-ladder which he faſtens to his miſtreſs's window: If they can but live together, what does it ſignify at what price, or by what means, their union is accompliſhed. Where love is real, and well founded, it is impoſſible to be happy but in the quiet enjoyment of the beloved object; and the price at which it is obtained, does not leſſen the vivacity and delights of a paſſion, ſuch as my imagination conceives. If I was inclined to romance, I would not picture images of true happineſs in Arcadia. I am not prudiſh enough to confine the delicacy of affection to wiſhes only. I would open my romance with the marriage of a couple united by ſentiment, taſte, and inclination. Can we conceive a higher felicity, than the blending of their intereſts and lives in ſuch an union? The lover has the pleaſure of giving his miſtreſs the laſt teſtimony of eſteem and confidence; and ſhe, in return, commits her peace and liberty to his protection. Can they exchange more dear and affectionate pledges? Is it not natural, to give the moſt inconteſtible proofs of that tenderneſs with which our minds are impreſſed? I am ſenſible, that ſome are ſo nice as to maintain, that the pleaſures of love are derived from the dangers and difficulties with which it is attended; they very pertly obſerve, that a roſe would not be a roſe without thorns. There are thouſand inſipid remarks of this ſort, which make ſo little impreſſion on me; that I am perſuaded, was I a lover, the dread of injuring my miſtreſs would make me unhappy, if the enjoyment of her was attended with danger to herſelf.

Two married lovers lead very different lives: They have the pleaſure to paſs their time in a ſucceſſive intercourſe of mutual obligations and marks of benevolence; and they have the delight to find, that each forms the entire happineſs of the beloved object. Herein conſiſts perfect felicity. The moſt trivial concerns of oeconomy become noble and elegant, when they are exalted by ſentiments of affection; to furniſh an apartment, is not barely to furniſh an apartment; it is a place where I expect my lover: To prepare a ſupper, is not merely giving orders to my cook; it is an amuſement to regale the object I dote on. In this light a woman conſiders theſe neceſſary occupations, as more lively and affecting pleaſures than thoſe gaudy ſights which amuſe the greater part of the ſex, who are incapable of true enjoyment.

A Fixed and affectionate attachment, ſoftens every emotion of the ſoul, and renders every object agreeable which preſents itſelf to the happy lover (I mean one who is married to his miſtreſs.) If he exerciſes any employment, the fatigues of the camp, the troubles of the court, all become agreeable, when he reflects, that he endures theſe inconveniencies to ſerve the object of his affections. If fortune is favourable to him, (for ſucceſs does not depend on merit) all the advantages it procures, are ſo many tributes which he thinks due to the charms of the lovely fair; and, in gratifying this ambition, he feels a more lively pleaſure, and more worthy of an honeſt man, than that of raiſing his fortune, and gaining public applauſe. He enjoys glory, titles, and riches, no farther than as they regard her he loves; and when he attracts the approbation of a ſenate, the applauſe of an army, or the commendation of his prince, it is her praiſes which ultimately flatter him.

In a reverſe of fortune, he has the conſolation of retiring to one who is affected by his diſgrace; and, locked in her embraces, he has the ſatisfaction of giving utterance to the following tender reflections:
„My happineſs does not depend on the caprice
„of fortune; I have a conſtant aſylum
„againſt inquietude. Your eſteem renders
„me inſenſible of the injuſtice of a court,
„or the ingratitude of a maſter; and my
„loſſes afford me a kind of pleaſure, ſince
„they furniſh me with freſh proofs of your
„virtue and affection. Of what uſe is grandeur
„to thoſe who are already happy?
„We have no need of flatterers, we want
„no equipages; I reign in your affections,
„and I enjoy every delight in the poſſeſſion
„of your perſon."

In ſhort, there is no ſituation in which melancholy may not be aſſuaged by the company of the beloved object. Sickneſs itſelf is not without its alleviation, when we have the pleaſure of being attended by her we love. I ſhould never conclude, if I attempted to give a detail of all the delights of an attachment, wherein we meet with every thing which can flatter the ſenſes with the moſt lively and diffuſive raptures. But I muſt not omit taking notice of the pleaſure of beholding the lovely pledges of a tender friendſhip, daily growing up, and of amuſing ourſelves, according to our different ſexes, in training them to perfection. We give way to this agreeable inſtinct of nature, refined by love. In a daughter, we praiſe the beauty of her mother; in a ſon, we commend the underſtanding, and the appearance of innate probity, which we eſteem in his father. It is a pleaſure which, according to Moſes, the Almighty himſelf enjoyed, when he beheld the work of his hands, and ſaw that all was good.

Speaking of Moſes, I cannot forbear obſerving, that the primitive plan of felicity infinitely ſurpaſſes all others; and I cannot form an idea of paradiſe, more like a paradiſe, than the ſtate in which our firſt parents were placed: That proved of ſhort duration, becauſe they were unacquainted with the world; and it is for the ſame reaſon, that ſo few love-matches prove happy. Eve was like a ſilly child, and Adam was not much enlightened. When ſuch people come together, their being amorous is to no purpoſe, for their affections muſt neceſſarily be ſhort-lived. In the tranſports of their love, they form ſupernatural ideas of each other. The man thinks his miſtreſs an angel, becauſe ſhe is handſome; and ſhe is enraptured with the merit of her lover, becauſe he adores her. The firſt decay of her complexion deprives her of his adoration; and the huſband, being no longer an adorer, becomes hateful to her who had no other foundation for her love. By degrees, they grow diſguſtful to each other; and, after the example of our firſt parents, they do not fail to reproach each other with the crime of their mutual imbecility. After indifference, contempt comes apace, and they are convinced, that they muſt hate each other, becauſe they are married. Their ſmalleſt defects ſwell in each other's view, and they grow blind to thoſe charms, which in any other object, would affect them. A commerce founded merely on ſenſation, can be attended with no other conſequences.

A MAN, when he marries the object of his affections, ſhould forget that ſhe appears to him adorable, and ſhould conſider her merely as a mortal, ſubject to diſorders, caprice, and ill temper; he ſhould arm himſelf with fortitude, to bear the loſs of her beauty, and ſhould provide himſelf with a fund of complaiſance, which is requiſite to ſupport a conſtant intercourſe with a perſon, even of the higheſt underſtanding and the greateſt equanimity. The wife, on the other hand, ſhould not expect a continued courſe of adulation and obedience; ſhe ſhould diſpoſe herſelf to obey in her turn with a good grace: a ſcience very difficult to attain, and conſequently the more eſtimable in the opinion of a man who is ſenſible of the merit. She ſhould endeavour to revive the charms of the miſtreſs, by the ſolidity and good ſenſe of the friend.

When a pair who entertain ſuch rational ſentiments, are united by indiſſoluble bonds, all nature ſmiles upon them, and the moſt common objects appear delightful. In my opinion, ſuch a life is infinitely more happy and more voluptuous, than the moſt raviſhing and beſt regulated gallantry.

A woman who is capable of reflection, can conſider a gallant in no other light, than that of a ſeducer, who would take advantage of her weakneſs, to procure a momentary pleaſure, at the expence of her glory, her peace, her honour, and, perhaps, her life. A highwayman who claps a piſtol to your breaſt, to rob you of your purſe, is leſs diſhoneſt and leſs guilty; and I have ſo good an opinion of myſelf, as to believe, that if I was a man, I ſhould be as capable of aſſuming the character of an aſſaſſin, as that of defiling an honeſt woman, eſteemed in the world, and happy in her huſband, by inſpiring her with a paſſion, to which ſhe muſt ſacrifice her honour, her tranquillity, and her virtue.

Should I make her deſpicable, who appears amiable in my eyes? Should I reward her tenderneſs, by making her abhorred by her family, by rendering her children indifferent to her, and her huſband deteſtable? I believe that theſe reflections would have appeared to me in as ſtrong a light, if my ſex had not rendered them excuſable in ſuch caſes; and I hope, that I ſhould have had more ſenſe, than to imagine vice the leſs vicious, becauſe it is the faſhion.

N. B. I AM much pleaſed with the Turkiſh manners; a people, though ignorant, yet, in my judgement, extremely polite. A gallant, convicted of having debauched a married woman, is regarded as a pernicious being, and held in the ſame abhorrence as a proſtitute with us. He is certain of never making his fortune; and they would deem it ſcandalous to confer any conſiderable employment on a man ſuſpected of having committed ſuch enormous injuſtice.

WHAT would theſe moral people think of our antiknights-errant, who are ever in purſuit of adventures to reduce innocent virgins to diſtreſs, and to rob virtuous women of their honour; who regard beauty, youth, rank, nay virtue itſelf, as ſo many incentives, which inflame their deſires, and render their efforts more eager; and who, priding themſelves in the glory of appearing expert ſeducers, forget, that with all their endeavours, they can only acquire the ſecond rank in that noble order, the devil having long ſince been in poſſeſſion of the firſt?

Our barbarous manners are ſo well calculated for the eſtabliſhment of vice and wretchedneſs, which are ever inſeparable, that it requires a degree of underſtanding and ſenſibility, infinitely above the common, to reliſh the felicity of a marriage ſuch as I have deſcribed. Nature is ſo weak, and ſo prone to change, that it is difficult to maintain the beſt grounded conſtancy, in the midſt of thoſe diſſipations, which our ridiculous cuſtoms have rendered unavoidable.

It muſt pain an amorous huſband, to ſee his wife take all the faſhionable liberties; it ſeems harſh not to allow them; and, to be conformable, he is reduced to the neceſſity of letting every one take them that will, to hear her impart the charms of her underſtanding to all the world, to ſee her diſplay her boſom at noon-day, to behold her bedeck herſelf for the ball, and for the play, and attract a thouſand and a thouſand adorers, and liſten to the inſipid flattery of a thouſand and a thouſand coxcombs. Is it poſſible to preſerve an eſteem for ſuch a creature? or, at leaſt, muſt not her value be greatly diminiſhed by ſuch a commerce?

I MUST ſtill reſort to the maxims of the Eaſt, where the moſt beautiful women are content to confine the power of their charms to him who has a right to enjoy them; and they are too ſincere, not to confeſs, that they think themſelves capable of exciting deſires.

I RECOLLECT a converſation that I had with a lady of great quality at Conſtantinople, (the moſt amiable woman I ever knew in my life, and with whom I afterwards contracted the cloſeſt friendſhip.) She frankly acknowledged, that ſhe was ſatisfied with her huſband. What libertines, ſaid ſhe, you Chriſtian ladies are! You are permitted to receive viſits from as many men as you think proper, and your laws allow you the unlimited uſe of love and wine. I aſſured her, that ſhe was wrong informed, and that it was criminal to liſten to, or to love, any other than our huſbands. „Your „huſbands are great fools, ſhe replied ſmiling, „to be content with ſo precarious a „fidelity. Your necks, your eyes, your „hands, your converſation are all for the „public, and what do you pretend to re„ſerve for them? Pardon me, my pretty

„ ſultana, ſhe added, embracing me, I have
„ a ſtrong inclination to believe all that you
„ tell me, but you would impoſe impoſſi-
„ bilities upon me. I know the filthineſs of
„ the infidels; I perceive that you are aſham-
„ ed, and I will ſay no more."

I FOUND ſo much good ſenſe and propriety in what ſhe ſaid, that I knew not how to contradict her; and, at length, I acknowledged, that ſhe had reaſon to prefer the Mahometan manners to our ridiculous cuſtoms, which form a confuſed medley of the rigid maxims of Chriſtianity, with all the libertiniſm of the Spartans: And, notwithſtanding our abſurd manners, I am perſuaded, that a woman who is determined to place her happineſs in her huſband's affections, ſhould abandon the extravagant deſire of engaging public adoration; and that a huſband, who tenderly loves his wife, ſhould, in his turn, give up the reputation of being a gallant. You find that I am ſuppoſing a very extraordinary pair; it is not very ſurpriſing, therefore, that ſuch an union ſhould be uncommon in thoſe countries, where it is requiſite to conform to eſtabliſhed cuſtoms, in order to be happy.

VERSES,

Written in the Chiaſk at Pera, over-looking Conſtantinople, December 26th, 1718.

By Lady

Mary Wortley Montague.

GIVE me, great God! ſaid I, a little farm,
In ſummer ſhady, and in winter warm;
Where a clear ſpring gives birth to murm'ring brooks,
By nature gliding down the moſſy rocks.
Not artfully by leaden pipes convey'd,
Or greatly falling in a forc'd caſcade,
Pure and unſully'd winding thro' the ſhade.
All-bounteous Heaven has added to my prayer
A ſofter climate, and a purer air.

Our frozen isle now chilling winter binds,
Deform'd by rains, and rough with blaſting winds;
The wither'd woods grow white with hoary froſt,
By driving ſtorms their verdant beauty loſt;

The trembling birds their leafleſs covert ſhun,
And ſeek, in diſtant climes a warmer ſun:
The water-nymphs their ſilent urns deplore,
Ev'n Thames benums a river now no more:
The barren meads no longer yield delight,
By gliſt'ring ſnows made painful to the ſight.

HERE ſummer reigns with one eternal ſmile,
Succeeding harveſts bleſs the happy ſoil.
Fair fertile fields, to whom indulgent Heaven
Has ev'ry charm of ev'ry ſeaſon given;
No killing cold deforms the beauteous year,
The ſpringing flowers no coming winter fear.
But as the parent Roſe decays and dies,
The infant-buds with brighter colour riſe,
And with freſh ſweets the mother's ſcent ſupplies.
Near them the Violet grows with odours bleſt,
And blooms in more than Tyrian purple dreſt;
The rich Jonquils their golden beams diſplay,
And ſhine in glories emulating day;
The peaceful groves their verdant leaves retain,
The ſtreams ſtill murmur, undefil'd with rain,
And tow'ring greens adorn the fruitful plain,

The warbling kind uninterrupted ſing,
Warm'd with enjoyments of perpetual ſpring.

Here, at my window, I at once ſurvey
The crowded city and reſounding ſea;
In diſtant views the Aſian mountains riſe,
And loſe their ſnowy ſummits in the ſkies;
Above thoſe mountains proud Olympus towers,
The parliamental ſeat of heavenly powers.
New to the ſight, my raviſh'd eyes admire
Each gilded creſcent and each antique ſpire,
The marble moſques, beneath whoſe ample domes
Fierce warlike ſultans ſleep in peaceful tombs;
Thoſe lofty ſtructures, once the Chriſtians boaſt,
Their names, their beauty, and their honours loſt;
Thoſe altars bright with gold and ſculpture grac'd,
By barb'rous zeal of ſavage foes defac'd.
Sophia alone her ancient name retains,
Tho' unbelieving vows her ſhrine profanes;
Where holy ſaints have died in ſacred cells,
Where monarchs pray'd, the frantic Derviſe dwells.

How art thou fall'n, imperial city, low!
Where are thy hopes of Roman glory now?
Where are thy palaces by prelates rais'd?
Where Grecian artiſts all their ſkill diſplay'd,
Before the happy ſciences decay'd;
So vaſt, that youthful kings might here reſide,
So ſplendid, to content a patriarch's pride;
Convents where emperors profeſs'd of old,
Their labour'd pillars that their triumphs told;
Vain monuments of them that once were great,
Sunk undiſtinguiſh'd by one common fate;
One little ſpot, the tenure ſmall contains,
Of Greek nobility, the poor remains.
Where other Helens with like powerful charms,
Had once engag'd the warring world in arms;
Thoſe names which royal anceſtors can boaſt,
In mean mechanic arts obſcurely loſt;
Thoſe eyes a ſecond Homer might inſpire,
Fix'd at the loom deſtroy their uſeleſs fire;
Griev'd at a view which ſtruck upon my mind
The ſhort-liv'd vanity of human kind.

In gaudy objects I indulge my ſight,
And turn where Eaſtern pomp gives gay delight;
See the vaſt train in various habits dreſt,
By the bright ſcimitar and ſable veſt,
The proud vizier diſtinguiſh'd o'er the reſt;
Six ſlaves in gay attire his bridle hold,
His bridle rich with gems, and ſtirrups gold;
His ſnowy ſteed adorn'd with coſtly pride,
Whole troops of ſoldiers mounted by his ſide,
Theſe top the plumy creſt Arabian courtiers guide.
With artful duty, all decline their eyes,
No bellowing ſhouts of noiſy crowds ariſe;
Silence, in ſolemn ſtate, the march attends,
Till at the dread divan the ſlow proceſſion ends.

Yet not theſe proſpects all profuſely gay,
The gilded navy that adorns the ſea,
The riſing city in confuſion fair,
Magnificently form'd irregular;
Where woods and palaces at once ſurpriſe,
Gardens on gardens, domes on domes ariſe,
And endleſs beauties tire the wand'ring eyes;
So ſooth my wiſhes, or ſo charm my mind,
As this retreat ſecure from human kind.

No knave's ſucceſsful craft does ſpleen excite,
No coxcomb's tawdry ſplendour ſhocks my ſight;
No mob-alarm awakes my female fear,
No praiſe my mind, nor envy hurts my ear,
Ev'n fame itſelf can hardly reach me here:
Impertinence with all her tattling train,
Fair-ſounding flattery's delicious bane;
Cenſorious folly, noiſy party-rage
The thouſand tongues with which ſhe muſt engage,
Who dares have virtue in a vicious age.

VERSES,

TO THE LADY

MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE,

BY

Mr. POPE.

I.

IN beauty or wit,
No mortal as yet
To queſtion your empire has dar'd;
But men of diſcerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent ſchools,
With muſty dull rules
Have reading to females deny'd;
So Papiſts refuſe
The BIBLE to uſe,
Leſt flocks ſhould be wiſe as their guide.

III.

'Twas a WOMAN at firſt
(Indeed ſhe was curſt)
In knowledge that taſted delight;
And ſages agree,
The laws ſhould decree
To the firſt poſſeſſor the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Renew the old claim,
Which to your whole ſex does belong,
And let men receive,
From a ſecond bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

V.

But if the firſt Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had ſhe,
What a puniſhment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who taſting have robb'd the whole tree?

FINIS.

SUPPLEMENT

of ſome Notes to the firſt Volume left out by a mis-underſtanding of the Printer.

NOTES.

To pag. 13.

VER. 28. *Purple year.)* Purple here uſed in the Latin ſenſe of the brighteſt moſt vivid colouring in general, not of that ſpecific tint ſo called.

To pag. 25.

VER. 8. The art of Terence and Menander's fire;) This line alludes to that famous character given of Terence, by Cæſar:

Tu quoque, tu in ſummis, *o dimidiate Menander*,
Poneris, & merito, puri ſermonis amator:
Lenibus atque utinam ſcriptis adjuncta foret *vis*
Comica.

So that the judicious critic ſees he ſhould have ſaid — *with Menanders fire*. For what the Poet meant, was, that his Friend had joined, to Terence's art, what Cæſar thought wanting in Terence, namely the *vis comica* of Menander. Beſides — *and Menander's fire* is making that the Characteriſtic of Menander which was not. He was diſtinguiſhed for having art and *comic ſpirit* in conjunction, and Terence having only the firſt part, is called the *half of Menander*.

VER. 9. *Whoſe ſenſe inſtructs us.)* He was always very carefull in his encomiums not to fall into ridicule, the trap which weak and proſtitute flatterers rarely eſcape. For, *ſenſe*, he would willingly have ſaid, *moral*; propriety required it. But this dramatic poet's moral was remarkably faulty. His plays are all ſhamefully profligate both in the Dialogue and Action.

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VER. 74. *And grateful cluſters, etc.)* The ſcene is in Windſor-foreſt; ſo this image not ſo exact.

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VER. 98. 100.) There is a little inaccuracy here; the firſt line makes the time after ſun-ſet; the ſecond, before.

NOTES.

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VER. 9. *ſhine with ſilver froſt,*) The image is a fine one, but improperly placed. The idea he would raiſe is the *deformity* of Winter, as appears by the following line: but this imagery contradicts it. It ſhould have been — *glare with hoary froſt*, or ſome ſuch expreſſion: the ſame inaccuracy in v 3, where he uſes *pearls*, when he ſhould have ſaid *tears*.

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VER. 13. *Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour, And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!*) His Original ſays, ,,Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the ſkies powr down righteouſneſs: let the earth open, and let them bring forth ſalvation, and let righteouſneſs ſpring up together.,, This is a very noble deſcription of divine grace ſhed abroad in the hearts of the faithful under the Goſpel diſpenſation. And the poet underſtood all its force, as appears from the two lines preceding theſe, — *Th' Ætherial Spirit, etc.* The prophet deſcribes this under the image of *rain*, which chiefly fits the *firſt age* of the Goſpel: The poet under the idea of *dew*, which extends it to *every age*. And it was his purpoſe it ſhould be ſo underſtood, as appears from his expreſſion of *ſoft ſilence*, which agrees with the *common*, not the *extraordinary* effuſions of the Holy Spirit. The figurative term is wonderfully happy. He who would moralize the ancient Mythology in the manner of *Bacon*, muſt ſay, that by the poetical *nectar*, is meant theological *grace*.

VER. 17. *Ancient fraud.*) i. e. the fraud of the Serpent.

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VER. 39. *He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray*;) The ſenſe and language ſhew, that, by *viſual ray*, the poet meant the *ſight*, or, as Milton calls it, indeed, ſomething leſs boldly, the *viſual nerve*. And no critic would quarrel with the figure which calls the *inſtrument* of viſion by the name of the *cauſe*. But tho' the term be juſt, nay noble, and even ſublime, yet the expreſſion of *thick films* is faulty; and he fell into it by a common neglect of the following rule of good writing, ,,That when ,,a figurative word is uſed, whatſoever is predicated of it ought ,,not only to agree in terms to the thing, to which the figure is ,,applied, but likewiſe to that from which the figure is taken.,, *Thick films* agree only with the thing to which it is applied, namely to the *ſight* or eye; and not to that from which it is taken, namely a *ray of light* coming to the eye. He ſhould have ſaid *thick clouds*, which would have agreed with both. But theſe inaccuracies are not to be found in his later poems.

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VER. 33. *Not proud Olympus, etc.)* Sir J. Denham, in his Cooper's Hill, had ſaid,

Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears;
But Atlas only, which ſupports the ſpheres.

The compariſon is childiſh, as the taking it from fabulous hiſtory deſtroys the compliment. Our Poet has ſhewn more judgment: he has made a manly uſe of as fabulous a circumſtance by the artful application of the mythology.

Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe Gods appear, etc.

Making the nobility of the hills of Windſor-foreſt to conſiſt in ſupporting the inhabitants in plenty.

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